CALIFORNIA

STATE

SERIES.

THIRD READER.

SCHOOL TEXT BOOKS

65

CALIFORNIA STATE SERIES OF SCHOOL TEXT-BOOKS.

THIRD READER.

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PREFACE.

The Reader occupies a central position in the group of studies for the Common Schools known as "Language Studies." Performing a distinct office in the development of the child's power over speech, the method employed in teaching it should correspond with and vitalize this office. This method can not properly be that of either the Speller or the Grammar.

1. The pupil should be taught to utter correctly and with proper expression the printed words of an author.

This is the simplest thought in connection with the office of the Reader. To facilitate this, the words of each lesson most likely to be mispronounced are placed at the head of the lesson under the title of "Words often Mispronounced;" and the words and phrases requiring special care in articulation are also placed there under "Articulation Drill." Special instruction, with appropriate exercises, is also given, at frequent intervals, in Emphasis, Inflection, Pitch, Quality of Tone, Rhetorical Pauses, Movement, etc.

2. The pupil should be led to acquire the power of rapid and accurate silent reading.

The method of the School Reader should facilitate the acquisition of this power. Out of school, but little reading is oral. Nearly all the information or pleasure derived from this art comes from the silent movement of the mind over the printed page. Make this movement swift and sure, and the pupil has been well taught. Exercises looking to this will be found to occur frequently throughout the book.

3. The pupil should be required to do much work of the kind indicated by the exercises entitled "Outline of the Lesson."

This practice will greatly improve the quality of both his silent and his oral reading. No suggestion of the book should receive a larger share of attention.

4. Attention should be given to increasing the pupil's vocabulary and to giving him intelligent and ready use of his word possessions.

To use words correctly and *to choose words well* are things often emphasized in language teaching. It is sometimes apparently overlooked that the power of *choice* in words *depends on the extent of the child's vocabulary.* If the vocabulary is meager the choice must be limited. Exercises designed to increase the child's stock of words, and to give him facility in their use, are found in connection with most of the lessons, under the head of "Word Using." Memorizing choice selections, now so widely required by good teachers, will also contribute to the same result, while, in addition, the pieces so memorized will perform their higher office of diffusing through the mind and character the subtle aroma of fine thought and delicate feeling.

5. The Reader should introduce the pupil into wider fields of reading and direct his choice.

Especially, should the methods of the advanced Reader aim to perform this office. This is attempted to be done in the present volume by making, in the Preparatory Exercises, such reference to the Cyclopedia and to other books as may help to enlarge the student's view of subjects suggested by the text of the lesson. In this way it has been the aim to gather about the naked selections such a body of reading as shall greatly add to their value, while, at the same time, the relation of such reading to the lesson to be studied will furnish the motive to engage in it.

While it may be said that many school libraries contain no Cyclopedia, and may be without a considerable number of the books referred to in connection with the lessons of the Reader, yet nearly half the District Libraries of the State have some general Cyclopedia, and the annual additions made to these libraries, if selected from the volumes named in the Reader, will soon place at the child's disposal the needed aid. Owing to the noble District Library system of California, in no state of the union can pupils be put in possession of the means of conducting a course of reading so systematic and valuable.

By these frequent references, judiciously made, it is hoped that this Reader of the California Series may become the center of a wide circle of general reading.

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PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

These Consist of:

1. Questions.—*Suggested as a basis of conversations and investigation. Full conclusions may not always be reached at once, but if the child's interest is properly awakened and his curiosity properly stimulated, the mysteries will all be cleared up as he advances. Wherever there is a Cyclopedia it should be in hourly use.*

2. Words often Mispronounced.—*These words are to be first correctly pronounced in concert, then written with the diacritical marks and marks of accent, and divided into syllables. In these words italics indicate that the letters are silent. The authority followed has been the latest edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.*

3. Articulation and Inflection Drills.—*To be given both in concert and separately. In the articulation drills the letters most likely to be dropped or incorrectly sounded are printed in special type.*

4. For Definition.—*These words will be found alphabetically arranged and defined in the Appendix.*

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CALIFORNIA SERIES.

THIRD READER.

1. AMERICA—NATIONAL HYMN.

S. F. SMITH—1808-* *. MASSACHUSETTS.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See opposite page.*]

Questions. What do you know of this author? Was he a lawyer? A clergyman? [*See Cyclopedia.*] Can you ascertain who wrote the following lines in relation to him?

> "And there 's a nice youngster of excellent pith,
> Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith,
> But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,
> Just read on his medal, 'My country—of thee.'"

Where is Massachusetts? V. 1. Who were the pilgrims? V. 2. "Templed hills"—who wrote the line: "The groves were God's first Temples?"

Words often Mispronounced. Răpt′ūre (răpt′yu̇r); sŏng; ĕv′er-y.

***Articulation Drill.** (2) Si′lence; (4) freedom's | holy; rocks | and | rills; freedom's | song; templed | hills.

For Definition. Rapture; templed hills.

1. My country! 'tis of thee,
   Sweet land of liberty,
   Of thee I sing;
   Land where my fathers died,
   Land of the pilgrims' pride;
   From every mountain side,
   Let freedom ring.

2. My native country! thee,
   Land of the noble free,
   Thy name I love:

* It will be noticed that the letters likely to be *dropped*, or *incorrectly sounded*, are printed in a distinctive type. Care should be taken that, while they are *adequately* sounded, they be not made *prominent*. Unless this is done the object of these drills will be defeated. The teacher should be vigilant lest, while leading the child to avoid the fault of a careless articulation, he force him into a labored preciseness in the utterance of obscure sounds.

I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3. Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4. Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of Liberty!
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

2. LIFE, A MIGHTY RIVER.

BISHOP HEBER—1783-1826. ENGLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. What is the river used to illustrate? The ocean? Can you tell what this author chiefly wrote? Sermons? Travels? Hymns? What well known hymn or hymns did he write? What can you learn of his disposition? [*See Cyclopedia.*] Memorize the third verse.

Words often Mispronounced. Tŏss′ing; pĭct′ūre.

Articulation Drill. (1) Mur′mur-ings; mis′er-a-ble; (2) de-pend′ence; si′lent; cur′rent; (2) (3) ob′jects; in-hab′it-ant; mag-nif′i-cent; ear′-nest; (3) dis-ap-point′; short′-lived dis-ap-point′ment.

For Definition. Striking; depressed; keel; Infinite and Eternal.

Word Using. Use, in a sentence, the words for definition with their meaning here.

1. Life bears us on, like the current of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel, through

the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the windings of its happy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty.

2. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry which passes before us; we are excited by some short-lived success, or depressed and made miserable by some equally short-lived disappointment. But our energy and our dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us.

3. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but it cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens toward its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our keel, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our last leave of the earth, and its inhabitants; and of our further voyage there is no witness but the Infinite and Eternal.

A Rhyming Game.

[Complete the lines that should rhyme, and commit the whole to memory.]

Fitz-James was brave. Though to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden ——,
He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the Chief his haughty ——;
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot ——;
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as ——."

ELEMENTS OF ELOCUTION.

Chapter I.—Articulation.

Articulation is the act of uttering the elementary sounds of the language in words and syllables.

Good articulation is the distinct utterance of these sounds.

Perfect articulation may be described as the delivery of words "from the lips as beautiful coins are issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, sharp, perfectly finished."

Untiring attention to this element of good reading is the price of perfect articulation, but the pupil is urged to be content with nothing less.

Imperfect articulation arises, chiefly, from errors, or carelessness in the following particulars:

1. Omitting the vowel sound in an unaccented syllable; as,

'nd *for* and;
wel't'ring *for* wel'ter-ing;
ev''ry *for* ev'er-y;
Sat'ur-d'y *for* Sat'ur-day;
no't'cing *for* no'tic-ing;
re-mark''ble *for* re-mark'a-ble;
ev''dently *for* ev'i-dent-ly;
clam''rous *for* clam'or-ous;
mur'm'ring *for* mur'mur-ing;
miz''rable *for* mis'er-a-ble;
neigh'b'ring *for* neigh'bor-ing;
con'sid''rable *for* con-sid'er-a-ble.

These sounds are sometimes called *obscure*. They should not be given so fully as the vocals in accented syllables, but care should be taken that they be not dropped.

2. Giving an unaccented vowel the sound of another vowel, improperly; as,

pock'ĭt *for* pock'et;
ea'glĭts *for* ea'glets;
work'mŭn *for* work'men;
har'vĭst *for* har'vest;
ear'nĭst *for* ear'nest;
wŭz *for* was;
si'lŭnt *for* si'lent;
cur'rŭnt *for* cur'rent;
de-pend'ŭnce *for* de-pend'ence;
jack'ĭts *for* jackets.

While these unaccented vowels should not be so strongly brought out as the accented vowels, their own distinct sound, though obscure, should, nevertheless, be preserved.

3. Dropping the sound of terminal letters in a syllable or word; as,

an' *for* and;
saf'es' *for* saf'est;
robb' *for* rob'bed;
neat'es' *for* neat'est;
bright'es' *for* bright'est;
miss'in' *for* miss'ing;
win's *for* winds;
ob'jec's *for* ob'jects;
at'temp's *for* at-tempts';
look''cōl''ly *for* look'ed (lookt) cold'ly.

This error is most likely to occur when one word ends and the next word begins with letters having the same, or a cognate sound; as,

ri' soon *for* rise soon;
firs' time *for* first time;
an' to fly *for* and to fly;
afte' riding *for* aft'er rid'ing;
t' approach *for* to ap-proach';
seem' to like *for* seem'ed to like.

4. Blending the end of one word with the beginning of the next; as,

rock sand *for* rocks | and;
mother zwashing *for* mother's | washing;
enter dinto *for* entered | into;
frisk dround *for* frisked | round;
spur don *for* spurred | on;
absorb din *for* absorbed | in;
bree zat *for* breeze | at;
roll dit *for* rolled | it;
kite sassistance *for* kite's | assistance;
fine joor *for* find | your;
battle zreck *for* battle's | wreck;
roll don *for* rolled | on.

[Commit to memory the lines numbered 1, 2, 3, 4.]

Suggestion.—For a considerable number of lessons, the words and phrases illustrating the four preceding classes of errors are arranged in the order in which this chapter presents them, and are numbered in correspondence with the numbers here. When giving the articulation drills require the pupil to state the *kind* of error to be avoided, as here described. Refer to it by number.

These drills should be preceded by short breathing exercises. Let the shoulders be thrown back, lips nearly closed, inhale slowly; exhale through the nostrils. Repeat two or three times. Inhale again, and give the articulation drill.

3. TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 1. What "path" is referred to? What "star?" V. 2. To what do "strong" and "weary" refer? V. 3. What does "policy" mean, in this place? V. 5. What does "school" mean, here?

Words often Mispronounced. Lŏng; hŭm′ble (*not* umble).

Articulation Drill. (3) Saf′est guid′ing; and do; (4) trust | in God; rule | and; word | and | ac′tion.

1. Courage, brother! do not stumble,
   Though thy path be dark as night;
   There 's a star to guide the humble—
   Trust in God and do the right.

2. Let the road be long and dreary,
   And its ending out of sight;
   Foot it bravely—strong or weary,
   Trust in God and do the right.

3. Perish "policy" and cunning,
   Perish all that fears the light;
   Whether losing, whether winning,
   Trust in God and do the right.

4. Trust no party, trust no faction,
   Trust no leaders in the fight;
   But in every word and action,
   Trust in God and do the right.

5. Trust no forms of guilty passion,
   Fiends can look like angels bright;
   Trust no custom, school, or fashion,
   Trust in God and do the right.

6. Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
   Some will flatter, some will slight;
   Turn from man, and look above thee,
   Trust in God and do the right.

7. Simple rule and safest guiding,
   Inward peace and inward light;
   Star upon our path abiding,
   Trust in God and do the right.

4. THE FIRST TEMPTATION.

MRS. E. C. EMBURY—1806-1863. NEW YORK.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. What can you tell of this author? Did she write prose or poetry, chiefly? Was she eminent as a writer? [*See Cyclopedia.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Ap-pâr'ent-ly; bär'gain (gĕn) ing; hās'*tened*; wrŏng'ing; soon'er; creek (*not* krik); bus'y (biz'y̆); ē'ven (ē'v'n); ē'ven-ing (ē'v'n-ing); ē'vil (ē'v'l).

Articulation Drill. (1) Sat'ur-day; no'tiç-ing; (2) pock'et; oc'cu-pied; (4) mother's | washing.

For Definition. Balanced; rustic; peril; repeatedly; gruff; touched.

1. One Saturday evening, when Susan went, as usual, to Farmer Thompson's inn to receive the price of her mother's washing for the boarders, which amounted to five dollars, she found the farmer in the stable-yard. He was apparently in a terrible rage with some horse-dealers, with whom he had been bargaining.

2. He held in his hand an open pocket-book full of notes; and, scarcely noticing the child as she made her request, except to swear at her, as usual, for troubling him when he was busy, he handed her a bank-note. Glad to escape so easily, Susan hurried out of the gate, and then, pausing to pin the money safely in the folds of her shawl, she discovered that he had given her *two* bills instead of one.

3. She looked around; nobody was near to share her discovery; and her first impulse was joy at the unexpected prize. "It is mine—*all mine*," said she to herself; "I will buy mother a new cloak with it, and she can give her old one to sister Mary, and then Mary can go to the Sunday-school with me next winter. I wonder if it will not buy a pair of shoes for brother Tom, too?"

4. At that moment she remembered that he must have given it to her by mistake, and therefore she had no right

to it. But again the voice of the tempter whispered, "He *gave* it, and how do you know that he did not intend to make you a present of it? Keep it; he will never know it, even if it should be a mistake, for he had too many such bills in that great pocket-book to miss one."

5. While this conflict was going on in her mind between good and evil, she was hurrying home as fast as possible. Yet, before she came in sight of her home, she had repeatedly balanced the comforts which the money would buy against the sin of wronging her neighbor.

6. As she crossed the little bridge, over the narrow creek, before her mother's door, her eye fell upon a rustic seat which she and her mother had often occupied, and where, only the day before, her mother had explained to her these words of Scripture: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

7. Startled, as if a trumpet had sounded in her ears, she turned suddenly round, and, as if flying from some unseen peril, hastened along the road with breathless speed, until she found herself once more at Farmer Thompson's gate. "What do you want now?" asked the gruff old fellow, as he saw her again at his side.

8. "Sir, you paid me two bills instead of one," said she, trembling in every limb. "Two bills, did I? let me see; well, so I did; but did you just find it out? Why did not you bring it back sooner?" Susan blushed and hung her head. "You wanted to keep it, I suppose," said he. "Well, I am glad your mother was more honest than you, or I should have been five dollars poorer, and none the wiser."

9. "My mother knows nothing about it, sir," said Susan; "I brought it back before I went home." The old man looked at the child, and, as he saw the tears rolling down her cheeks, he seemed touched by her distress. Putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out a shilling and offered it to her.

10. "No, sir, I thank you," sobbed she; "I do not want to be *paid* for doing right; I only wish you would not think me dishonest, for, indeed, it was a *great* temptation. O! sir, if you had ever seen those you love best wanting the common comforts of life, you would know how *hard* it is for us always to do unto others as we would have others do unto us."

11. The heart of the selfish man was touched. "There be things which are little upon the earth, but they are *exceeding wise*," murmured he, as he bade the little girl good night, and entered his house a sadder, and, it is to be hoped, a better man. Susan returned to her home with a lightened heart, and, through the course of a long and useful life she *never* forgot her first temptation.

LANGUAGE WORK.—Express the meaning of the following sentences without using the italicized words in them:

(1) The heart of the selfish man was *touched.*

(2) Susan returned to her home with a *lightened* heart.

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5. THE OLD HOUSE CLOCK.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. Who will first find what is meant by the hands having "a touch of gold?"

Words often Mispronounced. Crŏss; lŏst; strŏng; sōōn; strŏn′gẽr.

Articulation Drill. (2) (3) Neat′est; sweet′est; bright′est thing; (3) bold′ly; bright days; the old, old clock; looked (lookt) cold′ly; rise soon; (4) called | at.

For Definition. Monitor; beguiling.

1. O! the old, old clock of the household stock,
Was the brightest thing, and neatest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chimes rang still the sweetest;
'T was a monitor, too, though its words were few,

Yet they lived, though nations altered;
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,
When the voice of friendship faltered:
"Tick! tick!" it said, "quick, quick to bed;
For ten I've given warning!
Up! up! and go, or else you know,
You'll never rise soon in the morning!"

2. A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling;
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at daybreak boldly;
When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,
And the early air looked coldly:
"Tick! tick!" it said, "quick out of bed;
For five I've given warning;
You'll never have health, you'll never have wealth
Unless you're up soon in the morning!"

3. Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never;
While tears are shed for bright days fled,
And the old friends lost forever!
Its heart beats on, though hearts are gone,
That beat like ours, though stronger;
Its hands still move, though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer!
"Tick! tick!" it said, "to the churchyard bed,
The grave hath given warning;
Up! up! and rise, and look at the skies,
And prepare for a heavenly morning!"

A Game at Rhyming.

[Complete the lines that should rhyme, and memorize the whole.]

His chain of gold the King unstrung,
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he ——,
Then gently drew the glittering band,
And laid the clasp on Ellen's ——.

6. THE OLD EAGLE TREE.

REV. JOHN TODD—1800-1873. VERMONT.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. Do you know whether this author has written any books for children? What would you infer about it from this lesson? [*See Cyclopedia.*] V. 5. Why is the atmosphere heavier near the ground? V. 6. What does "finding the coast clear" mean?

Words often Mispronounced. Been (bĭn); pâr′ent; a-gain′ (gĕn); çĕr′tain (sĕr′tin); ex-haust′ed (egz-hawst-); nĕst′ling; shrill (*not* srill).

Articulation Drill. (1) Re-mark′a-ble; un-a-vail′ing; ap′pe-tite; ev′i-dent-ly; clam′or-ous; (2) ea′glets; work′men; (3) robb′ed; droop′ed (droopt); seem′ed to try; look′ed (lookt) down.

For Definition. Adjoining; dispersed; unavailing; clamorous; poised; *balanced; voyage;* talons; persecuted; *recovering.*

Word Using. Use, in a sentence, the italicized words with their meaning here, and, also, with one other meaning.

1. On the top of a tall tree, an old eagle, commonly called the Fishing Eagle, had built her nest every year, for many years, and undisturbed had raised her young. What is remarkable, as she procured her food from the ocean, this tree stood full ten miles from the seashore. It had long been known as the Old Eagle Tree.

2. On a warm, sunny day, some workmen and the farmer's son, Joseph, were hoeing corn in an adjoining field. At a certain hour of the day, the old eagle was known to set off for the seaside, to gather food for her young. As she this day returned with a large fish in her claws, the workmen surrounded the tree, and by yelling and hooting, and throwing stones, so scared the poor bird, that she dropped her fish, and they carried it off in triumph.

3. The men soon dispersed, but Joseph sat down under a bush near by, to watch, and to bestow unavailing pity. The bird soon returned to her nest, without food. The

eaglets at once set up a cry for food so shrill, so clear, and so clamorous, that the boy was greatly moved. The parent bird seemed to try to soothe them; but their appetites were too keen, and it was all in vain.

4. She then perched herself on a limb near them, and looked down into the nest with a look that seemed to say, "I know not what to do next." Her indecision was but momentary; again she poised herself, uttered one or two sharp notes, as if telling them to lie still, balanced her body, spread her wings, and was away again for the sea!

5. Joseph was determined to see the result. His eye followed her till she grew small, smaller, a mere speck in the sky, and then disappeared. She was gone nearly two hours, about double her usual time for a voyage, when she again returned, on a slow, weary wing, flying uncommonly low, in order to have a heavier atmosphere to sustain her, with another fish in her talons.

6. On nearing the field, she made a circuit round it, to see if her enemies were again there. Finding the coast clear, she once more reached the tree, drooping, faint, and weary, and evidently nearly exhausted. Again the eaglets set up their cry, which was soon hushed by the distribution of a dinner, such as, save the cooking, a king might admire.

7. "Glorious bird!" cried the boy, "what a spirit! Other birds can fly more swiftly, others can sing more sweetly, others scream more loudly; but what other bird, when persecuted and robbed, when weary, when discouraged, when so far from the sea, would do this?

8. "Glorious bird! I will learn a lesson from thee to-day. I will never forget, hereafter, that when the spirit is determined, it can do almost anything. Others would have drooped, and hung the head, and mourned over the cruelty of man, and sighed over the wants of the nestlings; but thou, by at once recovering the loss, hast forgotten all,

9. "I will learn of thee, noble bird! I will remember this. I will set my mark high. I will try to *do* something, and to *be* something in the world; *I will never yield to discouragements.*"

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7. THE FRENCH MERCHANT AND HIS DOG.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. What is the name of the disease by which the merchant thought his dog afflicted? V. 10. What is meant by a heart "ready to bleed?"

Words often Mispronounced. Crŏss′ing; ŏf′fice; vĭl′laġe(-ĕj); thôu*gh*t (*not* thŏt).

Articulation Drill. (1) Neigh′bor-ing; (2) mo′ments; (3) wag′ging; and jumped (jumt); aft′er rid′ing; a-light′ed to re-pose′; en-deav′ored to crawl; (4) en′tered | in′to; frisk′ed | round; spurr′ed | on; ab-sorb′ed | in; rash′ness | and fol′ly.

For Definition. Absorbed; intent; befell; weltering; ingratitude; lamented; dispatching; calamity; fidelity; averted; *tragedy; traces;* distracted; *sensation; tax;* testified.

Word Using. Write the italicized words in sentences of your own, with the meaning they have in this lesson.

1. A French merchant, having some money due him in a neighboring village, set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog, on purpose to receive it. Having settled the business, he tied the bag of money before him on his horse, and set out on his return home. His faithful dog, as if he entered into his master's feelings, frisked round the horse, barked, and jumped, and seemed to take part in his master's joy.

2. The merchant, after riding some miles, alighted to repose himself under an agreeable shade; and, taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his side under a hedge, and, on remounting, forgot it. The dog, perceiving the forgetfulness of his master, ran to fetch the bag, but it was too heavy for him to drag along.

3. He then ran back to his master, and, by whining, barking, and howling, seemed to endeavor to remind him of his mistake. The merchant did not understand his language; but the faithful creature persevered in his efforts, and, after trying to stop the horse in vain, at last began to bite his heels.

4. The merchant, absorbed in deep thought as he rode along, and wholly forgetful of his bag of money, began to think the dog was mad. Full of this suspicion, in crossing a brook he turned back to see if the dog would drink; but the faithful animal, too intent on his master's business to think of himself, continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

5. "Mercy!" cried the afflicted merchant, "it must be so; my poor dog is certainly mad; what must I do? I must kill him, lest some greater misfortune befall me; but with what regret! Oh, could I find any one to perform this cruel office for me! But there is no time to lose; I myself may become the victim if I spare him."

6. With these words he took a pistol from his pocket, and, with a trembling hand, took aim at his faithful servant. He turned away in agony as he fired, but his aim was too sure. The poor animal fell wounded, and, weltering in his blood, still endeavored to crawl toward his master, as if to tax him with ingratitude.

7. The merchant could not bear the sight. With a heart full of sorrow, he spurred on his horse and lamented that he had taken a journey which had cost him so dear. Still, however, the money never entered his mind; he only thought of his poor dog, and tried to console himself with the reflection that the evil he had prevented by dispatching a mad animal was greater than the calamity he had suffered by his loss.

8. But such thoughts gave him little satisfaction. "I am most unfortunate," said he to himself; "I would almost

rather have lost my money than my dog." Saying this, he stretched out his hand to grasp the treasure. It was missing; no bag was to be found. In an instant he opened his eyes to his rashness and folly. "Wretch that I am," said he, "I alone am to blame! I could not understand the meaning of my dog's actions, and I have killed him for his zeal. He only wished to inform me of my mistake, and he has paid for his fidelity with his life."

9. Instantly he turned his horse, and went off at full gallop to the place where he had stopped. He saw with half averted eyes the scene where the tragedy was enacted; he perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded; he was oppressed and distracted; but in vain did he look for his dog; he was not to be seen on the road.

10. At last he arrived at the spot where he had left his money. But what were his sensations! His heart was ready to bleed at the sight which then met his view. The poor dog, unable to follow his dear but cruel master, had given his last moments to his service. He had crawled, all bloody as he was, to the forgotten bag, and now, in the agonies of death, he lay watching beside it.

11. When he saw his master, he still testified his joy by the wagging of his tail. He could do no more; he tried to rise, but his strength was gone; even the caresses of his master could not prolong his life for a few moments. He stretched out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to seal forgiveness of the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast a look of kindness on his master, and closed his eyes in death.

OUTLINE OF THE LESSON.

V. 1. Merchant returning with money; dog with him—happy.

V. 2. Stopped to rest; money by his side; forgot it; dog noticed it.

[Require pupils to make a similar outline for the next two verses.]

ELEMENTS OF ELOCUTION.

Chapter II.—Inflection.

Inflection is a sliding of the voice upward or downward in reading or speaking.

The *rising inflection* is an upward slide of the voice and is indicated by the acute accent (′).

The *falling inflection* is a downward slide of the voice and is denoted by the grave accent (`).

The *circumflex* is the union of the rising and falling inflection on the same syllable.

The *rising circumflex* terminates with the rising inflection (ˇ).

The *falling circumflex* terminates with the falling inflection (^).

The *monotone*, which is merely the absence of any upward or downward slide, is denoted by a horizontal line (—).

"Good sense, a correct taste, and a delicate ear will ordinarily adapt the more graceful inflections to the spirit of the piece in the best way, and in the most natural manner."

The principles of inflection may be stated, for convenience, in the following rules:

RULE 1. A direct question, or one which may be answered by yes or no, terminates with the *rising inflection;* as,

1. Have you this morning's paper′?
2. Did he recover his health′?
3. Can the possession of wealth prolong the life of man for a moment′?

4. Have you any book giving an account of the proceedings of the convention which formed the Federal Constitution′?

5. Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the globe to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies′?

6. Does he suppose it in his power to exhibit in Carolina a name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom′?

7. Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath′?

RULE 2. An indirect question and the answer to a direct question terminate with the *falling inflection;* as,

1. Where is the vessel going`?
2. When will the train arrive`?
3. What excuse did he give for his absence`?
4. From what country did this species of plants originally come`?
5. No`, sir, she has none`.

RULE 3. A slight *rising inflection* is generally used where the sense is incomplete; as,

1. Child′, amid the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away′.
2. Sailor′, on the darkening sea′.
3. Traveler′, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band′.

RULE 4. The *falling inflection* closes such sentences, or parts of sentences, as make complete sense in themselves; as,

1. "You are the prèttiest bird I ever saw," said the fox.
2. The sentence is passed`; you must die`.
3. Pray`, ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee`,
4. Heaven's first star alike ye see`,

8. THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

MRS. HEMANS—1793-1835. ENGLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. This Reader will tell you what distinguished English writers were cotemporary with Mrs. Hemans: Who will first learn their names? Can you learn at what age she published her first book of poems? And with what success? [*See Cyclopedia.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Häunt'ed (*not* hawnted).

Articulation Drill. (2) Har'vest; (4) breeze | at sea.

Inflection Drill. This piece illustrates the third and fourth rules for inflection. Short pieces illustrating special principles in elocution will better serve their purpose if memorized.

For Definition. Cotemporary.

1. Child', amid the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away';
Mother', with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently';
Father', by the breeze at eve,
Called thy harvest work to leave';
Pray'! Ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee'.

2. Traveler', in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band';
Mourner', haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone';
Captive', in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell';
Sailor', on the darkening sea';
Lift the heart, and bend the knee'.

3. Warrior', that from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun';
Woman', o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial plain';
Ye that triumph', ye that sigh',
Kindred by one holy tie',
Heaven's first star alike ye see',
Lift the heart', and bend the knee'.

9. THE BOY AND THE KITE.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH—1792-1846. CONNECTICUT.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. Can you tell whether the name Charlotte Elizabeth is a real name or a *nom de plume?* [*See Definitions, also Cyclopedia.*] What sort of composition did she chiefly write? Do you know of any distinguished European lady of this name? [*See Cyclopedia.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Wōn't (*not* wŭnt).

Articulation Drill. (1) Sud'den-ly; (3) I won't try; morn'ing's sport; and to fly; (2) (3) (4) I went to the kite's | assis'tance; (4) rolled | it up; twitched (twitcht) | it.

For Definition. *Entangled; disengaged;* dignity; tottered; sullenly; *nom de plume.*

Word Using. With the meaning they have here, use the italicized words in sentences of your own.

1. "Will you give my kite a lift?" said my little nephew to his sister, after trying in vain to make it fly by dragging it along the ground. Lucy very kindly took it up and threw it into the air, but, her brother neglecting to run off at the same moment, the kite fell down again.

2. "Ah! now, how awkward you are!" said the little fellow. "It was your fault entirely," answered his sister. "You ought to have run as quick as you could when I threw the kite up for you." "TRY AGAIN, children," said I.

3. Lucy once more took up the kite; but now John was in too great a hurry; he ran off so suddenly that he twitched it out of her hand, and the kite fell flat as before. "Well, who is to blame now?" asked Lucy. "TRY AGAIN," said I.

4. They did, and with more care; but a side wind coming suddenly, as Lucy let go the kite, it was blown against some shrubs, and the tail got entangled in a moment, leaving the poor kite with its head hanging downward.

5. "There! there!" exclaimed John, "that comes of your throwing it all to one side." "As if I could make the wind blow straight," said Lucy. In the meantime, I went to the

kite's assistance, and, having disengaged the long tail, I rolled it up, saying, "Come, children, there are too many trees here; let us find a more open space, and then TRY AGAIN."

6. We presently found a nice grass plot, at one side of which I took my stand; and all things being prepared, I tossed the kite up just as little John ran off. It rose with all the dignity of a balloon, and promised a lofty flight; but John, delighted to find it pulling so hard at the string, stopped short to look up and admire. The string slackened, the kite tottered, and, the wind not being very favorable, down came the kite to the grass. "Oh, John! you should not have stopped," said I. "However, TRY AGAIN."

7. "I won't try any more," replied he rather sullenly. "It is of no use, you see. The kite won't fly, and I do n't want to be plagued with it any longer." "Oh fie, my little man! would you give up the sport, after all the pains we have taken both to make and to fly the kite? A few disappointments ought not to discourage us. Come, I have wound up your string, and now TRY AGAIN."

8. And he did try, and succeeded, for the kite was carried up on the breeze as lightly as a feather; and when the string was all out, John stood in great delight, holding fast the stick, and gazing on the kite, which now seemed as a little white speck in the blue sky. "Look, look, aunt, how high it flies! and it pulls like a team of horses, so that I can hardly hold it. I wish I had a mile of string; I am sure it would go to the end of it."

9. After enjoying the sight as long as he pleased, little John proceeded to roll up the string slowly; and when the kite fell, he took it up with great glee, saying that it was not at all hurt, and that it had behaved very well. "Shall we come out to-morrow, aunt, after lessons, and TRY AGAIN?"

10. "I have no objection, my dear, if the weather is fine. And now, as we walk home, tell me what you have learned

from your morning's sport." "I have learned to fly my kite properly." "You may thank aunt for it, brother," said Lucy, "for you would have given it up long ago if she had not persuaded you to TRY AGAIN."

11. "Yes, my dear children, I wish to teach you the value of PERSEVERANCE, even when nothing more depends upon it than the flying of a kite. Whenever you fail in your attempts to do any good thing, let your motto be, TRY AGAIN."

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10. TRY AGAIN.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Articulation Drill. (4) Let | your; find | your; would | at last.

1. 'T is a lesson you should heed—
   Try again;
   If at first you do n't succeed,
   Try again;
   Let your courage then appear,
   For, if you will *persevere*,
   You will conquer, never fear,
   Try again.

2. Once or twice though you should fail,
   Try again;
   If you would at last prevail,
   Try again;
   If we strive, 't is no disgrace
   Though we do not win the race.
   What should we do in that case?
   Try again.

3. If you find your task is hard,
   Try again;
   Time will bring you your reward;
   Try again;
   All that other folks can do,
   Why, with patience, may not you?
   Only keep this rule in view—
   Try again.

11. THE ORANG OUTANG.

Preparatory Exercises.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. In what respect does the orang outang differ from other monkeys? Native country? [*See Unabridged Dictionary, or Cyclopedia.*] Where is Bor′neo? Cape of Good Hope?

Words often Mispronounced. Heīght (*not* hīghth); Pŏn̲′gō.

Articulation Drill.

Jack′ets; blank′ets; pock′ets; mast′-head,
first time; seem′ed to like; hap′pened to be; fi′nal-ly al-lowed′.

What is the error in articulation likely to be committed in each case?

Inflection Drill. He ate freely all kinds of meat′, but seemed to like raw meat the best\'; he was fond of bread′, but preferred fruits\'; he drank water′, but was more fond of coffee and tea\'.

For Definition. Bamboo; agility; rigging; hammock; impatient; sweetmeats; *piercing;* turtle.

Word Using. Write *piercing* with its meaning here, and with one other meaning.

1. In the year 1818 a young Asiatic orang outang, about three feet in height, was brought from Borneo to England. The sailors gave him the name of Pongo. After being carried on board the ship in a bamboo cage, he succeeded in breaking the bamboos, and making his escape from the cage.

2. After various attempts to secure him, he was finally allowed to wander freely about the ship, where he soon became familiar with the sailors, whom he surpassed in agility. They often chased him about the rigging, when he would frequently escape from them by seizing a loose rope, and swinging out of their reach.

3. On board the ship he commonly slept at the mast-head, after wrapping himself in a piece of sail cloth. If he could not get a piece of sail cloth, he would either steal one of the sailors' jackets that happened to be hung up to dry,

or he would go to a hammock, take out the blankets and make a bed of them.

4. When the ship was passing around the Cape of Good Hope, Pongo suffered much from the cold. In the morning he would come down from the mast-head shivering, run up to any of his friends who had before treated him kindly, climb into their arms, and try to get warm by clasping them closely. He would scream violently if any one attempted to take him away.

5. He ate freely all kinds of meat, but seemed to like raw meat the best; he was fond of bread, but preferred fruits; he drank water, but was more fond of coffee and tea; he would readily take wine, and at one time he stole the captain's brandy bottle.

6. When fruit was held out to him, he was very impatient to get it; he became very angry when it was not soon given to him, and would chase a person all over the ship to obtain it. The captain seldom came on deck without sweetmeats in his pockets, and Pongo was always watching for him.

7. Sometimes the captain would try to avoid Pongo by climbing up to the mast-head, but Pongo was very sure to overtake him. He would then hold on to the ropes with his feet, hold the captain's legs with one of his hands, and with the other take the fruit out of his pockets.

8. On several occasions, when he could not get the oranges that were shown him, he seemed driven almost to despair. After trying in vain to get them by cunning and stealth, he would scream violently, and swing himself furiously about the ropes; then he would return, and try again, and, when refused, would roll for some time, like an angry child, upon the deck, and utter the most piercing screams.

9. At other times, when refused, he would suddenly start up and rush over the side of the ship, as if he were going to drown himself. The first time that he did this the sailors thought that he had really thrown himself into the sea, but,

on a search being made, they found him concealed under the chains.

10. On two occasions Pongo was terribly frightened. One was when a large turtle was brought on board. Pongo quickly scampered up the ropes higher than he had ever been before, and it was a long time before he could be induced to come down. At another time he showed the same fright, and ran up the ropes, on seeing some men bathing and splashing in the sea.

11. After Pongo reached England he learned to walk on his hind feet without the aid of his hands, to kiss his keeper, and to eat with a spoon; but the cold weather of that country did not agree with him, and he soon after died.

OUTLINE OF THE LESSON.

Make an outline which shall answer questions like the following:

V. 1. Kind of animal; where from; where going; name; first adventure.

V. 2. What liberty given; how used.

V. 3. Provision for sleeping; 1, 2, 3.

[Make a similar outline for verses 4, 5, and 6.]

Playing at Rhymes.

[Complete with the proper word the lines that should rhyme and memorize the selection.]

Boldly she spoke,—"Soldiers, attend!
My father was the soldier's ———;
Cheered him in camps, in marches led,
And with him in the battle ———.
Not from the valiant or the strong,
Should exile's daughter suffer ———."

12. THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

H. W. LONGFELLOW—1807-1882. MAINE.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. Was Longfellow a writer of prose or poetry, chiefly? Had he other occupation than that of authorship? What was it, and where? Of what other poems of his writing do you know? Who can learn what other poetical contributor to this Reader was born in the same town a year earlier? [*See Cyclopedia.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Whōle; bĕl′lows (-lus); chĭl′dren (*not* chĭl′durn); choir (kwire); chĕs*t*′(chĕs)nut; fôrge (*not* fawrge).

Articulation Drill.

(3) Spread′ing;	flam′ing;	toil′ing;	some′thing;
ring′ing;	burn′ing;	re-joi′cing;	sound′ing;
E′ven-ing;	thresh′ing;	sor′row-ing;	burn′ing;
com′ing;	sing′ing;	morn′ing;	ches*t*′nut-tree.

For Definition. 1. Sinewy; brawny; *muscle*; crisp; *tan*; *sledge;* paraphrase.

Word Using. Use, in sentences of your own, the italicized words with the meaning they have here, and also with one other meaning.

1. Under a spreading chestnut-tree
   The village smithy stands;
   The smith, a mighty man is he,
   With large and sinewy hands;
   And the muscles of his brawny arms
   Are strong as iron bands.

2. His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
   His face is like the tan;
   His brow is wet with honest sweat;
   He earns whate'er he can,
   And looks the whole world in the face,
   For he owes not any man.

3. Week in, week out, from morn till night,
   You can hear his bellows blow;
   You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
   With measured beat and slow,
   Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
   When the evening sun is low.

4. And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

5. He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys,
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

6. It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

7. Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done
Has earned a night's repose.

8. Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

SEVENTH VERSE PARAPHRASED.

[Let pupils paraphrase the fifth verse in a similar way.]

He goes through life toiling, rejoicing, and sorrowing. Each morning he begins some task, and the evening sees it finished. By attempting something and doing something he has earned a night's rest.

13. THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. When did the expedition of Lewis and Clarke take place? For what purpose? Was it a private or a government enterprise? [*See "Lewis, Meriwether," in Cyclopedia.*] V. 4. Why is this bear called grizzly?

Words often Mispronounced. Threw (thrōō); seârçe'ly (*not* skurse'ly).

Articulation Drill.

Em'i-nence;	in'ci-dent;	con-sid'er-a-ble;
to ap-proach';	passed (pȧst) di-rect'ly;	o-bliged' to run.

What is the error in articulation likely to be committed in each case?

For Definition. Tenacious; *eminence; reserved;* retarded; *pieces.*

Word Using. Put each of the words, in italics, into a sentence with some other meaning than that expressed here.

1. There is scarcely any animal which is more tenacious of life than the bear; and the chance of killing one by a single shot is very small, unless the ball penetrates the brain or passes through the heart.

2. It is also very difficult to kill the bear in this way, since the strong muscles on the side of the head, and the thickness of the skull, protect the brain against every injury except a very truly aimed shot; and the thick coat of hair, and strong muscles and ribs, make it nearly as difficult to lodge a ball in the heart.

3. When the bear is merely wounded, it is very dangerous to attempt to kill him with such a weapon as a knife or an ax, or, indeed, anything which may bring a person within his reach. A wounded bear will often turn with great fury upon his pursuers, and in this condition he is nearly as dangerous as the lion or the tiger.

4. In the expedition of Lewis and Clarke to the Rocky Mountains, many years ago, several grizzly bears were met with and killed; but in several cases the attack was attended

with considerable danger, as the following incident will show.

5. One evening the men in the hindmost of Lewis and Clarke's canoes perceived a grizzly bear lying in the open ground about sixty rods from the river; and six of the men, who were all good hunters, went to attack him. Concealing themselves by a small eminence, they were able to approach within eight or ten rods unperceived. Four of the hunters now fired, and each lodged a ball in his body, two of which passed directly through the lungs.

6. The bear sprang up and ran furiously with open mouth upon the hunters, two of whom, having reserved their fire, gave him two additional wounds, one of which broke the shoulder blade of the animal. This somewhat retarded his motions, but before the men could again load their guns, he pursued them so closely that they were obliged to run toward the river, and before they had gained it the bear had almost overtaken them.

7. Two of the men then jumped into the canoe; the other four separated, and, concealing themselves among the willows, fired as fast as they could load their pieces. Several times the bear was struck, but each shot seemed only to direct his fury toward the hunters. At last he pursued them so closely that they threw aside their guns, and jumped from the bank twenty feet into the river.

8. The bear, seemingly now more furious than ever, sprang after them, and was very near the hindmost man, when one of the hunters on the shore shot him through the head, and finally killed him. When they dragged him on shore they found that eight balls had passed through his body in different directions.

OUTLINE.

V. 5. Bear, sixty rods from river; six men attacking; came within ten rods; four fired; each hit; two balls through the lungs.

[Require outline for verses 6, 7, and 8.]

14. LITTLE BY LITTLE.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 5. What do coral islands consist of? How is the coral formed? [*See "Coral," in Cyclopedia.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Mŏss′y; rōōt; vĕrd′ūre (*not* ver′jer).

Articulation Drill.

Mo′ment; I am | im-prov′ing; down′ward | it sent;
in′sect train; buds | and flow′ers.

What is the error in articulation likely to be committed in each case?

For Definition. Sipped; ceaselessly; balmy; verdure; treasured; insect train.

1. "Little by little," an acorn said,
   As it slowly sank in its mossy bed;
   "I am improving every day,
   Hidden deep in the earth away."

2. Little by little, each day it grew;
   Little by little, it sipped the dew;
   Downward it sent out a thread-like root;
   Up in the air sprang a tiny shoot.

3. Day after day and year after year,
   Little by little, the leaves appear;
   And the slender branches spread far and wide,
   Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

4. Far down in the depths of the dark blue sea,
   An insect train work ceaselessly;
   Grain by grain, they are building well,
   Each one alone in its little cell;
   Moment by moment and day by day,
   Never stopping to rest or to play.

5. Rocks upon rocks they are rearing high,
   Till the top looks out on the sunny sky;
   The gentle wind and the balmy air,
   Little by little bring verdure there;
   Till the summer sunbeams gaily smile
   On the buds and flowers of the coral isle.

6. "Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,
"Moment by moment, I 'll well employ,
Learning a little every day,
And not misspending my time in play;
And still this rule in my mind shall dwell,
'Whatever I do, I will do it well.'

7. "Little by little, I 'll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago;
And one of these days, perhaps, we 'll see
That the world will be the better for me."

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15. A BOY ON A FARM.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER—1829-* *. MASSACHUSETTS.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. What do you know of this author? Have you ever read "My Summer in a Garden," or "Being a Boy," written by him? In connection with a distinguished humorist, formerly of California, he also wrote "The Gilded Age:" who was the humorist? V. 3. How many legs has a centiped? V. 7. What is meant by the "weary rows?"

Words often Mispronounced. Thr̤ough (thrōō); ĕr′rands (*not* ŭr′-rands), çĕn′ti-ped (*not* -peed); lŏng; mows̤ (*not* mōze); grīnd′stōne (*not* grīnstŭn).

Articulation Drill.

Ex-pect′ed to do; re-quired′ to do; to go to the store; and do;
wood | and | wa′ter; grind′stone; a-mount′ed to; mes′sa-ges.

What is the error in articulation likely to be committed in each case?

For Definition. Impression; factotum; indispensable; perpetually; centiped; inadequate; rotate; locomotion; dispatch; *leap-frog;* penstock; liberal education; humorist.

Word Using. Use *leap-frog* with the two meanings it has in this lesson.

Note.—Charles Dudley Warner is an exceedingly pithy and discriminating writer of the lighter school, and is, at the present time (1886), editor of "The Drawer" in Harper's Magazine.

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1. Say what you will about the general usefulness of boys, it is my impression that a farm without a boy would

very soon come to grief. What the boy does is the life of the farm. He is the factotum always in demand, always expected to do the thousand indispensable things that nobody else will do. Upon him fall all the odds and ends, the most difficult things.

2. After every body else is through, he has to finish up. His work is like a woman's—perpetually waiting on others. Every body knows how much easier it is to eat a good dinner than it is to wash the dishes afterwards. Consider what a boy on a farm is required to do; things that must be done, or life would actually stop.

3. It is understood, in the first place, that he is to do all the errands, to go to the store, to the post-office, and to carry all sorts of messages. If he had as many legs as a centiped, they would tire before night. His two short limbs seem to him entirely inadequate to the task. He would like to have as many legs as a wheel has spokes, and rotate about in the same way.

4. This he sometimes tries to do; and the people who have seen him "turning cart-wheels" along the side of the road, have supposed that he was amusing himself and idling his time; he was only trying to invent a new mode of locomotion, so that he could economize his legs, and do his errands with greater dispatch.

5. He practices standing on his head, in order to accustom himself to any position. Leap-frog is one of his methods of getting over the ground quickly. He would willingly go an errand any distance if he could leap-frog it with a few other boys.

6. He has a natural genius for combining pleasure with business. This is the reason why, when he is sent to the spring for a pitcher of water, he is absent so long; for he stops to poke the frog that sits on the stone, or, if there is a pen-stock, to put his hand over the spout, and squirt the water a little while.

7. He is the one who spreads the grass when the men have cut it; he mows it away in the barn; he rides the horse, to cultivate the corn, up and down the hot, weary rows; he picks up the potatoes when they are dug; he drives the cows night and morning; he brings wood and water, and splits kindling; he gets up the horse, and puts out the horse; whether he is in the house or out of it, there is always something for him to do.

8. Just before the school in winter he shovels paths; in summer he turns the grindstone. He knows where there are lots of wintergreens and sweet-flags, but, instead of going for them, he is to stay in doors and pare apples, and stone raisins, and pound something in a mortar. And yet, with his mind full of schemes of what he would like to do, and his hands full of occupations, he is an idle boy, who has nothing to busy himself with but school and chores!

9. He would gladly do all the work if somebody else would do the chores, he thinks; and yet I doubt if any boy ever amounted to anything in the world, or was of much use as a man, who did not enjoy the advantages of a liberal education in the way of chores.

16. CASABIANCA.

MRS. HEMANS—1793-1835. ENGLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. Between what two nations was the battle of the Nile fought? Who commanded on either side? What is the title of the chief officer of a fleet of ships? When was the battle fought? [*See "Three Great Captains;" also, "Nelson, Horatio," in Cyclopedia.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Tâsk; fâst; mâst; lŏŋ-gēr (lŏng′gēr); strewed (strōōd); wrēath′ing; hĕlm (*not* hellum).

Articulation Drill.

Winds;	no′blest;	shout′ed;
bat′tle's	wreck;	child	like;	roll′d	on.

What is the error in articulation likely to be committed in each case?

For Definition. Unconscious; *booming;* gallant; wreathing; helm; *pennon;* flag-ship.

Word Using. Put the italicized words into sentences of your own with their meaning here, and with one other.

Casa Bianca, a boy of ten years, was the son of the captain of the ship Orient, the flag-ship of the French squadron engaged in the battle of the Nile. During the engagement the ship was burned, and, the flames reaching the powder, was blown to pieces, young Casa Bianca remaining at his post as described in the poem.

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1. The boy stood on the burning deck,
   Whence all but him had fled;
   The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
   Shone round him o'er the dead.

2. Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
   As born to rule the storm;
   A creature of heroic blood,
   A proud, though child-like form.

3. The flames roll'd on—he would not go,
   Without his father's word;
   That father, faint in death below,
   His voice no longer heard.

4. He call'd aloud—"Say, father, say,
   If yet my task is done?"
   He knew not that the chieftain lay
   Unconscious of his son.

5. "Speak, father!" once again he cried,
   "If I may yet be gone?"
   And but the booming shots replied,
   And fast the flames roll'd on.

6. Upon his brow he felt their breath,
   And in his waving hair,
   And look'd from that lone post of death,
   In still, yet brave despair.

7. And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

8. They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

9. There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—Oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea!

10. With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing that perished there,
Was that young, faithful heart.

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17. LIFE IN SWEDEN.

H. W. LONGFELLOW. [See Lesson 12.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 2. Why does the sun rise so little above the horizon in winter in Sweden? V. 3. What are the Northern Lights? and what causes them? V. 4. What is meant by the fiery sword flaming from east to west? V. 5. When was the first Christmas, and what is referred to by the single star which heralded it? As what two parts of speech is "peasant" used here? V. 7. What is meant by morning and evening sitting together? Memorize the seventh verse. [*For an interesting description of this country and its people, read "Northern Travel," by Bayard Taylor.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Wạn; nôrth'ern (*not* nŏthern); Chrĭst'-mas (krĭs'mas); wrēaths; êre (âr).

Articulation Drill.

Mem'o-ry; va'por-y; lin'ger-ing; sol'emn; si'lent; cool'ness; sud'den-ly; stars shine; east | and west.

What is the error in articulation likely to be committed in each case?

For Definition. Pompous; Indian summer; wane; wan; zenith; athwart; vapory; peasant; Northern Lights.

Word Using. Use *peasant* both as a noun and an adjective.

1. I must not forget the suddenly changing seasons of the northern clime. There is no long and lingering spring unfolding leaf and blossom one by one; no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter, from the folds of trailing clouds, sows broadcast over the land, snow, icicles, and rattling hail.

2. The days wane apace. Ere long the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day; only, at noon, they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

3. And now the Northern Lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colors come and go, changing from crimson to gold, and from gold to crimson.

4. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapory folds the winking stars shine white as silver.

5. With such pomp as this is merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw; and the peasant girls throw straws at the tim-

bered roof of the hall; and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsman come to their wedding. Merry Christmas indeed!

6. And now, the glad, leafy midsummer, full of blossoms, and the song of the nightingales, is come! In every village there is a May-pole fifty feet high, with wreaths and roses and ribbons streaming in the wind, and a noiseless weather-cock on the top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night; and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle.

7. O how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which, like a silver clasp, unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when morning and evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight!

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18. BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

REV. CHARLES WOLFE—1791-1823. IRELAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. The fame of this writer rests on a single poem. In this respect he resembles Gray, S. F. Smith, and Samuel Woodworth: for what single poem are they, each, distinguished? Who was Sir John Moore? After what battle was the burial? [*See "Moore, Sir John," in Cyclopedia.*] V. 2. What is meant by moonbeam's *struggling?* V. 8. What is meant by the sentence "We carved not a line?"

Words often Mispronounced. Gŏne (*not* gawn).

Articulation Drill.

Gazed | on; smoothed down; would tread | o'er his head;
upbraid' him; sleep | on; laid him.

What error in articulation is likely to be committed in each case?

For Definition. Corse; rampart; martial; *steadfastly;* random; gory; *reck.*

Word Using. Use italicized words in sentences of your own.

1. Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

2. We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

3. No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

4. Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

5. We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

6. Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he 'll reck, if they 'll let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

7. But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
Which the foe was sullenly firing.

8. Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone:
But we left him alone with his glory.

19. MUSICAL MICE.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 4. Where is the Plymouth mentioned here—in England or Massachusetts? What reason for your opinion?

Words often Mispronounced. Flute (*not* flo͞ot); tūne (*not* to͞on); crouched (kroucht, *not* kro͞ocht); in-dūçe′.

Articulation Drill. (1) Dif′fer-ent-ly; (2) fre′quent; ex-cite′ments; (3) sur-prised′; (4) the | ap-pear′ance.

For Definition. Crouched; affected; induce; frantic; gestures; ecstasy; ecstatic; diminutive; man-of-war.

Word Using. Use both *ecstasy* and *ecstatic* in the same sentence.

Silent Reading—To secure accuracy.—Dispense at first with the oral reading of this selection. Let the preparation of the lesson consist simply in writing the piece in the pupil's own language—not from memory, but from the book. Let the language be so entirely the pupil's own, that, in the version of the pupil, not more than two or three words of the author shall appear in their original order. This will test the accuracy of the student's reading. The selection may be divided into several exercises, according to the aptness of the class.

1. On a rainy evening, as I was alone in my chamber, I took up my flute, and commenced playing a tune. In a few minutes, my attention was directed to a mouse, that I saw creeping from its hole and advancing to the chair in which I was sitting.

2. I ceased playing, and it suddenly ran back to its hole. I began again shortly afterward, and was much surprised to see it return and take its old position. The appearance of the little animal was truly delightful; it crouched itself on the floor, shut its eyes, and appeared in an ecstasy.

3. I ceased playing, and it instantly disappeared again. This experiment I repeated frequently with the same success, observing that it was always differently affected, as the music varied from the slow and plaintive to the brisk and lively. It finally went off, and all my arts to induce it to return, were unavailing. Such frequent and powerful excitements probably caused its death.

4. A more remarkable instance of this fact appeared in one of the public journals, not long since. It was communicated by a gentleman, who was a witness of the interesting scene. As a few officers on board a British man-of-war, in the harbor of Plymouth, were seated around the fire, one of them began to play a very plaintive air on the violin.

5. He had performed but a few minutes, when a mouse, apparently frantic, made its appearance in the middle of the floor. The strange gestures of the little animal strongly excited the sympathy of the company, who, with one consent, resolved to suffer it to continue its singular actions unmolested.

6. Its exertions now appeared to be greater every moment; it shook its head, leaped about the floor, and exhibited signs of the most ecstatic delight. It was observed, that, in proportion as the tones of the instrument approached the soft and plaintive, the feelings of the animal appeared to be increased.

7. After performing actions which an animal so diminutive would seem, at first sight, incapable of performing, the little creature, to the astonishment of the hitherto delighted spectators, suddenly ceased to move, fell down, and expired, without showing any signs of pain.

A New Game at Rhyming.

Observe that the words and marks of punctuation in each of the following lines, when properly placed, make a complete line of the stanza; that the word that begins with a capital in each line should be the first word of that line; that the words that rhyme should be placed last. Arrange the words and marks to make the stanza, using special care in placing the marks.

"My my my hope, heaven, trust must be,
My gentle . following guide, in thee " —
the crossed He threshold — a and clang
rang Of instant steel that angry .

ELEMENTS OF ELOCUTION.

Chapter III.—Emphasis.

Emphasis is any mode by which a word is rendered specially significant, or expressive.

A word may be emphasized:

I. By increased force;

II. By inflection;

III. By quantity, that is, a prolonging of the vowel or liquid sound;

IV. By emphatic pause.

I. Of Emphasis by Force.

This comprises:

1. Absolute emphasis—*a special stress laid on any important word in the sentence;* as,

1. I 've *heard* what 's in your parlor and I do not *wish* to *see*.
2. Bidding you good morning *now* I 'll call *another* day.
3. Thinking only of her crested head—*poor foolish thing*.
4. *Rise!* or Greece forever falls.
5. *Up!* or freedom breathes her last.
6. *Whence* and *what* art thou, execrable shape?
7. A *noun* is the *name* of any thing.

2. Cumulative emphasis—*a gradually increasing stress of voice applied to a succession of important words;* as,

1. *To arms!* to arms! TO ARMS! they cry.
2. He buys, he *sells*, he steals, he KILLS for gold.
3. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country I never would lay down my arms;—*never*—never—NEVER!

4. The *war* is *inevitable*—and LET IT COME! I repeat it, sir,—LET IT COME!

5. I was *born* an American; I LIVE an American; I shall DIE an American.

6. We have petitioned; we have *remonstrated;* we have SUPPLICATED; we have PROSTRATED ourselves before the throne.

3. Relative emphasis—*the stress of voice placed upon words which are in contrast, or opposed in meaning;* as,

1. The agent wishes to *buy*` land, not to *sell'*.

2. A government *of* the people, *for* the people, and *by* the people.

3. It is my *living* sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my *dying* sentiment.

4. Beauty is *transitory*, but virtue is *everlasting*.

5. You were paid to *fight*` Philip, not to *rail'* at him.

6. The *wicked* flee when no man pursueth; but the *righteous* are as bold as a lion.

7. I had no visible impediments *without*, nor any ungovernable passions *within*.

Relative emphasis sometimes effects a change in the accentuation of the words which are contrasted; as,

1. Money he could easily *ob'*tain, but not *re*`tain.

2. The goods which America now *im'*ports she will soon *ex*`port.

3. The army was no sooner *em'*barked, than it *de*`barked.

4. The sound would first *in'*crease, and then *de*`crease at regular intervals.

5. There is a difference between *giv'*ing and *for'*giving.

These examples suggest the following rules:

1. Emphasize any important word in the sentence.

2. Increase the emphasis as successive words become more important or express stronger emotion.

3. Emphasize words which are in contrast, or opposed in meaning.

20. THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

MARY HOWITT—1804-1862. ENGLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. Can you tell whether this writer wrote, chiefly, poems of sentiment or of description? It would interest you to know how she spent her honeymoon. Look for an account of it in the Cyclopedia. V. 1. Why is the way into the spider's parlor said to be up a winding stair? V. 4. What trait of character in the fly led to its destruction?

Words often Mispronounced. Sŭb'tīle.

Articulation Drill. Flat'ter-ing.

For Definition. *Subtile;* crest; *wily;* counselor.

Word Using. Use each italicized word in a sentence of your own.

1. "Will you walk into my parlor?" said a spider to a fly,
"'T is the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy;
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things to show when you are there."
"Oh no, no," said the little fly, "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

2. "I'm sure you must be weary with soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the spider to the fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are fine and thin;
And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in."
"Oh no, no," said the little fly, "for I've often heard it said,
They *never, never, wake* again, who sleep upon *your* bed!"

3. Said the cunning spider to the fly, "Dear friend, what shall I do,
To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?
I have within my pantry, good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome; will you please to take a slice?"
"Oh no, no!" said the little fly, "kind sir, that can not be;
I've *heard* what's in your pantry, and I do not *wish* to *see*."

4. "Sweet creature!" said the spider, "you're witty and you're wise,
How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!
I have a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf,

If you 'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you 're pleased to say,
And bidding you good morning *now*, I 'll call *another* day."

5. The spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly would soon be back again:
So he wove a subtile web, in a little corner, sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the fly.
Then he went out to his door again, and merrily did sing,
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple; there 's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead."

6. Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by;
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue;
Thinking only of her crested head—*poor foolish thing!* At last,
Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast.

7. He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor; but she ne'er came out again!
And now, my dear young friends, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you, ne'er give heed;
Unto an evil counselor, close heart, and ear, and eye,
And take a lesson from the tale of the Spider and the Fly.

Language Work.—Copy the last verse in prose form, preserving the words in their present order. What words now commencing with a capital will then begin with a small letter?

THE WIND.

[Write this selection, dividing it into poetical lines. What words now beginning with a small letter will then begin with a capital?]

The wind one morning sprang up from sleep, saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap! now for a madcap galloping chase! I 'll make a commotion in every place." Then away to the fields it went blustering and humming, and the cattle all wondered what monster was coming. It plucked by the tails the grave matronly cows, and tossed the colts' manes all over their brows.

21. THE MONKEY ON SHIPBOARD.

Preparatory Exercises.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson I.*]

Questions. V. 1. Where is Senegal? Is it the name of a country, a region of country, or a colony? [*See Lippincott's Gazetteer.*] There are two ports near the mouth of the Senegal River—one belonging to France and the other to Great Britain. Can you learn from what port a vessel would be likely to sail for England with a Senegal monkey on board?

Words often Mispronounced. Sĕn-e-gal′ (-gawl); mĭn′ute (mĭn′it); ŏft′en (ŏf′n); mŏck′ing.

Articulation Drill. Sud′den-ly; was | al-lowed′; the ex-e-cu′tion.

For Definition. Species; after-deck; *malicious; mocking;* aversion; forecastle; *saluted; assumed;* maintop.

Word Using. Use each of the italicized words in a sentence of your own.

1. The following account of a Senegal monkey was written by a lady who was a passenger on board of the ship in which it was brought to England. The species of monkey here described is of a reddish brown color, only about a foot and a half long.

2. "My first acquaintance with Jack, the cook's monkey, was made in the following manner: A few days after we had set sail I was sitting on the after-deck, occupied in reading, when suddenly a noise between a squeak and a chatter met my ears; and before I could turn my head to see whence it proceeded, a heavy living creature jumped on to my shoulders from behind, and its tail encircled my throat.

3. "I felt it was the cook's monkey—the mischievous, malicious, mocking Jack, whose pranks had often made me laugh against my will, as I watched him from a distance, but with whom I had never made the least acquaintance.

4. "Whether from fear or presence of mind, I do not pretend to say, but I remained perfectly still, and in a minute

or two Jack put his head forward and stared me in the face, uttering a sort of croak; he then descended to my knees, examined my hands as if he were counting my fingers, tried to take off my rings, and, when I gave him some biscuit, curled himself up quietly in my lap.

5. "We were friends from that moment. My aversion to monkeys was cured, and I have ever since taken great interest and pleasure in watching, studying, and protecting them. We had several monkeys on board the vessel, but Jack was the prince of them all.

6. "Jack had first been kept to his part of the deck by means of a cord; but, as he became more and more tame, his liberty was extended, till at last he was allowed the whole range of the ship, with the exception of the captain's and passengers' cabins.

7. "The occupations which he marked out for himself usually began at early dawn, by overturning the steward's parrot-cage whenever he could get at it, in order to secure the lump of sugar which then rolled out. He evidently intended to pull the parrot's feathers, but the latter, by turning round as fast as Jack turned, and always presenting his beak, kept Jack's paws at a suitable distance.

8. "At this early hour I was frequently awakened by the quick trampling of feet on deck, and knew it arose from a pursuit of Jack, on account of some mischief on his part. He would often descend into the forecastle, snatch the caps of the sailors, steal their knives and tools, and, if they were not very active in the pursuit, would sometimes throw them overboard.

9. "When the preparations for breakfast began, Jack would take a seat in a corner near the grate, and when the cook's back was turned, would snatch up something from the fire and conceal it. He sometimes burned his fingers by these tricks, which kept him quiet for a few days, but no sooner was the pain gone than he repeated the mischief.

10. "Two days in each week the pigs, which formed part of our live stock, were allowed to run about the deck for exercise, and then Jack was particularly happy. Hiding himself behind a cask, he would suddenly spring on to the back of one of them, which then scampered around the deck in great fright. Sometimes Jack would get upset, and if he were saluted with a laugh from the sailors, he would look up with an assumed air of wonder, as much as to say, 'What can you laugh at?'

11. "Besides Jack there were three little monkeys on board, with red skins and blue faces, and Jack would frequently get all of these on his back at the same time, and carry them about the vessel; but, when I began to pet these little creatures, he became jealous, and freed himself from two of his rivals by throwing them into the sea.

12. "One of his drollest tricks was practiced on the poor little black monkey that was left. One day the men who had been painting left their paint and brushes on the upper deck. Jack enticed his victim to him; then, seizing him with one hand, with the other he took the brush, and covered him with the white paint from head to foot.

13. "The laugh of the man at the helm called my attention to the circumstance, and as soon as Jack perceived that he was discovered, he dropped his dripping brother, and scampered up the rigging till he gained the maintop, where he stood with his nose between the bars looking at what was going on below.

14. "Jack was afraid to come down, and only after three days passed in his elevated place of refuge did hunger compel him to descend. He chose the moment when I was sitting on deck, and, swinging himself by a rope, he dropped suddenly into my lap, looking so imploringly at me for pardon, that I not only forgave him myself, but saved him from punishment. A short time after this I took another vessel, and Jack and I parted, never to meet again."

22. THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH—1785-1842. MASSACHUSETTS.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. This selection answers a question asked in Lesson 18—what is the question? See what the Cyclopedia will tell you about Samuel Woodworth. Have you ever seen the contrivance to which he refers for drawing water from a well? Why should the bucket be "moss-covered?"

Words often Mispronounced. Rude (rōōd); ĕx′qui-sīte (ĕks′kwĭ-zĭt).

For Definition. *Exquisite; ardent;* nectar; intrusively; reverts.

Word Using. Write the italicized words in sentences of your own.

1. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it;
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

2. That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

3. How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar which Jupiter sips;

And now, far removed from thy loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well.

LANGUAGE WORK.—Write the meaning of the following lines without using the italicized words in them:

1. "How *ardent* I seized it, with hands that were *glowing*."
2. "Then soon with the *emblem of truth overflowing*."
3. "Not a full *blushing goblet* could tempt me to leave it."

PART OF THE SECOND VERSE PARAPHRASED.

[Paraphrase, in a similar manner, the first four lines of V. 3.]

I hail that moss-covered vessel as a treasure; for, often, when returned from the field at noon, I found it the source of the purest and sweetest pleasure that nature can yield.

Seeing Pictures.

Look at the following lines and tell what picture you can see in them. This may be done in several ways:

1. By describing, in words, what you see;

2. By locating, in a diagram, the names of the things you see, in the positions you think natural;

3. By drawing a picture of what you see.

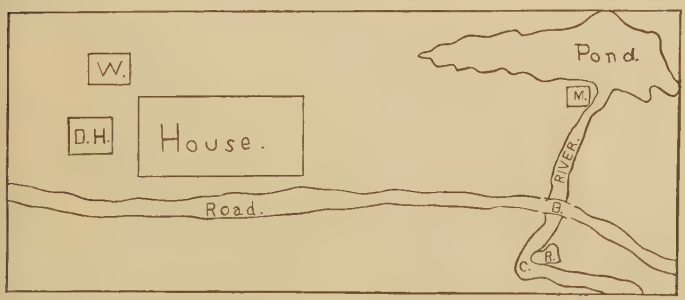
The artist tells what he sees by drawing a picture. On the opposite page all three of these methods are illustrated by pupils of California Grammar Schools.

"The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it;
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well,"

1. As seen, and told in writing, by a second grade pupil.

I see, on a hill, a farm house; a little way back, a dairy-house. A well is just in front; and near by, on the left, a river, crossed by a bridge, flows into a pond, beside which is a mill. Over a rock above the bridge falls a cataract.

2. As seen, and told in diagram, by a first grade pupil.



3. As seen, and told in picture, by a first grade pupil.

23. SUGGESTIONS FOR A BREATHING EXERCISE.

ONE MINUTE AND A HALF.

The teacher may give the following directions:

* **Turn.**—At this word the pupils turn in their seats and place their feet in the aisle.

***Rise.**—Pupils rise—stand in the center of the aisle—face the teacher.

Position.—Hands are placed on the hips—thumbs forward—shoulders back—head erect.

Inhale.—Slowly fill the lungs as the teacher indicates by lifting the pencil or the finger.

Exhale.—Slowly empty the lungs as may be indicated by the descending pencil.

Repeat, several times, the process of inhaling and exhaling.

When the lungs are full, give any one of the following exercises, holding the breath as closely as possible:

1. Count in concert, forcibly, with the falling inflection:
One\`, two\`, three\`, four\`, five\`, six\`, seven\`, eight\`, nine\`, ten\`.

2. Count, in concert, as long as possible without inhaling again.

3. Count, giving alternately the rising and falling inflection:
One´, two\`, three´, four\`, five´, six\`, seven´, eight\`, nine´, ten\`.

4. In the same way give the vowel sounds:
ā´, ä\`, ạ´, ă\`—ē´, ĕ\`—ī´, ĭ\`—ō´, ŏ\`—ū´, ŭ\`.

The value of these exercises, if given daily, will soon appear in greater fullness and smoothness of tone, greater ease in speaking, and a firmer and more distinct articulation.

* If pupils are on the recitation seat the first direction is, of course, unnecessary; if already standing both the first and second directions will be omitted.

24. THE DERVISE AND THE CAMEL.

REV. WALTER COLTON—1797-1851.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. This writer traveled widely through countries bordering on the Mediterranean, and in California. Have you ever heard who built the first school house and established the first newspaper in this State? If you look in the Cyclopedia, under the head of "*Colton, Walter*," you will find out who did it, where it was done, and in about what year. Try it.

Words often Mispronounced. Dĕr′vīse; eā′dī; *h*ērb′aġe (ērb′ĕj).

Articulation Drill. Sud′den-ly; par-tic′u-lar-ly; ev′i-dence; clus′-ter-ing.

For Definition. Dervise; cadi.

1. A dervise was journeying alone in a desert, when two merchants suddenly met him. "You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants. "Indeed we have," they replied.

2. "Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" said the dervise. "He was," replied the merchants. "And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and with wheat on the other?" "Most certainly he was," they replied; "and, as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can, in all probability, conduct us to him."

3. "My friends," said the dervise, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him, but from you." "A pretty story, truly," said the merchants; "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his burden?" "I have seen neither your camel nor your jewels," repeated the dervise.

4. On this, they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the cadi; but, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced, to convict him either of falsehood or of theft.

5. They were about to proceed against him as a sorcerer,

when the dervise with great calmness thus addressed the court: "I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long and alone, and I can find ample scope for observation even in a desert.

6. "I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route. I knew that the animal was blind of an eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand.

7. "I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage had been left uninjured in the center of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side; and the clustering flies, that it was honey on the other."

ELEMENTS OF ELOCUTION.

Inflection—Continued.

RULE 5. Give *opposite inflections* to words and phrases expressing contrast; as,

1. *Sink'* or *swim`*, *live'* or *die`*, *survive'* or *perish`*, I give my hand and heart to this vote.

2. *Talent'* is *power'; tact'* is *skill`*. *Talent'* is *weight'; tact'* is *momentum`*. *Talent'* knows what to do'; *tact'* knows how to do it`. *Talent'* makes a man *respectable'; tact'* will make him *respected`*.

3. The style of *Dryden'* is capricious and *varied'*; that of *Pope'* is cautious and *uniform`*. *Dryden'* obeys the motions of his own mind'; *Pope'* constrains his mind to his own rules of composition`. *Dryden'* is sometimes vehement and *rapid'; Pope'* is always uniform and *gentle`*.

25. THE CREATOR.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Tĕr′ri-ble (*not* tur′ri-ble).

Articulation Drill. Coun′te-nance; ex′cel-lent.

Inflection Drill. *He′* is the *Creator*′; *they′* are the *creatures*\. *They′* may be *beautiful*′, but *He′* is *beauty*\. *They′* may be *strong*′, but *He′* is strength\. *They′* may be perfect′, but *He′* is *perfection*\.

1. Come, and I will show you what is beautiful. It is a rose fully blown. See how she sits upon her mossy stem, the queen of flowers. Her leaves glow like fire. The air is filled with her sweet odor. She is the delight of every eye.

2. But there is one fairer than the rose. He that made the rose is more beautiful than the rose. He is altogether lovely. He is the delight of every heart.

3. I will show you what is strong. The lion is strong. When he raiseth himself up from his lair, when he shaketh his mane, when the voice of his roaring is heard, the cattle of the field fly, and the wild beasts of the desert hide themselves; for he is terrible.

4. But He who made the lion is stronger than the lion. He can do all things. He gave us life, and, in a moment, can take it away, and no one can save us from His hand.

5. I will show you what is glorious. The sun is glorious. When he shineth in the clear sky, when he sitteth on his throne in the heavens, and looketh abroad over the earth, he is the most glorious and excellent object the eye can behold.

6. But He who made the sun is more glorious than the sun. The eye cannot look on His dazzling brightness. He seeth all dark places, by night as well as by day. The light of His countenance is over all the world.

7. This great Being is God. He made all things, but He is more excellent than all that He has made. He is the

Creator, they are the creatures. They may be beautiful, but He is beauty. They may be strong, but He is strength. They may be perfect, but He is perfection.

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26. THE FROST.

MISS H. F. GOULD—1789-1865. VERMONT.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Frŏst; eŭp′board (kŭb′urd); bás′ket; eŏst′ly; bŭs′tle (bŭs′l); dī′a-mond.

Articulation Drill. Blus′ter-ing; crept; slept; stepp'd (stept).

For Definition. Sheen; bevies; bustle.

Word Using. With the meaning it has in this lesson, write each of the words for definition, in a sentence of your own.

1. The frost looked forth one still, clear night,
   And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
   So through the valley and over the height
   In silence I 'll take my way.
   I will not go on like that blustering train,
   The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
   Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
   But I 'll be as busy as they."

2. Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest:
   He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dress'd
   In diamond beads—and over the breast
   Of the quivering lake he spread
   A coat of mail, that need not fear
   The downward point of many a spear
   That he hung on its margin, far and near,
   Where a rock could rear its head.

3. He went to the window of those who slept,
   And over each pane, like a fairy crept;
   Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepp'd,
   By the light of the morn were seen
   Most beautiful things; there were flowers and trees;

There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers; and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

4. But he did one thing that was hardly fair;
He peep'd in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
"Now just to set them a thinking,
I 'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I 'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they 've left for me
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I 'm drinking!"

LANGUAGE WORK.—Let the class, in conversation with the teacher, tell what picture they see in V. 2.

Then let them describe the picture in writing, not using either of the following words or phrases: *powdered; dress'd; diamond; coat of mail; spear.*

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27. KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Bŭst'ling (bŭs'ling); prŏd'ūçe (*noun*); pro-dūçe' (*verb*); căr'riaġe (kăr'rij).

Articulation Drill. Fer'tile; bursts.

Word Using. Write, in one sentence, *produce*, both as a noun and a verb. Divide into syllables and mark the accent in each case.

1. "What an excellent thing is knowledge," said a sharp-looking, bustling little man, to one who was much older than himself. "Knowledge is an excellent thing," repeated he. "My boys know more at six and seven years old than I did at twelve. They can read all sorts of books, and talk on all sorts of subjects. The world is a great deal wiser than it used to be. Every body knows something of every thing now. Do you not think, sir, that knowledge is an excellent thing?"

2. "Why, sir," replied the old man, looking gravely, "that depends entirely upon the use to which it is applied. It may be a blessing or a curse. Knowledge is only an increase of power, and power may be a bad as well as a good thing." "That is what I cannot understand," said the bustling little man. "How can power be a bad thing?"

3. "I will tell you," meekly replied the old man; and thus he went on: "When the power of a horse is under restraint, the animal is useful in bearing burdens, drawing loads, and carrying his master; but when that power is unrestrained, the horse breaks his bridle, dashes to pieces the carriage that he draws, or throws his rider." "I see!" said the little man.

4. "When the water of a large pond is properly conducted by trenches, it renders the fields around fertile; but when it bursts through its banks, it sweeps every thing before it, and destroys the produce of the fields." "I see!" said the little man, "I see!"

5. "When the ship is steered aright, the sail that she hoists enables her sooner to get into port; but if steered wrong, the more sail she carries, the further will she go out of her course." "I see!" said the little man, "I see clearly!"

6. "Well, then," continued the old man, "if you see these things so clearly, I hope you can see, too, that knowledge, to be a good thing, must be rightly applied. God's grace in the heart will render the knowledge of the head a blessing; but without this, it may prove to us no better than a curse." "I see! I see!" said the little man, "I see!"

LANGUAGE WORK.—Write another illustration of power both as a bad and a good thing.

Use steam as the subject of it.

How may the power of steam be a good thing, and how a bad thing?

28. THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL—1777-1844. SCOTLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. Between what two armies was this battle fought? In what year? Who commanded on each side? Who was successful? To what treaty of peace did it lead? [*See Haydn's Dictionary of Dates.*] V. 1. Where is the river Iser? V. 6. Who is described as "Frank" and who as "Hun?" V. 7. Where is Munich? [*For geographical information see Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer.*]

Words often Mispronounced. I'ser (Ē'zer); rĭv'en.

Articulation Drill. Blood'less; dark'ness; Lin'den; thun'der riv'en; sul'phur-ous.

For Definition. Revelry; riven; lurid; dun; sulphurous canopy; chivalry; monastery.

Note.—This selection has always been popular with school boys for declamation. "Ye Mariners of England" is another favorite, by the same author. Campbell was, also, once a schoolmaster, and his first appearance among his scholars, on a winter day, was very amusing. Reaching the college grounds, he found the boys engaged in snowballing. Joining at once in the sport, he soon convinced them that the Lord Rector was as good a man as the best. **Lord Rector** is the title given to the President of the University of Glasgow. [*See "Campbell, Thos.," in Cyclopedia.*]

It is said that from the walls of a monastery where he had gone to pursue the study of the German Classics he witnessed the battle that he describes, but his biographer, Mr. Beattie, denies this. The monastery was sixty miles from the battle field, which was a forest plain lying a short distance from Munich.

1. On Linden, when the sun was low,
   All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
   And dark as winter was the flow
   Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

2. But Linden saw another sight,
   When the drum beat at dead of night,
   Commanding fires of death to light
   The darkness of her scenery.

3. By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
   Each horseman drew his battle-blade,

And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

4. Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rush'd the steeds to battle driven;
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

5. And redder yet those fires shall glow,
On Linden's hills of blood-stain'd snow,
And darker yet shall be the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

6. 'T is morn, but scarce yon lurid sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

7. The combat deepens. *On*, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners *wave!*
And charge with all thy chivalry!

8. Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

LANGUAGE WORK.—Write the sixth verse in prose without using either of the following words: *lurid; dun; Frank; Hun; canopy; sulphurous.*

A Rhyming Game.

[Complete the lines that should rhyme, and memorize.]

No thought of peace, no thought of rest,
Assuaged the storm in Roderick's ——.
With sheathed broadsword in his ——,
Abrupt he paced the islet strand,
And eyed the rising sun, and ——
His hand on his impatient blade.

29. THE LOST CHILD.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Articulation Drill. Ac-ci-dent'al-ly; the a-larmed'; gath'er-ing; wan'der-er; wan'der-ing.

For Definition. Proclaimed; animated; announced; minute', *a.*; min'ute, *n.*

1. A few years since, a child was lost in the woods. He was out with his brothers and sisters, gathering berries, and was accidentally separated from them, and lost. The children, after looking in vain for some time in search of the little wanderer, returned, just in the dusk of the evening, to inform their parents that their brother was lost and could not be found.

2. The woods, at that time, were full of bears. The darkness of a cloudy night was rapidly coming on, and the alarmed father, gathering a few of his neighbors, hastened in search of the lost child. The mother remained at home, almost distracted with suspense.

3. As the clouds gathered, and the darkness increased, the father and the neighbors, with highly excited fears, traversed the woods in all directions, and raised loud shouts to attract the attention of the child. But their search was in vain. They could find no trace of the wanderer; and, as they stood under the boughs of the lofty trees, and listened, that if possible they might hear his feeble voice, no sound was borne to their ears but the melancholy moaning of the wind, as it swept through the thick branches of the forest.

4. The gathering clouds threatened an approaching storm, and the deep darkness of the night had already enveloped them. It is difficult to conceive what were the feelings of that father. And who could imagine how deep the distress which filled the bosom of that mother, as she heard the

wind, and beheld the darkness in which her child was wandering!

5. The search was continued in vain, till nine o'clock in the evening. Then, one of the party was sent back to the village, to collect the inhabitants for a more extensive search. The bell rung the alarm, and the cry of fire resounded through the streets. It was, however, ascertained that it was not fire which caused the alarm, but that the bell tolled the more solemn tidings of a lost child.

6. Every heart sympathized in the sorrows of the distracted parents. Soon, multitudes of the people were seen ascending the hill, upon the declivity of which the village stood, to aid in the search. Ere long the rain began to fall, but no tidings came back to the village of the lost child. Hardly an eye was that night closed in sleep, and there was not a mother who did not feel for the parents.

7. The night passed away, and the morning dawned, and yet no tidings came. At last, those engaged in the search, met together, and held a consultation. They made arrangements for a more minute search, and agreed that, in case the child was found, a gun should be fired, to give a signal to the rest of the party.

8. As the sun arose, the clouds were scattered, and the whole landscape glittered in the rays of the bright morning. But that village was deserted and still. The stores were closed, and business was hushed. Mothers were walking the streets, with sympathizing countenances and anxious hearts. There was but one thought there: "What has become of the lost child?"

9. All the affections and interest of the neighborhood were flowing in one deep and broad channel toward the little wanderer. About nine in the morning, the signal gun was fired, which announced that the child was found; and for a moment, how dreadful was the suspense! Was it found a mangled corpse, or was it alive and well?

10. Soon, a joyful shout proclaimed the safety of the child. The shout was borne from tongue to tongue, till the whole forest rang again with the joyful sound. A messenger rapidly bore the tidings to the distracted mother. A procession was immediately formed by those engaged in the search. The child was placed upon a platform, hastily formed from the boughs of trees, and borne in triumph at the head of the procession.

11. When they arrived at the brow of the hill, they rested for a moment, and proclaimed their success with three loud and animated cheers. The procession then moved on, till they arrived in front of the dwelling where the parents of the child resided. The mother, who stood at the door, with streaming eyes and throbbing heart, could no longer restrain herself or her feelings.

12. She rushed into the street, clasped her child to her bosom, and wept aloud. Every eye was filled with tears, and, for a moment, all were silent. But suddenly, some one gave a signal for a shout. One loud, and long, and happy note of joy rose from the assembled multitude, and they then went to their business and their homes.

OUTLINE OF THE LESSON.

V. 1. Children gathering berries; one separates from the others; lost; children search in vain; return home at sunset.

V. 2. Woods full of bears; night dark and cloudy; father gathered neighbors and went to search; mother stayed at home.

[Make a similar outline for verses 3, 4, and 5.]

LIFE.

[Write this selection, dividing it into poetical lines. See page 53.]

Life is real! life is earnest! and the grave is not its goal; Dust thou art, to dust returnest, was not spoken of the soul.

30. THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

ROBERT SOUTHEY—1774-1843. ENGLAND.

Preparatory Exercises.

Questions. Southey was the son of a linen merchant of Bristol. Do you know the name given to this business in England? L——n d——r. When at Westminster school he wrote an article satirizing corporal punishment, and was promptly expelled. While a young man he formed, with three associates, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Thos. Lovell (Did you ever hear of either of them?), a scheme for planting a colony on the banks of the Susquehanna (Where is that?), but they gave it up. Both he and Wordsworth, at different times, held the same appointment from the king. Tennyson holds it now (1886). Can you learn what it was? [*See Lesson 36.*] Southey was a very interesting boy to know and you may make his acquaintance in his biography by Edward Dowden, in the *English Men of Letters* series. In what country is this incident supposed to occur? V. 1. What is meant by the "west country?" What satire is implied in the last two lines of this verse? V. 7. Where is Cornwall? V. 10. Remove the comma after "husband" in the first line and note the change of meaning. V. 11. Are the last two lines of this verse serious or humorous? What is the implied reason for the stranger's action?

For Definition. An; betimes; satirizing.

1. A well there is in the west country,
   And a clearer one never was seen:
   There is not a wife in the west country,
   But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

2. An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
   And behind does an ash tree grow,
   And a willow from the bank above,
   Droops to the water below.

3. A traveler came to the well of St. Keyne:
   Joyfully he drew nigh,
   For from cock-crow he had been traveling,
   And there was not a cloud in the sky.

4. He drank of the water, so cool and clear,
   For thirsty and hot was he;
   And he sat down upon the bank
   Under the willow tree.

5. There came a man from the neighboring town,
At the well to fill his pail;
On the well side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail.

6. "Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he,
"For an thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

7. "Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been?
For an she have, I 'll venture my life,
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne."

8. "I have left a good woman, who never was here,"
The stranger he made reply;
"But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray you answer me why."

9. "St. Keyne," quoth the Cornishman, "many a time
Drank of this crystal well;
And before the angel summoned her,
She laid on the water a spell.

10. "If the husband, of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

11. "But if the wife should drink of it first,
God help the husband then!"
The stranger stooped to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

12. "*You* drank of the well, I warrant, betimes!"
He to the Cornishman said:
But the Cornishman smiled, as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

13. "I hastened, as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch;
But in faith! she had been wiser than I,
For *she* took a bottle to church."

31. THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

FROM THE BIBLE.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. Who used the words of this lesson? In what book and chapter of the New Testament do they occur?

For Definition. Publican; revile.

1. Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.

2. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.

3. Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven.

5. Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

6. For if you love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not

even the publicans so? Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

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32. THE NEEDLE.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH. [See Lesson 21]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Co-til′lon (co-til′yun); qua-drille′ (kwa-drĭl′); tăl′iş-man.

Articulation Drill. Belles | of | fash′ion; tal′is-man.

For Definition. Rustical; ditty; talisman; burnish; beguiling.

1. The gay belles of fashion may boast of excelling
   In waltz or cotillon, at whist or quadrille;
   And seek admiration by vauntingly telling
   Of drawing, and painting, and musical skill:
   But give me the fair one, in country or city,
   Whose home and its duties are dear to her heart,
   Who cheerfully warbles some rustical ditty,
   While plying the needle with exquisite art:
   The bright little needle, the swift-flying needle,
   The needle directed by beauty and art.

2. If Love have a potent, a magical token,
   A talisman, ever resistless and true,
   A charm that is never evaded or broken,
   A witchery certain the heart to subdue,
   'T is this; and his armory never has furnished
   So keen and unerring, or polished a dart;
   Let beauty direct it, so polished and burnished,
   And O! it is certain of touching the heart:
   The bright little needle, the swift-flying needle,
   The needle directed by beauty and art.

3. Be wise, then, ye maidens, nor seek admiration,
   By dressing for conquest, and flirting with all;
   You never, whate'er be your fortune or station,
   Appear half so lovely at rout or at ball,

As gayly convened at the work-covered table,
Each cheerfully active playing her part,
Beguiling the task with a song or a fable,
And plying the needle with exquisite art:
The bright little needle, the swift-flying needle,
The needle directed by beauty and art.

33. THE GIRAFFE OR CAMELOPARD.

Preparatory Exercises.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. Have you ever seen a giraffe? Where is its native home? What is the native home of a plant or an animal called? Why is this animal called a camelopard? On what does it feed? Is it a cud-chewing animal? What is a cud-chewing animal called? [*See Cyclopedia, and Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Ro-măncē′; eär′bīne; hōōf; ca-měl′o-pard; ğĭ-răffē′.

For Definition. *Ruminant; habitat; effect;* conjectured; carbine; romance; diversified.

Word Using. Write, in sentences of your own, the italicized words in the definition list.

1. The giraffe is a native of Africa. It is of singular shape and size, and bears some resemblance both to the camel and the deer. The mouth is small; the eyes are full and brilliant; the tongue is rough, very long, and ending in a point.

2. The neck is long and slender, and from the shoulder to the top of the head, it measures between seven and eight feet; from the ground to the top of the shoulder, is commonly ten or eleven feet; so that the height of a full grown giraffe is seventeen or eighteen feet.

3. The hair is of a deep brown color in the male, and of a light or yellowish brown in the female. The skin is beau-

tifully diversified with white spots. They have short blunt horns, and hoofs like those of the ox. In their wild state, they feed on the leaves of a gum-bearing tree, peculiar to warm climates.

4. The giraffe, like the horse, and other hoofed animals, defends itself by kicking; and its hinder limbs are so light, and its blows so rapid, that the eye can not follow them. They are sufficient for its defense against the lion. It never employs its horns in resisting the attack of an enemy. Its disposition is gentle, and it flees to its native forest upon the least alarm.

5. The first exact account of the form and habits of the giraffe was given by a French traveler. While he was in South Africa, he happened one day to discover a hut, covered with the skin of one of those animals; and learned to his surprise, that he was now in a part of the country where the creature was found. He could not rest contented until he had seen the animal alive, and secured a specimen.

6. Having on several days obtained sight of some of them, he, with his attendants, on horseback, and accompanied by dogs, gave chase; but they baffled all pursuit. After a chase of a whole day, which effected nothing but the fatigue of the party, he began to despair of success.

7. "The next day," says he, "by sunrise, I was in pursuit of game, in the hope of obtaining some provisions for my men. After several hours' fatigue, we saw, at the turn of a hill, seven giraffes, which my pack of dogs instantly pursued. Six of them went off together; but the seventh, cut off by my dogs, took another way.

8. "I followed the single one at full speed, but in spite of the efforts of my horse, she got so much ahead of me, that, in turning a little hill, I lost sight of her altogether, and I gave up the pursuit. My dogs, however, were not so easily exhausted. They were soon so close upon her, that she was obliged to stop and defend herself. From the noise

they made, I conjectured that they had got the animal into a corner, and I again pushed forward.

9. "I had scarcely got round the hill, when I perceived her surrounded by the dogs, and endeavoring to drive them away by heavy kicks. In a moment, I was on my feet, and a shot from my carbine brought her to the earth. I was delighted with my victory. I was now able to add to the riches of natural history. I was now able to destroy the romance that attached to this animal, and to establish the truth of its existence."

OUTLINE OF THE LESSON.

V. 1. Native of Africa; resembles camel and deer; *mouth*—**small;** *eyes*—**full and brilliant;** *tongue*—**rough, long, pointed.**

V. 2. *Neck*—**long, slender;** *height*—**from shoulder to top of head, seven or eight feet; from ground to top of shoulder, ten or eleven feet.**

[Require pupils to make similar outline for verses 3, 4, 5, 6.]

DRILL IN COMBINATIONS OF CONSONANT SOUNDS.

First, pronounce, in concert, each word distinctly and forcibly. Then let each pupil pronounce them individually:

bl.	Blab, blade, blend, blind, block, blew, bluff.
bd.	Grabbed, nabbed, ebbed, fibbed, ribbed, robbed.
br.	Brad, brag, bred, breed, bride, broke, brook, broom.
bz.	Grabs, nabs, ebbs, fibs, knobs, robs, rubs.
bld.	Fabled, gabbled, warbled, nibbled, gobbled.

A Rhyming Game.

[Alternate lines rhyme. Complete the lines.]

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled-fields no ——,
Days of danger, nights of ——.

34. HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

MRS. HEMANS. [See Lesson 8.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. In sailing from France to England what water is crossed? From what French port do vessels sail and at what English port do they land? For an account of the disaster referred to in this lesson read *Dickens's Child's History of England.*

Words often Mispronounced. Be-neath′; toûr′ney (tûr′nў).

Articulation Drill. Rest′less; reck′less; met′al; rolled | on; smiled | a-gain′.

For Definition. Festal; tourney.

Note.—This poem refers to Henry I, King of England, who reigned in that country nearly 800 years ago. His son perished by shipwreck in crossing from France to England.

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1. The bark that held the prince went down,
   The sweeping waves rolled on;
   And what was England's glorious crown
   To him that wept a son?
   He lived—for life may long be borne,
   Ere sorrow breaks its chain;
   Still comes not death to those who mourn;
   He never smiled again.

2. There stood proud forms before his throne,
   The stately and the brave;
   But which could fill the place of one?
   That one beneath the wave.
   Before him, passed the young and fair
   In pleasure's reckless train;
   But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair;
   He never smiled again!

3. He sat where festal bowls went round;
   He heard the minstrel sing;
   He saw the tourney's victor crowned
   Amid the mighty ring;
   A murmur of the restless deep

Mingled with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep;
He never smiled again.

4. Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly poured;
And strangers took the kinsman's place
At many a joyous board,
Graves, which true love had bathed with tears,
Were left to heaven's bright rain;
Fresh hopes were born for other years;
He never smiled again!

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35. THE HONEST YOUNG LAWYER.

REV. JOHN TODD. [See Lesson 6.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. Have you read "Nuts for Boys to Crack," by this author? Or "The Daughter at School?" Or "The Student's Manual?" If you can find them, read them. We all think the lawyer did right, but what do you think of the reason he gives for it in the last two lines of V. 23? Did promising his mother have anything to do with making what he did, right?

1. "Are you the lawyer?" said a young man, hastily taking off his hat.

2. "Yes, sir; that 's my business. What can I do for you?"

3. "Why something of a job, I reckon. The fact is I have got into a little trouble, and want a bit of help." And he took out a five dollar bill and laid it on the table. The young lawyer made no motion toward taking it.

4. "Why do n't you take it? I do n't call it pay, but to begin with—a kind of wedge—what do you call it?"

5. "Retaining fee, I presume you mean."

6. "Just so, and by your taking it, you are my lawyer. So take it."

7. "Not quite so fast, if you please. State your case,

and then I will tell you whether or not I take the retaining fee."

8. "Why, mister, the case is simply this. Last spring I was doing a little business by way of selling meat. So I bought a yoke of oxen of old Major Farnsworth. I was to have them for one hundred dollars."

9. "Very well—what became of the oxen?"

10. "Butchered and sold out, to be sure."

11. "By you?"

12. "Yes."

13. "Well, where 's the trouble?"

14. "Why, they say that, as I only gave my note for them, I need not pay it, and I want you to help me to get clear of it."

15. "How do you expect me to do it?"

16. "Plain as day, man; just say, 'Gentlemen of the jury, this young man was not of age when he gave Major Farnsworth the note, and, therefore, *in law*, the note is good for nothing'—that 's all!"

17. "And was it really so?"

18. "Exactly."

19. "How came Major Farnsworth to let you have the oxen?"

20. "Oh! the old man never suspected that I was under age."

21. "What did you get for the oxen in selling them out?"

22. "Why, somewhere between one hundred and thirty and one hundred and forty dollars—they were noble fellows!"

23. "And so you want me to help you cheat that honest old man out of those oxen simply because the law gives you the opportunity to do it! No, sir; put up your retaining fee. I promised my dying mother never to do such a thing, and I will starve first.

24. "And as for you, if I wanted to help you to go to the

State's prison, I could take no course so sure as to do what you offer to pay me for doing. And, depend upon it, the lawyer who does help you, will be your worst enemy. Plead minority! No; go, sir, and pay for your oxen honestly, and live and act on the principle, that, let what will come, *you will be an honest man.*"

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36. A RAINY DAY.

CAROLINE SOUTHEY—1787–1854. ENGLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. This lady, at the age of fifty-two, became the wife of Robert Southey, poet laureate of England. This statement contains an answer to a question asked in Lesson 30—what is the question? What is a poet laureate, and what are his duties? In the reign of what king was the office instituted? [*See "Laureate" in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.*] When did he occupy the throne? Is the writer describing a spring, fall, summer, or winter day? Nearly every verse has something in it to show the season of the year. In what verses can you find it? What words show it?

Words often Mispronounced. Lō′ing; ĭn′sti-tūte.

Articulation Drill. Thick′ness; na′ked; fra′grance.

For Definition. Lowing; garnered; flushing; cleaving; institute; stud.

Word Using. Use, in sentences of your own, the words for definition, with the meaning they have in this lesson.

1. All day the low-hung clouds have dropped
   Their garnered fullness down;
   All day that soft, gray mist hath wrapped
   Hill, valley, grove, and town.

2. There has not been a sound to-day
   To break the calm of nature;
   Nor motion, I might almost say,
   Of life or living creature;

3. Of waving bough, or warbling bird,
   Or cattle faintly lowing;

I could have half-believed I heard
The leaves and blossoms growing.

4. I stood to hear—I love it well—
The rain's continuous sound;
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell,
Down straight into the ground.

5. For leafy thickness is not yet
Earth's naked breast to screen,
Though every dripping branch is set
With shoots of tender green.

6. Sure, since I looked, at early morn,
Those honeysuckle buds
Have swelled to double growth; that thorn
Hath put forth larger studs.

7. That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,
The milk-white flowers revealing;
Even now upon my senses first
Methinks their sweets are stealing.

8. The very earth, the steamy air,
Are all with fragrance rife!
And grace and beauty everywhere
Are flushing into life.

9. Down, down they come, those fruitful stores,
Those earth-rejoicing drops!
A momentary deluge pours,
Then thins—decreases——stops.

10. And ere the dimples on the stream
Have circled out of sight,
Lo! from the west a parting gleam
Breaks forth of amber light.

LANGUAGE WORK.—Write, in prose, the fifth verse without using either of the following phrases: *leafy thickness; naked breast; dripping branch.*

Write the seventh verse without using either of the following words or phrases: *cleaving cones; revealing; stealing.*

37. A LION HUNT IN ALGERIA.

JULES BASILE GERARD—1817-1864. FRANCE.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Questions. What is the habitat of the lion? Was the lion of this narrative an African or Asiatic lion? What reason for your opinion? Can you learn something of the habits of the lion? The lion is a flesh eater—what kind of animals are flesh eaters? Gerard and Cumming were famous lion hunters and have written interesting narratives. Read "Gerard, the Lion Hunter," if you can find it. [*See "Lion," in Cyclopedia.*] V. 9. Why was the moonlight dearer than the sunshine? V. 13. By what other figurative name than "monarch of the forest" is the lion sometimes described?

Words often Mispronounced. Ăr′ab; for-băde′; ho-rī′zon.

Articulation Drill. Ur′gent-ly; in-hab′it-ants.

For Definition. *Carnivorous;* remonstrance; *serene;* scudding; sultry; waylay; tragic; corporal; luminous; *suspicious; loomed;* undulating; hazard; invoking.

Word Using. Use each of the italicized words in a sentence of your own.

1. On the fourth of August I was urgently invited by the inhabitants of an Arab village to come and save them from the attacks of a fierce and terrible lion. On my arrival, about sunset, I found the village surrounded by immense piles of light wood, which had been collected for the purpose of making fires to frighten off the lion. I forbade their being kindled, and immediately selected the place I intended to occupy, in order to waylay him that very night, in case he should come as usual to prey on the herds.

2. Having by careful searching found the route by which the animal usually came, I took my seat directly in his path, in spite of the remonstrances of the Arabs. Finding me fixed in my purpose, they brought me mats and cushions; and a smoking repast was soon placed by the side of the couch that was to serve me for the night.

3. My hosts remained with me till a late hour, telling many tragic stories of the strength and ferocity of the lion.

As midnight approached, the party broke up, with many prayers for my success. I remained on the watch with a native corporal in the French service, named Saadi, whose brother was chief of this country. He was armed with a carbine, and I with a double-barreled rifle.

4. About one o'clock in the morning, my Arab friend, little accustomed to these night watches, pleaded guilty to being very sleepy, and stretched himself out behind me, where, to do him justice, he slept most soundly. I know many brave men who would not have done as much, while lying in wait for a lion. I had taken the precaution to have all the dogs tied up under the tents, so as to quiet their customary clamor; and now, in the dead silence around me, I could detect the faintest noise or motion.

5. Up to this time the heavens had been serene, and the moon clear; but soon clouds gathered in the west, and came scudding past before a warm, sultry wind; and a little later the sky was all overcast, the moon disappeared, and the thunder rolled round us in heavy peals, announcing a coming tempest. Then the rain fell in torrents, and, drenching my companion, awoke him, and we consulted for a moment about returning. But while we were talking, an Arab called out from the tents, "Beware! the lion will come with the storm."

6. This decided me to remain at my post, and I covered the locks of my gun with the skirts of my coat. Soon the rain ceased; flashes of lightning played round the distant horizon; and the moon, brighter than ever, came in and out from the fleecy clouds over our heads. I took advantage of every one of these brief moments of clear sky to survey the country about me, and to examine every clump of trees or fallen log; and it was in one of these short, luminous intervals that suddenly I thought I saw the lion.

7. I waited, breathless, till the moon came out again. Yes, it was he! standing motionless only a few paces from

the camp. Accustomed to see fires lighted at every tent, to hear a hundred dogs barking in terror, and to see the men hurling lighted brands at him, he, without doubt, was at a loss to explain the rather suspicious silence that reigned around him.

8. While I was turning slowly round, in order to take better aim, without being seen by the animal, a cloud shut out the moon. I was seated with my left elbow on my knee, my rifle at my shoulder, watching, by turns, the lion, that I only recognized as a confused mass, and the passing cloud, the extent of which I anxiously contemplated.

9. At length it passed by; and the moonlight, dearer to me than the most beautiful sunshine, illumined the scene, and again showed me the lion, still standing in the same place. I saw him the better because he was so much raised above me; and he loomed up proudly magnificent, standing as he was in majestic repose, with his head high in air, and his flowing mane undulating in the wind and falling to his knees.

10. It was a black lion, of noble form and the largest size. As he presented his side to me, I aimed just behind his shoulder, and fired. I heard a fierce roar of mingled pain and rage echoing up the hills with the report of my gun, and then from under the smoke I saw the lion bounding upon me.

11. Saadi, roused the second time that night from his slumbers, sprang to his gun, and was about to fire over my shoulder. With a motion of my arm I pushed aside the barrel of his gun, and when the beast, still roaring furiously, was within three steps of me, I fired my second barrel directly into his breast. Before I could seize my companion's gun, the lion rolled at my feet, bathing them in the blood that gushed in torrents from his throat. He had fallen so near me that I could have touched him from where I stood.

12. In looking for the balls, I found the first one just behind the shoulder, where I had intended to hit; but the second, that had been fired in haste, and almost at hazard, had given the mortal wound. From this moment I learned that it is not enough to aim correctly in order to kill a lion, and that it is a feat much more serious than I had at first supposed.

13. It was a long while before the Arabs could believe that the lion was really dead, or venture into the presence of the fallen monarch of the forest. But when assured that their dread enemy, from whom they had suffered so much, could no longer harm them, they overwhelmed me with thanks and congratulations.

14. The men, with stately grace, kissed the hem of my garment, or my rifle that lay at my side, saying, "May God strengthen your arm and bless you." The women kissed my hand, saying, "God bless the mother that bore you." The mothers lifted up their children in their arms, that they might touch me and kiss me, saying, "Don't be afraid; he only harms the lion; he is our friend and brother."

15. I can say, with all sincerity, that there were no voices so sweet as those which named my mother's name, that asked me her age, and when I had left her, if I ever heard from her now when far away, if I wanted to see her, and if she were ever coming to their country; and that ended their questions by invoking a thousand blessings on her honored head.

16. The death of the lion had truly been a blessing, since it summoned up to my mind such pleasant remembrances of a far-away home, and of a mother whom I so dearly loved. No sweeter praise could have been bestowed; no greater triumph could have been won.

LANGUAGE WORK.—V. 7. How many sentences, equivalent to "silence reigns," can you make?

Explain the difference between the meanings of "suspicious" in the following sentences:

The streets, at night, are frequented by *suspicious* persons.
A *suspicious* person is often wrong in his conclusions.

Which of these meanings has the word in V. 7?

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38. THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT—1794–1878. MASSACHUSETTS.

Preparatory Exercises.

Questions. Did you ever hear at what age Bryant first wrote poems for publication? That is one of the things a Cyclopedia will tell you. It will tell you, also, about a poem that he wrote, at fourteen, entitled "The Embargo," a satire on political parties, that made a great stir all over the country. "Thanatopsis," which is one of the classic poems of the language, and among those best known, was written in 1812. How old was he then? Find and read his poem, "To a Water Fowl."

If, at fourteen, he wrote poems like a master, at eighty, he jumped fences like a boy. At that age he is said to have frequently surprised his companions by placing his hand upon the upper rail of a fence and vaulting over it like a youth of twenty. Up to the time of his death, which was sudden, he is said to have walked every morning up the six flights of stairs which led to his office, in New York, while tender young men rode on the elevator.

Swinton calls Bryant one of the four American poets of the first rank—the other three being Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell.

Words often Mispronounced. Ôr′ehis; ôr′ehid.

For Definition. *Eddying;* gust; glade; glen; *unmeet.*

Word Using. Write, in a sentence of your own, each of the words italicized in the list for definition.

1. The melancholy days are come,
   The saddest of the year,
   Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
   And meadows brown and sear.
   Heaped in the hollows of the grove,
   The autumn leaves lie dead;
   They rustle to the eddying gust,
   And to the rabbit's tread.

The robin and the wren have flown,
And from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow
Through all the gloomy day.

2. Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs,
A beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves;
The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds,
With the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie,
But the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth
The lovely ones again.

3. The wind-flower and the violet,
They perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died
Amid the summer's glow;
But on the hill, the golden rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook
In autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,
As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone
From upland, glade, and glen.

4. And now, when comes the calm, mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill,
The south-wind searches for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

5. And then I think of one who in
Her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side;
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
When the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

LANGUAGE WORK.—Let each pupil write a description of some one of the flowers mentioned in this piece.

Paraphrase, in prose, the last four lines of V. 4, without changing the sex assigned to the south-wind.

DRILL IN COMBINATIONS OF CONSONANT SOUNDS.

Pronounce, in concert, in a whisper, as forcibly as possible. Then follow directions on page 78.

dr.	Drag, drab, dread, drive, drink, drove, drew.
dl.	Addle, paddle, needle, idle, fiddle, poodle, muddle.
dld.	Saddled, meddled, bridled, idled, gobbled, muddled.
dz.	Maids, raids, beds, rids, rides, modes, buds.
dlz.	Saddles, meddles, bridles, idles, gobbles, muddles.

Picture Seeing.

[What picture in the following lines? Read suggestions, pages 58, 59.]

Close on the hounds the hunter came,
To cheer them on the vanished game;
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse exhausted fell.

ELEMENTS OF ELOCUTION.

INFLECTION—CONTINUED.

RULE 6. Give the *falling inflection* in direct questions when the answer is anticipated, and when there is great earnestness; as,

1. You *do n't* say\ so?
2. *Is n't* it a beautiful flower\?
3. *Will* you blindly rush on to destruction\?
4. *Can* you be so foolish as to invest your money in that enterprise\?
5. *Would* any person of common sense put faith in such ridiculous statements\?

RULE 7. Give the *rising inflection* in an indirect question, when it calls for the repetition of a previous remark; as,

1. What 's that you say/?
2. Where did you say he was/?
3. When did you say the ship arrived/?

RULE 8. Use the *circumflex inflection* in language of scorn, contempt, sarcasm, surprise, irony, ridicule; as,

1. Ask *him* for a favor! I scorn it. *(Scorn.)*
2. They are not *fighting;* they are merely *pâusing. (Irony.)*
3. Indeed! he is *your* friend, is he? *(Sarcasm.)*
4. "*Lazy wîre!*" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands.

"*Very good!*" replied the pendulum; "it is vastly easy for *you*, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above *me*—it is vastly easy for *you*, I say, to accuse *other* people of laziness."

39. CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Articulation Drill. Coun'te-nance; ca'pa-ble; prof'it-a-ble; slip'-per-y; breadth.

Inflection Drill. You do n't say so? (*Rule 6.*)

Oats! neighbor; *oats* are very dear. (*Surprise.*)

Clodpole's! his will no more fit than yours.

What! that *tinker*, Dôbson? (*Surprise and sarcasm.*)

Fifty *dollars*, did you say? (*Surprise.*)

For Definition. *Whimsical;* conceive; *notional;* capable; plight; *refusal.*

Word Using. From the definition list, use the italicized words in sentences of your own.

1. *Derby.* Good morning, neighbor Scrapewell. I have half a dozen miles to ride to-day, and shall be extremely obliged, if you will lend me your gray mare.

2. *Scrapewell.* It would give me great pleasure to oblige you, friend Derby; but I am under the necessity of going to the mill, this very morning, with a bag of corn. My wife wants the meal *to-day*, and you know what a time there 'll be if I disappoint her.

3. *D.* Then she must want it still, for I can assure you the mill does not go to-day. I heard the miller tell Will Davis that the water was too low.

4. *S.* You do n't say so? That is bad, indeed; for in that case I shall be obliged to gallop off to town for the meal. My wife would comb my head for me if I should neglect it.

5. *D.* I can save you this journey, for I have plenty of meal at home, and will lend your wife as much as she wants.

6. *S.* Ah! neighbor Derby, I am sure your meal would never suit my wife. You can 't conceive how whimsical she is.

7. *D.* If she were ten times more whimsical than she is, I am certain she would like it; for you sold it to me yourself, and you assured me it was the best you ever had.

8. *S.* Yes, yes! that 's true, indeed! I always have the best of every thing. You know, neighbor Derby, that no one is more ready to oblige a friend than I am; but I must tell you, the mare this morning refused to eat hay; and, truly, I am afraid she will not carry you.

9. *D.* O, never fear! I will feed her well with oats on the road.

10. *S.* Oats! neighbor; oats are very dear.

11. *D.* Never mind that. When I have a good job in view, I never stand for trifles.

12. *S.* But it is very slippery; and I am really afraid she will fall and break your neck.

13. *D.* Give yourself no uneasiness about that. The mare is certainly sure-footed; and, besides, you were just now talking of galloping her to town.

14. *S.* Well, then, to tell you the plain truth, though I wish to oblige you with all my heart, my saddle is torn quite in pieces, and I have just sent my bridle to be mended.

15. *D.* Luckily, I have both a bridle and a saddle hanging up at home.

16. *S.* Ah! that may be; but I am sure your saddle will never fit my mare. She 's very notional.

17. *D.* Why, then I 'll borrow neighbor Clodpole's.

18. *S.* Clodpole's! his will no more fit than yours.

19. *D.* At the worst, then, I will go to my good friend Squire Jones. He has half a score of them; and I am sure he will lend me one that *will* fit her.

20. *S.* You know, friend Derby, that no one is more willing to oblige his neighbors than I am. I do assure you, the beast should be at your service, with all my heart; but

she has not been curried, I believe, for three weeks past. Her foretop and mane want combing and cutting very much. If any one should see her in her present plight, it would ruin the sale of her.

21. *D.* O! a horse is soon curried, and my son Sam shall attend to it at once.

22. *S.* Yes, very likely; but I this moment recollect the creature has no shoes on.

23. *D.* Well, is there not a blacksmith hard by?

24. *S.* What, that tinker, Dobson? I would not trust such a bungler to shoe a goat. No, no; none but uncle Tom Thumper shall shoe my mare.

25. *D.* As good luck will have it, then, I shall pass right by his door.

26. *S.* [*Calling to his son.*] Tim, Tim! here 's neighbor Derby, who wants the loan of the gray mare, to ride to town to-day. You know the skin was rubbed off her back, last week, a hand's breadth or more. [*Gives Tim a wink.*] However, I believe she is well enough by this time.

27. You know, Tim, how ready I am to oblige my neighbors; indeed, we ought to do all the good we can in this world. We must certainly let neighbor Derby have her, if she will possibly answer his purpose. Yes, yes; I see plainly, by Tim's countenance, neighbor Derby, that he 's disposed to oblige you.

28. I would not have refused you the mare for the worth of her. If I had, I should have expected you to refuse me in turn. None of my neighbors can accuse me of being backward in doing them a kindness. Come, Tim, what do you say?

29. *T.* What do I say, father? Why, sir, I say, that I am no less ready than you are to do a neighborly kindness. But the mare is by no means capable of performing the journey. About a hand's breadth, did you say? Why, sir,

the skin is torn from the poor creature's back, the bigness of your broad-brimmed hat! And, besides, I have promised her, so soon as she is able to travel, to Ned Saunders, to carry a load of apples to market.

30. *S.* Do you hear that, neighbor? I am very sorry matters are thus. I would not have disobliged you for the price of two such mares. Believe me, neighbor Derby, I am really sorry, for your sake, that matters turn out thus.

31. *D.* And I as much for yours, neighbor Scrapewell; for to tell you the truth, I received a letter this morning from Mr. Griffin, who tells me, if I will be in town to-day, he will give me the refusal of all that lot of timber, which he is about cutting down, on the side of the hill; and I had intended you should have shared half of it, which would have been not less than fifty dollars in your pocket. But, as your——

32. *S.* Fifty dollars, did you say?

33. *D.* Ay, truly, did I; but as your mare is out of order, I'll go and see if I can get old Roan, the blacksmith's horse.

34. *S.* Old Roan! My mare is at your service, neighbor. Here, Tim, tell Ned Saunders he can't have the mare: Neighbor Derby wants her; and I won't refuse so good a friend any thing he asks for.

35. *D.* But what are you to do for meal?

36. *S.* My wife can do without it for a week, if you want the mare so long.

37. *D.* But then, your saddle is all in pieces.

38. *S.* I meant the old one. I have bought a new one since, and you shall have the first use of it.

39. *D.* And shall I call at Thumper's and get the mare shod?

40. *S.* No, no; I had forgotten to tell you, that I let neighbor Dobson shoe her, last week, by way of trial; and, to do him justice, he shoes extremely well.

41. *D.* But if the poor creature has lost so much skin from off her back——

42. *S.* Poh, poh! That is just one of Tim's large stories. I do assure you, it was not, at first, bigger than my thumb-nail, and I am certain it has not grown any since.

43. *D.* At least, however, let her have something she will eat, since she refuses hay.

44. *S.* She did, indeed, refuse hay this morning; but the only reason was that she was crammed full of oats. You have nothing to fear, neighbor; the mare is in perfect trim; and she will skim you over the ground like a bird. I wish you a good journey and a profitable job.

A Rhyming Game.

[These lines are a continuation of the lines for "Picture Seeing," on page 90. Read them and see the connection.]

The impatient rider strove in ——
To rouse him with the spur and rein,
For the good steed, his labors o'er,
Stretched his stiff limbs to rise no ——;
Then, touched with pity and remorse,
He sorrowed o'er the expiring ——.

BLOW, BUGLE, BLOW.

[Write the following, dividing it into poetical lines. Indent the first and third.]

The splendor falls on castle walls and snowy summits old in story: the long light shakes across the lakes and the wild cataract leaps in glory. Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying, blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

40. THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

ROBERT SOUTHEY. [See Lesson 30.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. To what nationality do you think old Kaspar belonged? Was he of the nation who won the battle or of the nation who lost it? Was more than one nation engaged on each side? What do you find in this lesson from which you infer your answers?

Words often Mispronounced. Shoŏk; plow′shâre; Blĕn′heim (Blen′-ĭm); Wil-hel-mĭne′; Marl′borough (Mawl′b'ro); En′gland (ĭng′gland).

Articulation Drill. Grand′child; riv′u-let; ex-pect′ant; to | rout; vic′to-ry.

For Definition. Sported; rivulet; *expectant;* sigh; *rout;* quoth.

Word Using. Use the italicized words in sentences of your own.

This great battle was fought at Blenheim, a village of Bavaria, in 1704, in a war which grew out of the separate claims of France, Austria, and Bavaria to the Spanish throne, which was vacant. Bavaria, being a weak state, allied itself to France; while England, though laying no claim to the crown of Spain, sided with Austria. Hence the Austrians and English fought on one side and the French and Bavarians on the other. The Magnificent Monarch, Louis XIV, was then on the throne of France, and Anne wore the English crown.

Duke of Marlborough (John Churchill), an eminent commander and statesman who had great influence during the reign of Queen Anne, was born in 1650 and commanded the English army in this battle. How old was he at the time?

Prince Eugene was born in Paris in 1663. His parents were of the French nobility and he was educated for the priesthood, but preferring military life he sought an appointment in the French army, which was refused him. Prompted by resentment he went to Austria, where he achieved great military glory, and commanded the Austrian forces in this battle against his native country. What was his age then? [*For a fuller account of this battle and those engaged in it see Cyclopedia.*]

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1. It was on a summer evening,
   Old Kaspar's work was done,
   And he, before his cottage door,
   Was sitting in the sun;
   And by him sported on the green,
   His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

2. She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

3. Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh,
"'T is some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

4. "I find them in the garden,
For there 's many here about;
And often when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

5. "Now tell us what 't was all about,"
Young Peterkin, he cries,
While little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

6. "It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout,
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out;
But every body said," quoth he,
"That 't was a famous victory.

7. "My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream, hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So, with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

8. "With fire and sword, the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a nursing mother then,
And new-born baby died:
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

9. "They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

10. "Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our young prince, Eugene."
"Why, 't was a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl!" quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

11. "And every body praised the Duke,
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 't was a glorious victory."

Drill in Combinations of Consonant Sounds.

[See directions, pages 90 and 78.]

fr.	Frame, frank, free, fret, frisk, frock, fruit.
fs.	Laughs, staffs, reefs, fifes, doffs, muffs, cuffs.
ft.	Graft, waft, drift, shift, soft, loft, tuft.
fts.	Grafts, rafts, shafts, drifts, shifts, lofts, tufts.
fl.	Flap, flip, flop, baffles, rifles, riffles, shuffles.
fld.	Baffled, rifled, whiffled, trifled, shuffled, muffled.

41. A PASSAGE IN HUMAN LIFE.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Ex-traôr′di-na-ry (eks-trôr′dĭ-na-ry); cŏme′ly (kŭm′ly); lōth (*not* lŏth, *nor* lawth); diṣ-ēaṣe′; sŭch (*not* sĕch).

Articulation Drill. Vis′i-ble; fam′i-ly; e-lude′.

For Definition. *Picturesque; novel-writer;* damsel; comely; diffused; *catering;* aspect.

Word Using. Use the italicized words in sentences of your own.

1. In my daily walks into the country, I was accustomed to pass a certain cottage. It had nothing particularly picturesque about it. It had its little garden, and its vine spreading over its front; but, beyond these, it possessed no feature likely to fix it in the mind of the poet or novel-writer, and which might induce him to people it with creatures of his own fancy. In fact, it appeared to be inhabited by persons as little extraordinary as itself. A "good man of the house" it might possess—but he was never visible.

2. The only inmates I ever saw, were a young woman, and another female, in the wane of life, no doubt the mother. The damsel was a comely, fresh, mild-looking cottage girl, always seated in one spot, near the window, intent on her needle. The old dame was as regularly busied, to and fro, in household affairs. She appeared one of those good housewives, who never dream of rest, except when in sleep. The cottage stood so near the road, that the fire at the further end of the room, showed you, without your being rudely inquisitive, the whole interior in a single moment of passing.

3. A clean hearth and a cheerful fire, shining upon homely but neat and orderly furniture, spoke of comfort; but whether the old dame enjoyed, or merely diffused that comfort, was a problem. I passed the house many successive

days. It was always alike—the fire shining brightly and peacefully—the girl seated at her post by the window—the housewife going to and fro, catering and contriving, dusting and managing. One morning as I went by there was a change.

4. The dame was seated near her daughter, her arms laid upon the table, and her head reclined upon her arms. I was sure that it was sickness which had compelled her to that action of repose; nothing less could have done it. I felt that I knew exactly the poor woman's feelings. She had felt a weariness stealing upon her; she had wondered at it, and struggled against it, and borne up, hoping it would pass by; till, loth as she was to yield, it had forced submission.

5. The next day, when I passed, the room appeared as usual; the fire burning pleasantly, the girl at her needle, but her mother was not to be seen; and, glancing my eye upward, I perceived the blind close drawn in the window above. It is so, said I to myself, disease is in progress. Perhaps it occasions no gloomy fear of consequences, no extreme concern; and yet, who knows how it may end? It is thus that begin those changes that draw out the central bolt that holds families together; which steal away our fireside faces and lay waste our affections.

6. I passed by, day after day. The scene was the same; the fire burning, the hearth beaming, clear and beautiful; but the mother was not to be seen; the blind was still drawn above. At length I missed the girl, and in her place appeared another woman, bearing considerable resemblance to the mother, but of a more quiet habit. It was easy to interpret this change.

7. Disease had assumed an alarming aspect; the daughter was occupied in intense watching and caring for the suffering mother, and the good woman's sister had been summoned to her side, perhaps from a distant spot, and, perhaps, from

her family cares, which no less important an event could have induced her to elude.

8. Thus appearances continued some days. There was silence around the house, and an air of neglect within it; till, one morning, I beheld the blind drawn, in the room below, and the window thrown open above. The scene was over; the mother was removed from her family, and one of those great changes effected in human life, which commence with so little observation, but leave behind them such lasting effects.

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42. THE MARINER'S DREAM.

WILLIAM DIMOND—1780-1837. ENGLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Jĕs'sa-mĭne; dånced.

Articulation Drill. Danced (danct) o'er; ec'sta-sy.

For Definition. *Bowers;* magical; thatch; transport; impearled; confronts; dire; tumultuously; *knell;* 'larums.

Word Using. Use, in a sentence of your own, each of the words italicized.

William Dimond was a voluminous dramatic writer of his time, but of his many writings this selection is the only one which preserves his fame. In this respect he may be classed with four other contributors to this Reader. Who are they? [*See Lesson 18.*]

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1. In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay;
   His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind,
   But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
   And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

2. He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
   And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
   While Memory each scene gaily covered with flowers,
   And restored every rose, but secreted the thorn.

3. Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise;
Now, far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

4. The jessamine clambers in flowers o'er the thatch,
And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in the wall:
All trembling with transport he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

5. A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

6. The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;
Joy quickens his pulse, all his hardships seem o'er:
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
"O God! thou hast blest me, I ask for no more."

7. Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound that now 'larums his ear?
'T is the lightning's red glare painting hell on the sky!
'T is the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere.

8. He *springs* from his hammock, he *flies* to the deck;
Amazement confronts him with images dire;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck,
The masts fly in splinters, the shrouds are on fire.

9. Like mountains the billows tumultuously swell;
In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave!

10. O sailor-boy, woe to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss;
Where now is the picture that Fancy touched bright:
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss?

Language Work.—Write all the abbreviated words out in full. Without using the italicized words, express the meaning of the following line:

"And restored every *rose*, but secreted the *thorn*."

43. KING CHARLES II. AND WILLIAM PENN.

REV. M. L. WEEMS—1760-1825. VIRGINIA.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. This author has written a life of William Penn and also of General Francis Marion ("The Swamp Fox"), which it will interest you to read. Penn, though the son of an English admiral, had been expelled from college, turned out of doors at home, and imprisoned at Cork for his religious opinions, before the age of twenty-three. His career was, nevertheless, one of the most brilliant and instructive on record. What should you judge of his character from this piece?

In what part of North America did Penn plant a colony? Did he succeed in living at peace with the Indians as he anticipated? [*See School Hist. United States, or Cyclopedia.*] Were the Indians of North America cannibals?

Words often Mispronounced. Ind′ians (Ind′yans); vĕn′i-şon (vĕn′i-zn); rĕĝ′i-ment; bay′o-nets.

Articulation Drill. Mus′kets; bay′o-nets; fond′est; kind′est; bar′bar-ous-ly; des-per-a′tion; reg′i-ment; ven′i-son.

For Definition. Province; cannibals; barbarously; aggressors; desperation; excesses.

1. *King Charles.* Well, friend William! I have sold you a noble province in North America; but still, I suppose you have no thoughts of going thither yourself?

2. *Penn.* Yes, I have, I assure thee, friend Charles; and I am just come to bid thee farewell.

3. *K. C.* What! venture yourself among the savages of North America! Why, man, what security have you that you will not be in their war-kettle in two hours after setting foot on their shores?

4. *P.* The best security in the world.

5. *K. C.* I doubt that, friend William; I have no idea of any security against those cannibals but in a regiment of good soldiers, with their muskets and bayonets. And mind, I tell you beforehand, that, with all my good-will for you

and your family, to whom I am under obligations, I will not send a single soldier with you.

6. *P.* I want none of thy soldiers, Charles: I depend on something better than thy soldiers.

7. *K. C.* Ah! what may that be?

8. *P.* Why, I depend upon themselves; on the working of their own hearts; on their notions of justice; on their moral sense.

9. *K. C.* A fine thing, this same moral sense, no doubt; but I fear you will not find much of it among the Indians of North America.

10. *P.* And why not among them as well as others?

11. *K. C.* Because if they had possessed any, they would not have treated my subjects so barbarously as they have done.

12. *P.* That is no proof of the contrary, friend Charles. Thy subjects were the aggressors. When thy subjects first went to North America, they found these poor people the fondest and kindest creatures in the world. Every day they would watch for them to come ashore, and hasten to meet them, and feast them on the best fish, and venison, and corn, which were all they had.

13. In return for this hospitality of the *savages*, as we call them, thy subjects, termed *Christians*, seized on their country and rich hunting grounds for farms for themselves. Now, is it to be wondered at, that these much injured people should have been driven to desperation by such injustice; and that, burning with revenge, they should have committed some excesses?

14. *K. C.* Well, then, I hope you will not complain when they come to treat you in the same manner.

15. *P.* I am not afraid of it.

16. *K. C.* Ah! how will you avoid it? You mean to get their hunting grounds, too, I suppose?

17. *P.* Yes; but not by driving these poor people away from them.

18. *K. C.* No, indeed! how then will you get their lands?

19. *P.* I mean to buy their lands of them.

20. *K. C.* Buy their lands of them? Why, man, you have already bought them of me!

21. *P.* Yes; I know I have, and at a dear rate, too; but I did it only to get thy good will, not that I thought thou hadst any right to their lands.

22. *K. C.* How, man? no right to their lands?

23. *P.* No, friend Charles, no right; no right at all: what right hast thou to their lands?

24. *K. C.* Why, the right of discovery, to be sure; the right which the Pope and all Christian kings have agreed to give one another.

25. *P.* The right of discovery? A strange kind of right, indeed. Now suppose, friend Charles, that some canoe load of these Indians, crossing the sea, and discovering this island of Great Britain, were to claim it as their own, and set it up for sale over thy head, what wouldst thou think of it?

26. *K. C.* Why—why—why—I must confess, I should think it a piece of great impudence in them.

27. *P.* Well, then, how canst thou, a Christian, and a Christian prince, too, do that which thou so utterly condemnest in these people, whom thou callest savages? And suppose, again, that these Indians, on thy refusal to give up thy island of Great Britain, were to make war on thee, and, having weapons more destructive than thine, were to destroy many of thy subjects, and drive the rest away—wouldst thou not think it horribly cruel?

28. *K. C.* I must say, friend William, that I should; how can I say otherwise?

29. *P.* Well, then, how can I, who call myself a Christian,

do what I should abhor even in the heathen? No; I will not do it. But I will buy the right of the proper owners, even of the Indians themselves. By doing this, I shall imitate God himself in his justice and mercy, and thereby insure his blessing on my colony, if I should ever live to plant one in North America.

44. MY FATHER 'S AT THE HELM.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 1. Why does Fear begin with a capital letter? [*See questions in the next lesson.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Căp′tain (kăp-tin); thréat′en-ing.

Articulation Drill. Fear′less; sea′man; ter′rors.

For Definition. Assailed; composure; pangs; overwhelm; save; pallid.

1. The curling waves, with awful roar, a little bark assailed,
And pallid Fear's distracting power o'er all on board prevailed—
Save one, the captain's darling child, who fearless viewed the storm,
And, cheerful, with composure smiled at danger's threatening form.

2. "And can you smile," a seaman cried, "while terrors overwhelm?"
"Why should I fear?" the boy replied; "my father 's at the helm!"
So, when our worldly hopes are reft, our earthly comforts gone,
We still have one sure anchor left—God helps, and he alone.

3. He to our prayers will lend his ear, he give our pangs relief;
He turn to smiles each trembling fear, to joy each torturing grief.
Then turn to him, mid terrors wild, when wants and woes o'erwhelm,
Remembering, like the fearless child, our Father 's at the helm!

45. THE TREE STRIPPED OF ITS LEAVES.

MISS H. F. GOULD. [See Lesson 26.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Questions. Does a tree really speak a language like this? When any thing without the power of speech is made, by the writer, to speak like a person, or is alluded to as a person, we say it is personified. Such words usually begin with a capital. Which verse tells you the sex assigned to the tree? Which assigns a sex to the angel of the tree? What is the sex assigned to each?

Words often Mispronounced. Pàss′ing; vĕst′ūre (vĕst′yu̱r); ŏff.

Articulation Drill. Gar′ment; gift | of; an′gel | of; lam-en-ta′tion.

For Definition. Vesture; dismayed; zephyr; lamentation; raiment; unsullied; profaned.

1. "Alas! alas!" said the sorrowful tree, "my beautiful robe is gone! It has been torn from me. Its faded pieces whirl upon the wind; they rustle beneath the squirrel's foot as he searches for his nut. They float upon the passing stream and the quivering lake. Woe is me! for my fair, green vesture is gone. It was the gift of the angel of the leaves! I have lost it, and my glory has vanished; my beauty has disappeared. My summer hours have passed away. My bright and comely garment, alas! it is rent in a thousand parts.

2. "Who will weave me such another? Piece by piece it has been stripped from me. Scarcely did I sigh for the loss of one ere another wandered off on the air. The sound of music cheers me no more. The birds that sang in my bosom were dismayed at my desolation. They have flown away with their songs.

3. "I stood in my pride. The sun brightened my robe with his smile. The zephyrs breathed softly through its glossy folds; the clouds strewed pearls among them. My shadow was wide upon the earth. My arms spread far on the gentle air; my head was lifted high; my forehead was

fair to the heavens. But now how changed! Sadness is upon me; my head is shorn, my arms are stripped; I cannot now throw a shadow on the ground. Beauty has departed; gladness is gone out of my bosom; the blood has retired from my heart—it has sunk into the earth.

4. "I am thirsty, I am cold. My naked limbs shiver in the chilly air. The keen blast comes pitiless among them. The winter is coming; I am destitute. Sorrow is my portion. Mourning must wear me away. How shall I account to the angel who clothed me for the loss of his beautiful gift?"

5. The angel had been listening. In soothing accents he answered the lamentation. "My beloved tree," said he, "be comforted. I am with thee still, though every leaf has forsaken thee. The voice of gladness is hushed among thy boughs, but let my whisper console thee. Thy sorrow is but for a season. Trust in me; keep my promise in thy heart. Be patient and full of hope. Let the words I leave with thee abide and cheer thee through the coming winter. Then I will return and clothe thee anew.

6. "The storm will drive over thee; the snow will sift through thy naked limbs. But these will be light and passing afflictions. The ice will weigh heavily on thy helpless arms, but it shall soon dissolve into tears. It shall pass into the ground, and be drank by thy roots. Then it will creep up in secret beneath thy bark. It will spread into the branches it has oppressed and help me to adorn them; for I shall be here to use it.

7. "Thy blood has now only retired for safety. The frost would chill and destroy it. It has gone into thy mother's bosom for her to keep it warm. Earth will not rob her offspring. She is a careful parent. She knows the wants of all her children, and forgets not to provide for the least of them.

8. "The sap, that has for awhile gone down, will make

thy roots strike deeper and spread wider. It will then return to nourish thy heart. It will be renewed and strengthened. Then, if thou shalt have remembered and trusted in my promise, I will fulfill it. Buds shall shoot forth on every side of thy boughs. I will unfold for thee another robe. I will paint it and fit it in every part. It shall be a comely raiment. Thou shalt forget thy present sorrow. Sadness shall be swallowed up in joy. Now, my beloved tree, fare thee well for a season."

9. The angel was gone. The muttering winter drew near. The wild blast whistled for the storm. The storm came and howled around the tree. But the word of the angel was hidden in her heart; it soothed her amid the threatenings of the tempest. The ice cakes rattled upon her limbs; they loaded and weighed them down.

10. "My slender branches," said she, "let not this burden overcome you. Break not beneath this heavy affliction; break not, but bend, till you can spring back to your places. Let not a twig of you be lost. Hope must prop you for awhile, and the angel will reward your patience. You will move upon a softer air. Grace shall again be in your motion, and beauty hanging around you."

11. The scowling face of winter began to lose its features. The raging storm grew faint, and breathed its last. The restless clouds fretted themselves to atoms; they scattered upon the sky and were brushed away. The sun threw down a bundle of golden arrows. They fell upon the tree; the ice cakes glittered as they came. Every one was shattered by a shaft. They were melted and gone.

12. The reign of spring had come. Her blessed ministers were abroad in the earth; they hovered in the air; they blended their beautiful tints, and cast a new created glory on the face of the heavens.

13. The tree was rewarded for her trust. The angel was true to the object of his love. He returned; he bestowed on

her another robe. It was bright, glossy, and unsullied. The dust of summer had never lit upon it; the scorching heat had not faded it; the moth had not profaned it.

14. The tree stood again in loveliness; she was dressed in more than her former beauty; she was very fair; joy smiled around her on every side. The birds flew back to her bosom. They sang on every branch a hymn to the angel of the leaves.

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46. THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Ō′pen (o′pn); ā′ġed, *a.;* āġed, *v.* (ājd); dōor; pōōr.

1. Here I come, creeping, creeping, everywhere;
   By the dusty roadside,
   On the sunny hillside,
   Close by the noisy brook,
   In every shady nook,
   I come creeping, creeping, everywhere.

2. Here I come, creeping, creeping, everywhere;
   All around the open door,
   Where sit the aged poor,
   Here where the children play,
   In the bright and merry May,
   I come creeping, creeping, everywhere.

3. Here I come, creeping, creeping, everywhere;
   You can not see me coming,
   Nor hear my low sweet humming,
   For in the starry night,
   And the glad morning light,
   I come, quietly creeping, everywhere.

4. Here I come, creeping, creeping, everywhere;
   More welcome than the flowers,

In summer's pleasant hours;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry birds not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping, everywhere.

5. Here I come, creeping, creeping, everywhere;
When you 're numbered with the dead,
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy spring I 'll come,
And deck your narrow home,
Creeping, silently creeping, everywhere.

6. Here I come, creeping, creeping, everywhere;
My humble song of praise,
Most gratefully I raise,
To Him at whose command,
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping, everywhere.

Marking Sounds.—Write the following rhyming words of this lesson and mark the vowels properly: *door; poor; coming; humming; come; home.*

NOTE TO THE TEACHER.

SILENT READING—FOR RAPIDITY AND ACCURACY.

1. For the next reading exercise, select a piece not before studied, but easy to read and to understand. A piece for this purpose should be narrative or argumentative in style, rather than one filled with statements of fact.

2. Select one or two paragraphs—as much as you think the pupils, by close attention, can read through once, in one or two minutes.

3. Direct all to begin at a signal. Time them, and require all the class to stop at the same moment, and to write at once, and without the book, all they can of what they have read.

An exercise of this kind once or twice a week will give much facility in silent reading, and gradually the amount to be read in a given time may be increased. Frequent exercises in "Seeing Pictures," as illustrated on pages 58 and 59, will also assist the pupil in acquiring the habit of accurate silent reading.

47. THE BARBER AND THE SABBATH.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Bäth; cȧst; hŏs′tler; at-tor′ney (-tûr′nў); Täun′ton (*not* Tawn′ton); vī′o-lāte (*not* voi′late); hêir (âr).

Articulation Drill. Min′is-ter; beg′gar-y; en-joyed′; has′ti-ly; his′to-ry.

For Definition. Genteel; *ridiculed;* reduced; violate; legal; pretended; *impostor;* identity; advertised; transferring; extremity; opportunity.

Word Using. Use the italicized words in sentences of your own.

Bath is the county seat of a southwestern county of England. **Kingston** and **Taunton** are towns, about thirty-five miles west of Bath, in the same county.

1. In the city of Bath, not many years since, lived a barber who made a practice of following his ordinary occupation on the Lord's day. As he was on the way to his morning's employment, he happened to look into some place of worship just as the minister was giving out his text—"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." He listened long enough to become convinced that he was constantly breaking the laws of God and man by shaving and dressing his customers on the Lord's day. He became uneasy, and went with a heavy heart to his Sabbath task.

2. At length he took courage, and opened his mind to his minister, who advised him to give up Sabbath work, and worship God. He replied that beggary would be the consequence. He had a flourishing trade, but it would almost all be lost. At length, after many a sleepless night spent in weeping and praying, he was determined to cast all his care upon God, as the more he reflected the more his duty became apparent.

3. He discontinued his Sabbath work, went constantly and early to the public services of religion, and soon en-

joyed that satisfaction of mind which is one of the rewards of doing our duty, and that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. The consequences he foresaw actually followed. His genteel customers left him, and he was ridiculed by many of his former friends. He was obliged to give up his fashionable shop, and, in the course of years, became so reduced as to take a cellar under the old market-house and shave the poorer people.

4. One Saturday evening, between light and dark, a stranger from one of the coaches, asking for a barber, was directed by the hostler to the cellar opposite. Coming in hastily, he requested to be shaved quickly, while they changed horses, as he did not like to violate the Sabbath. This was touching the barber on a tender chord. He burst into tears; asked the stranger to lend him a half-penny to buy a candle, as it was not light enough to shave him with safety. He did so, revolving in his mind the extreme poverty to which the poor man must be reduced.

5. When shaved, he said, "There must be something extraordinary in your history, which I have not now time to hear. Here is half a crown for you. When I return, I will call and investigate your case. What is your name?" "William Reed," said the astonished barber. "William Reed?" echoed the stranger; "William Reed? by your dialect you are from the West?" "Yes, sir, from Kingston, near Taunton." "William Reed, from Kingston, near Taunton? What was your father's name?" "Thomas." "Had he any brother?" "Yes, sir, one, after whom I was named; but he went to the Indies, and, as we never heard from him, we supposed him to be dead."

6. "Come along, follow me," said the stranger, "I am going to see a person who says his name is William Reed, of Kingston, near Taunton. Come and confront him. If you prove to be indeed he who you say you are, I have glorious news for you. Your uncle is dead, and has left an

immense fortune, which I will put you in possession of when all legal doubts are removed."

7. They went by the coach; saw the pretended William Reed, and proved him to be an impostor. The stranger, who was a pious attorney, was soon legally satisfied of the barber's identity, and told him that he had advertised him in vain. Providence had now thrown him in his way in a most extraordinary manner, and he had great pleasure in transferring a great many thousand pounds to a worthy man, the rightful heir of the property.

8. Thus was man's extremity God's opportunity. Had the poor barber possessed one half-penny, or even had credit for a candle, he might have remained unknown for years, but he trusted God, who never said, "Seek ye my face," in vain.

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48. THE FESTAL BOARD.

Preparatory Exercises.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Cŏr′al; läugh; en-hânçe′; rō′ṣe-ate; drâught (drâft); mā′ni-ăc.

Articulation Drill. Fes′tal; nec′tar; glim′mer-ing; fe′ver-ish; shud′der-ing; beau′te-ous; lips | in; and gar′land-ed her hair; and | art; bliss | en-hance′; sun | as; ban′quet's | eve; its | tones.

For Definition. Garlanded; *enhance;* maniac; half-quenched; rose-ate; *felon;* spurned; *enchanted.*

Word Using. Use the italicized words in sentences of your own.

Golconda, a district in India formerly famous for its diamond mines.

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1. Come to the festal board to-night,
   For bright-eyed beauty will be there,
   Her coral lips in nectar steeped,
   And garlanded her hair.

2. Come to the festal board to-night,
   For there the joyous laugh of youth
Will ring those silvery peals, which speak
   Of bosoms pure and stainless truth.

3. Come to the festal board to-night,
   For friendship, there, with stronger chain,
Devoted hearts already bound
   For good or ill, will bind again.

I went.

4. Nature and art their stores outpoured;
   Joy beamed in every kindling glance;
Love, friendship, youth, and beauty smiled;
   What could that evening's bliss enhance?

We parted.

5. And years have flown; but where are now
   The guests, who round that table met?
Rises their sun as gloriously
   As on the banquet's eve it set?

6. How holds the chain which friendship wove?
   It broke; and soon the hearts it bound
Were widely sundered; and for peace,
   Envy, and strife, and blood were found.

7. The merriest laugh which then was heard,
   Has changed its tones to maniac screams,
As half-quenched memory kindles up
   Glimmerings of guilt in feverish dreams.

8. And where is she, whose diamond eyes
   Golconda's purest gems outshone?
Whose roseate lips of Eden breathed?
   Say, where is she, the beauteous one?

9. Beneath yon willow's drooping shade,
   With eyes now dim, and lips all pale,
She sleeps in peace. Read on her urn,
   "*A broken heart.*" This tells her tale.

10. And where is he, that tower of strength,
Whose fate with hers for life was joined?
How beats his heart, once honor's throne?
How high has soared his daring mind?

11. Go to the dungeon's gloom to-night;
His wasted form, his aching head,
And all that now remains of him,
Lies, shuddering, on a felon's bed.

12. Ask you of all these woes the cause?
The festal board, the enticing bowl,
More often came, and reason fled,
And maddened passions spurned control.

13. Learn wisdom, then. The frequent feast
Avoid; for there, with stealthy tread
Temptation walks, to lure you on,
Till death, at last, the banquet spread.

14. And shun, oh shun, the enchanted cup!
Though, now, its draught like joy appears,
Ere long it will be fanned by sighs,
And sadly mixed with blood and tears.

THIRTEENTH VERSE PARAPHRASED.

[In a similar way paraphrase V. 14.]

Then, learn wisdom. Avoid the frequent feast; for temptation walks there with stealthy tread to lure you on, till death, at last, spreads the banquet.

DRILL IN COMBINATIONS OF CONSONANT SOUNDS.

gd.	Fagged, bagged, bragged, begged, digged, bogged.
gl.	Haggle, glaze, higgle, glebe, glow, joggle.
gld.	Straggled, haggled, higgled, boggled, joggled.
glz.	Haggles, wrangles, higgles, boggles, joggles.
gr.	Grab, grate, green, grip, grope, groan, grub.

49. ALEXANDER AND THE ROBBER.

DR. JOHN AIKIN—1747-1822. ENGLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Thrā′cian (Thrā′shan); sōl′dier (sōl′jer); sŏv′er-eign (sŭv′er-in); *h*ŏn′or; lēi′sure.

Articulation Drill. Hon′or; in | in′jur-ing; per′sons | and prop′er-ties.

Inflection Drill. This and the following lesson afford excellent means of drill in inflection. The pupils should practice in concert, and individually, until they find it easy to give the proper inflection.

For Definition. Exploits; assassin; pest; deign; insatiable; lust; sovereign; valiant; philosophy; discipline.

Dr. Aikin was the son of an English clergyman, and was, when quite young, apprenticed to an apothecary in a small town. Here no agreeable associates were found to engage his leisure hours, and rejecting the coarse fellows of the village, he made companions of books. He afterward wrote to his sister that they were the best he could have found. In connection with his sister (Mrs. Barbauld) he wrote "Evenings at Home," volumes which are also pleasant company. For further knowledge of him see Cyclopedia.

Alexander the Great was the son of Philip, King of Macedon, a country lying just north of modern Greece. Thracia was a province lying directly east of Macedon and bordering on the Black Sea, occupying about the territory now marked on the map as Eastern Roumelia. At twenty years of age Alexander succeeded his father, and, in the course of his career, subdued the Grecian States on the south and the Asiatic countries on the east, together with Egypt and all the country bordering on the eastern side of the Mediterranean Sea. At the age of thirty-three he died of a fever induced and aggravated by excessive drinking. [*See Abbott's Life of Alexander, and Goldsmith's History of Greece.*]

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1. *Alexander.* What! art thou that Thracian robber, of whose exploits I have heard so much?

2. *Robber.* I am a Thracian, and a soldier.

3. *Alexander.* A soldier!—a thief, a plunderer, an assassin! the pest of the country! I could honor thy courage, but I must detest and punish thy crimes.

4. *Robber.* What have I done of which you can complain?

5. *Alexander.* Hast thou not set at defiance my authority, violated the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and properties of thy fellow-subjects?

6. *Robber.* Alexander, I am your captive. I must hear what you please to say, and endure what you please to inflict. But my soul is unconquered; and if I reply at all to your reproaches, I will reply like a free man.

7. *Alexander.* Speak freely. Far be it from me to take the advantage of my power to silence those with whom I deign to converse.

8. *Robber.* I must then answer your question by another. How have you passed *your* life?

9. *Alexander.* Like a hero. Ask Fame, and she will tell you. Among the brave, I have been the bravest; among sovereigns, the noblest; among conquerors, the mightiest.

10. *Robber.* And does not Fame speak of me, too? Was there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant band? Was there ever—but I scorn to boast. You yourself know that I have not been easily subdued.

11. *Alexander.* Still, what are you but a robber—a base, dishonest robber?

12. *Robber.* And what is a conqueror? Have not you, too, gone about the earth like an evil genius, blasting the fair fruits of peace and industry; plundering, ravaging, killing, without law, without justice, merely to gratify an insatiable lust for dominion? All that I have done to a single district with a hundred followers, you have done to whole nations with a hundred thousand.

13. If I have stripped individuals, you have ruined kings and princes. If I have burned a few hamlets, you have desolated the most flourishing kingdoms and cities of the earth. What is, then, the difference, but that, as you were born a king, and I a private man, *you* have been able to become a mightier robber than *I*?

14. *Alexander.* But if I have *taken* like a king, I have *given* like a king. If I have subverted empires, I have founded greater. I have cherished arts, commerce, and philosophy.

15. *Robber.* *I, too,* have freely given to the poor what I took from the rich. I have established order and discipline among the most ferocious of mankind, and have stretched out my protecting arm over the oppressed. I know, indeed, little of the philosophy you talk of; but I believe neither you nor I shall ever atone to the world for the mischief we have done it.

16. *Alexander.* Leave me; take off his chains, and use him well. Are we, then, so much alike? Alexander like a robber? Let me reflect.

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50. HOW BIG WAS ALEXANDER?

REV. E. JONES.

1. *Son.* How big was Alexander, pa,
That people call him great?
Was he, like old Goliah, tall?
His spear a hundred weight?
Was he so large that he could stand
Like some tall steeple high;
And while his feet were on the ground,
His hands could touch the sky?

2. *Fath.* O no, my child: about as large
As I or Uncle James.
'T was not his *stature* made him great,
But greatness of his *name.*

3. *Son.* His *name* so great? I know 't is *long,*
But easy quite to spell;

And more than half a year ago
I knew it very well.

4. *Fath.* I mean, my child, his *actions* were
So great, he got a name,
That every body speaks with praise,
That tells about his fame.

5. *Son.* Well, what great *actions* did he do?
I want to know it all.

6. *Fath.* Why, he it was that conquered Tyre,
And leveled down her wall,
And thousands of her people slew;
And then to Persia went,
And fire and sword on every side
Through many a region sent.
A hundred conquered cities shone
With midnight burnings red;
And strewed o'er many a battle-ground
A thousand soldiers bled.

7. *Son.* Did *killing people* make him great?
Then why was Abdel Young,
Who killed his neighbor, training day,
Put into jail and hung?
I never heard them call *him* great.

8. *Fath.* Why no, 't was not in war;
And him that kills a single man,
His neighbors all abhor.

9. *Son.* Well, then, if I should kill a man,
I 'd kill a hundred more;
I should be GREAT, and not get hung,
Like Abdel Young, before.

10. *Fath.* Not so, my child, 't will never do;
The Gospel bids be kind.

11. *Son.* Then they that *kill* and they that *praise,*
The Gospel do not mind.

12. *Fath.* You know, my child, the Bible says
That you must always do
To other people, as you wish
To have them do to you.

13. *Son.* But, pa, did Alexander wish
That some strong man would come
And burn his house, and kill him too,
And do as he had done?
Does every body call him GREAT,
For killing people so?
Well, now, what *right* he had to kill,
I should be glad to know.
If one should burn the buildings here,
And kill the folks within,
Would any body call him great
For such a wicked thing?

51. THE INDIAN AND THE BRITISH OFFICER.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Tạught (*not* tot); vē′he-mençe; căl′m (käm *not* kăm); tō′ward (tō′ard); im-mē′di-ate-ly (*not* im-me′jit-ly); a-gainst′ (a-gĕnst′); sŏft′ened (sŏf′nd); prĭş′on-er.

Articulation Drill. En′e-my; in′fant; ig′no-rant; hatch′et; de-liv′er-er; rest′less-ness; es-cape′.

Inflection Drill. Remember that I have saved thy life↘; that I have taught thee to construct a canoe′; to arm thyself with a bow and arrows′; to surprise the beaver in the forest′; to wield the tomahawk′; and to scalp the enemy↘.

For Definition. Construct; canoe; scalp; sustenance; *deliverer;* revenged; vehemence; universal; tremor; *stifled;* prevailing.

Word Using. Use the italicized words in sentences of your own.

1. "There," said the Indian, "are your countrymen; there is the enemy who waits to give us battle. Remember that

I have saved thy life; that I have taught thee to construct a canoe; to arm thyself with a bow and arrows; to surprise the beaver in the forest; to wield the tomahawk; and to scalp the enemy.

2. "What wast thou when I first took thee to my hut? Thy hands were those of an infant; they were fit neither to procure thee sustenance nor safety. Thou wast ignorant of everything; and thou owest everything to me. Wilt thou then go over to thy nation, and take up the hatchet against us?"

3. The officer replied, "I would rather lose my own life, than take away that of my deliverer." The Indian, then bending down his head, and covering his face with both his hands, stood some time silent; then, looking earnestly at his prisoner, he said, in a voice that was at once softened by tenderness and grief, "Hast thou a father?"

4. "My father," said the young man, "was alive when I left my country." "Alas!" said the Indian, "how wretched must he be!" He paused a moment, and then added, "Dost thou know that I have been a father? I am a father no more. I saw my son fall in battle; he fought at my side; I saw him expire; but he died like a man! He was covered with wounds when he fell dead at my feet; but I have revenged him."

5. He pronounced these words with the utmost vehemence; his body shook with a universal tremor; and he was almost stifled with sighs that he would not suffer to escape him. There was a keen restlessness in his eye; but no tear would flow to his relief. At length he became calm by degrees, and turning toward the east where the sun was then rising:

6. "Dost thou see," said he to the young officer, "the beauty of that sky which sparkles with prevailing day? and hast thou pleasure in the sight?" "Yes," replied the young officer, "I have pleasure in the beauty of so fine a

sky." "I have none!" said the Indian, and his tears then found their way.

7. A few minutes after he showed the young man a tree in full bloom. "Dost thou see that beautiful tree?" said he, "and dost thou look upon it with pleasure?" "Yes," replied the officer, "I do look with pleasure upon that beautiful tree." "I have pleasure in looking upon it no more," said the Indian hastily; and immediately added, "Go, return to thy countrymen, that thy father may still have pleasure when he sees the sun rise in the morning, and the trees blossom in the spring."

LANGUAGE WORK.—Write the meaning of the following sentence without using the italicized words:

"Wilt thou then go over to thy nation, and *take up the hatchet* against us?"

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52. THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

[Write the first verse in prose form, preserving the words in their present order. Write the second verse, dividing it into poetical lines.]

1. Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old fashioned country seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

2. Half way up the stairs it stands, and points and beckons with its hands from its case of massive oak, like a monk, who, under his cloak, crosses himself, and sighs, alas! with sorrowful voice to all who pass,—"Forever—never! never—forever!"

ELEMENTS OF ELOCUTION.

Emphasis—Continued.

II. Of Emphasis by Inflection.

Emphasis may be added to a word by the use of the proper inflection; as,

1. I said an *èlder* soldier, not a *bétter.*
2. *Talent'* is *power'*, *tact'* is *skill`*.
3. *Hé* raised a *mortal'* to the *skies'*;
   Shé drew an *angel' down`*.
4. Is thy servant a *dóg* that he should do this thing?

III. Of Emphasis by Quantity.

Emphasis may be given by prolonging the liquid, or vowel sounds; as,

1. "Jump, or I f-i-r-e," he cried.
2. I had a brother once, a g-r-a-cious boy.
3. O f-oo-l! f-oo-l! f-oo-l!
4. O it was g-l-o-r-i-ous!

IV. Of Emphatic Pause.

A word may be emphasized by a pause before or after it; as,

1. Is Sparta—*dead.*
2. Is the old Grecian spirit—*frozen*—in your veins?
3. The sentence was—*death.*
4. My answer would be—*a blow.*
5. You call me—*dog.*
6. He woke—*to die.*

53. ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN—1832-* *. MAINE.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 1, 2, 3. What word in each of these verses have you found in a former list for pronunciation?

Words often Mispronounced. Fŏre'head (fŏr'ed).

Articulation Drill. Tide | of; dust | and de-cay'; a-bides' | and | endures'.

For Definition. Yore; recompense; yearning; pseudonym.

Elizabeth Akers Allen has written occasional poems of much sweetness and charm, under the pseudonym of "Florence Percy."

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1. Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

2. Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears;
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain;
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

3. Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between;
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.

Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

4. Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul, and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

5. Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again, as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

6. Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song;
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream;
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Marking Sounds.—Write the following rhyming words and mark the sounds of the vowels properly: *Care; hair; untrue; long; song.*

Language Work.—Write the lines below, using some equivalent expression for the words and phrases printed in italics:

1. "Mother, come back from the *echoless shore.*"
2. "Kiss from my forehead the *furrows of care.*"
3. "Smooth the few *silver threads* out of my hair."
4. "I have grown weary of *dust and decay.*"
5. "Weary of *sowing for others to reap.*"
6. "Blossomed and faded, *our faces between.*"

54. THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

JANE TAYLOR—1783–1824. ENGLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 4. What double meaning in the fourth line? V. 6. Why should the minute hand be said to be "quick at figures?" V. 11. Explain the pun in the phrase "light conduct." V. 12. Is there anything in this verse to make you think that the farmer thought his clock a good timekeeper?

Words often Mispronounced. In′sti-tū-ted; in-quīr′y; pĕnd′ū-lŭm; il-lŭs′trāte.

Articulation Drill. In′no-cence; old clock; to ac-cuse′; sud′den-ly; speech′less; sur-prise′.

For Definition. Pun; formal; protested; assign; harangue; gravity; execute; staggers; resumed; fable; sole.

Jane Taylor. The father of this industrious and gifted lady was an engraver and a clergyman. Her first printed production was a poem entitled "The Beggar Boy," and was published when she was twenty-one years of age. She afterward composed, jointly with her sister Ann, several volumes of juvenile poems which have been widely read in this country as well as in England.

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1. An old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this, the dial plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; and each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others.

2. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry into the cause of the stoppage; when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke:

3. "I confess myself to be the sole cause of the stoppage;

and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the very point of *striking*.

4. "Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands. "Very good!" replied the pendulum. "It is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me—it is vastly easy for *you*, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You, who have had nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backward and forward, year after year, as I do."

5. "As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?" "For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and, although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and, if you wish, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some of you, above there, can give me the exact sum."

6. The minute-hand, being *quick* at figures, instantly replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times." "Exactly so," replied the pendulum. "Well, I appeal to you all, if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one? and, when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop!"

7. The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, it at last replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a

useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this suggestion. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; and, though this may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, will it fatigue us to *do?* Would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?"

8. The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to ask, was that exertion at all fatiguing to you?" "Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of *millions*."

9. "Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect that, although you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

10. "That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum. "Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will be in bed till noon if we stand idling thus."

11. Upon this the weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the dial-plate, made it brighten up as if nothing had been the matter.

12. When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

Moral: ————————

(To be written by each one for himself.)

55. DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

GEORGE GORDON (LORD) BYRON—1788-1824. ENGLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. This poem is founded on an incident related in the Second Book of Kings. By reading verses 31 to 36, 2 Kings, chap. 19, you will learn: 1. Who Sennacherib was and where he lived. 2. Whether the army was destroyed in camp or on the battle-field. 3. Near what city of Palestine. 4. Whether Sennacherib escaped, or was lost with the army. Perhaps you can tell from the piece whether the destruction was in the day-time or at night. V. 6. Who were called Gentiles?

Words often Mispronounced. Wĭd'ōws (*not* widders); swōrd (sōrd); fôr (*not* fur); blâst; gâsp'ing; glânce; lăn'çes; blūe; Bā'al (*not* Bale); Sĕn-năch'er-ib; Găl'ĭ-lee (*not* Gal-i-lee').

Articulation Drill. Wolf | on; sheen | of; spears | was; stars | on; leaves | of; ban'ners | at; host | on; spread | his | wings | on; breathed | in; face | of; eyes | of; breath | of; foam | of; white | on; cold | as; rust | on; tents | were; loud | in; glance | of; i'dols.

For Definition. *Cohorts; host;* strown; blast; waxed; *distorted;* mail; wail.

Word Using. Use the italicized words in sentences of your own.

Lord Byron, one of the most brilliant of modern poets, derived his distinction about equally from his genius and the unhappy qualities of his disposition. He has been the subject of much bitter comment and controversy among biographers, but perhaps the most satisfactory short biography of him is that by John Nichol in the *English Men of Letters* series. Interesting sketches of him are also given in *Personal Traits of British Authors.*

Baal was the supreme male divinity of the Assyrians and of most of the other oriental nations at the time of this incident.

Widows of Ashur. Ashur was the ancient name of Assyria.

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1. The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold;
   His cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
   And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
   When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

2. Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
   That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
   Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
   That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

3. For the angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still.

4. And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

5. And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent; the banners alone;
The lances uplifted; the trumpet unblown.

6. And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

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56. THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

FROM THE BIBLE.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 2. What event is described by the first sentence in this verse? V. 6. What well known disturbances of nature are referred to in this verse?

Words often Mispronounced. Cûr′tain (kûr′tin); *psälm*; săe′rĭ-fice (săk′rĭ-fize); sēa′sons (sē′zns); le-vī′a-than; măn′i-fōld.

Articulation Drill. Gar′ment; judg′ment; char′i-ot; mar′vel-ous; in-nu′mer-a-ble; beasts.

For Definition. Chariot; *deep;* prey; manifold; leviathan; *marvelous.*

Word Using. Use the italicized words in sentences of your own.

1. Bless the Lord, O my soul! O Lord, my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honor and majesty; who coverest thyself with the light as with a garment;

who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain; who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds his chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind; who maketh his angels spirits, his ministers a flaming fire; who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed forever.

2. Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment; the waters stood above the mountains. At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away. They go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys unto the place which thou hast founded for them. Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth.

3. He appointed the moon for seasons; the sun knoweth his going down. Thou makest darkness, and it is night, wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth. The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens. Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labor until the evening.

4. O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches. So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships; there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein. These wait all upon thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

5. That thou givest them they gather; thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good. Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled; thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust. Thou sendeth forth thy Spirit, they are created; and thou renewest the face of the earth.

6. The glory of the Lord shall endure forever: the Lord shall rejoice in his works. He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: he toucheth the hills and they smoke.

7. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare his works with rejoicing.

8. O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name; make known his deeds among the people. Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him: talk ye of all his wondrous works. Glory ye in his holy name: let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord. Seek the Lord, and his strength: seek his face evermore.

9. Remember the marvelous works that he hath done; his wonders, and the judgments of his mouth. He is the Lord our God; his judgments are in all the earth. I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.

57. THE BETTER LAND.

MRS. HEMANS. [See Lesson 8.]

Preparatory Exercises.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 1. In what climate are fire-flies and myrtles found? V. 2. Why is a palm tree called "feathery?"

Words often Mispronounced. Boughs (bouz); päl*m*; per-fūme′, *v.;* pēr′fūme, *n.;* ŏr′anġe (ŏr′enj).

Articulation Drill. Feath′er-y; glit′ter-ing; fra′grant; for′ests; sands | of; fade′less.

Inflection Drill. This piece has special adaptations to drill in inflection.

For Definition. Radiant; gleams; ruby.

1. "I hear thee speak of the better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?

Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

2. "Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'mid the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their stary wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

3. "Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
"Not there, not there, my child!

4. "Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep sounds of joy;
Dreams can not picture a world so fair;
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
Beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb;
It is there, it is there, my child!"

A Rhyming Game.

All the selections for Rhyming Games have, so far, been made from "The Lady of the Lake." It is a charming poem and worth your reading. The lines which follow on this page belong to the poem used for an exercise on page 53. See the connection.

[Complete the lines that should rhyme and fill the blanks.]

Then away went the wind in its holiday glee,
And now it was far on the billowy ——,
And the lordly —— felt its staggering blow
And the little boats darted to and ——.

58. THE JUST JUDGE.

Preparatory Exercises.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 1. What do you understand by an estate in England worth five hundred a year? V. 3. How many dollars did the lawyer ask for a fee? How many years' income would be required to pay it? [*The pound and guinea may be taken as of the same value.*] V. 9, 10, 12, 13. What are the emphatic words in these verses?

Words often Mispronounced. Vĕnt′ūre (vĕnt′yur); fĕl′lōw (*not* feller); ex-çĕpt (ek-sĕpt); chōs′en; ōathş (ōthz); Chĕl′mşford (Chĕmz′fûrd); e-lēv′en; buş′i-ness (biz′nes); gĭv′en; sŏph′is-try; plāint′iff.

Articulation Drill. Sev′er-al; priv′i-lege; im-pos′tor; ev′i-dence; as-sist′ance; dis′tance; hors′es; get; can′dor; con′fi-dence; in′stance; a-part′ment; coun′sel-ors; con-tra-dict′o-ry; vic′to-ry; ru′ined; next; es-tate′; de-stroy′.

For Definition. Assizes; stimulated; rambling; attest; parish; evidence; obligation; plaintiff; precarious; *narrowly;* dextrous; adduced; deposed; counsel; accumulated; discourse; *penetration;* demonstrations; evinced; unraveled; *sophistry;* excepted.

Word Using. Use the italicized words, with the meaning they have here, in sentences of your own.

King's Bench is the name of the highest Court of law in England.

Westminster Hall, in London, is the hall in which the highest eight Courts in England are held. It was built as a banqueting hall by William Rufus in 1099, and has witnessed the coronation festivities of British sovereigns since that time. Famous trials of offenders, for treason, have also been held there.

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1. A gentleman who possessed an estate worth about five hundred a year, in the eastern part of England, had two sons. The eldest being of a rambling disposition, went abroad. After several years, his father died; when the younger son, destroying his will, seized upon the estate. He gave out that his elder brother was dead, and bribed false witnesses to attest the truth of it.

2. In the course of time, the elder brother returned; but came home in destitute circumstances. His younger brother repulsed him with scorn, and told him that he was an im-

postor and a cheat. He asserted that his real brother was dead long ago; and he could bring witnesses to prove it. The poor fellow, having neither money nor friends, was in a sad situation. He went round the parish making complaints, and, at last, to a lawyer, who, when he had heard the poor man's story, replied, "You have nothing to give me. If I undertake your case and lose it, it will bring me into disgrace, as all the wealth and evidence are on your brother's side.

3. "However, I will undertake it on this condition; you shall enter into an obligation to pay me one thousand guineas if I gain the estate for you. If I lose it, I know the consequences; and I venture with my eyes open." Accordingly, he entered an action against the younger brother, which was to be tried at the next general assizes at Chelmsford, in Essex.

4. The lawyer having engaged in the cause of the young man, and being stimulated by the prospect of a thousand guineas, set his wits to work to contrive the best method to gain his end. At last, he hit upon this happy thought, that he would consult the first judge of his age, Lord Chief Justice Hale. Accordingly, he hastened up to London, and laid open the cause, and all its circumstances. The judge, who was a great lover of justice, heard the case attentively, and promised him all the assistance in his power.

5. The lawyer having taken his leave, the judge contrived matters so as to finish all his business at the King's Bench, before the assizes began at Chelmsford. When within a short distance of the place, he dismissed his man and horses, and sought a single house. He found one occupied by a miller. After some conversation, and making himself quite agreeable, he proposed to the miller to change clothes with him. As the judge had a very good suit on, the man had no reason to object.

6. Accordingly, the judge shifted from top to toe, and

put on a complete suit of the miller's best. Armed with a miller's hat, and shoes, and stick, he walked to Chelmsford, and procured good lodging, suitable for the assizes, that should come on next day. When the trial came on, he walked like an ignorant country fellow, backward and forward along the county hall. He observed narrowly what passed around him; and when the court began to fill, he found out the poor fellow who was the plaintiff.

7. As soon as he came into the hall, the miller drew up to him. "Honest friend," said he, "how is your cause like to go to-day?" "Why, my cause is in a very precarious situation, and, if I lose it, I am ruined for life." "Well, honest friend," replied the miller, "will you take my advice? I will let you into a secret which perhaps you do not know; every Englishman has the right and privilege to except against any one juryman out of the whole twelve; now, do you insist upon your privilege, without giving a reason why, and, if possible, get me chosen in his room, and I will do you all the service in my power."

8. Accordingly, when the clerk had called over the names of the jurymen, the plaintiff excepted to one of them. The judge on the bench was highly offended with this liberty. "What do you mean," said he, "by excepting against that gentleman?" "I mean, my lord, to assert my privilege as an Englishman, without giving a reason why."

9. The judge, who had been highly bribed, in order to conceal it by a show of candor, and having a confidence in the superiority of his party, said, "Well, sir, as you claim your privilege in one instance, I will grant it. Whom would you wish to have in the room of that man excepted?" After a short time, taken in consideration, "My lord," says he, "I wish to have an honest man chosen in;" and looking round the court—"my lord, there is that miller in the court; we will have him, if you please." Accordingly, the miller was chosen in.

10. As soon as the clerk of the court had given them all their oaths, a little dextrous fellow came into the apartment, and slipped ten golden guineas into the hands of eleven jurymen, and gave the miller but five. He observed that they were all bribed as well as himself, and said to his next neighbor, in a soft whisper, "How much have you got?" "Ten pieces," said he. But he concealed what he had got himself. The cause was opened by the plaintiff's counsel; and all the scraps of evidence they could pick up, were adduced in his favor.

11. The younger brother was provided with a great number of witnesses and pleaders, all plentifully bribed, as well as the judge. The witnesses deposed, that they were in the self-same country when the brother died, and saw him buried. The counselors pleaded upon this accumulated evidence; and every thing went with a full tide in favor of the younger brother. The judge summed up the evidence with great gravity and deliberation; "and now, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "lay your heads together, and bring in your verdict as you shall deem most just."

12. They waited but for a few minutes, before they determined in favor of the younger brother. The judge said, "Gentlemen, are you agreed? and who shall speak for you?" "We are all agreed, my lord," replied one, "and our foreman shall speak for us." "Hold, my lord," replied the miller; "we are not all agreed." "Why?" said the judge, in a very surly manner, "what is the matter with you? What reason have you for disagreeing?"

13. "I have several reasons, my lord," replied the miller: "the first is, they have given to all these gentlemen of the jury ten broad pieces of gold, and to me but five; which, you know, is not fair. Besides, I have many objections to make to the false reasonings of the pleaders, and the contradictory evidence of the witnesses." Upon this, the miller began a discourse, which discovered such a vast

penetration of judgment, such extensive knowledge of law, and was expressed with such manly and energetic eloquence, that it astonished the judge and the whole court.

14. As he was going on with his powerful demonstrations, the judge, in great surprise, stopped him. "Where did you come from, and who are you?" "I came from Westminster Hall," replied the miller; "my name is Matthew Hale; I am Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. I have observed the iniquity of your proceedings this day; therefore, come down from a seat which you are nowise worthy to hold. You are one of the corrupt parties in this iniquitous business. I will come up this moment and try the cause all over again."

15. Accordingly, Sir Matthew went up, with his miller's dress and hat on, began the trial from its very commencement, and searched every circumstance of truth and falsehood. He evinced the elder brother's title to the estate, from the contradictory evidence of the witnesses, and the false reasoning of the pleaders; unraveled all the sophistry to the very bottom, and gained a complete victory in favor of truth and justice.

59. THE SABBATH BELL.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Hĕav′en; in′cense, *n.;* in-cense′, *v.*

Articulation Drill. Al′tar; round; as-cend′ing; voice | is | ring′ing; find | in; tones | are; and | round.

For Definition. *Descending;* spirit; *incense; ascending; pealing;* foot-stool.

Word Using. Use the italicized words in sentences of your own. Use *incense* with both meanings.

1. Hark! the deep-toned bell is calling,
Come, O come!
Weary ones where'er you wander,
Come, O come!
Louder now and louder pealing,
On the heart that voice is stealing,
Come, nor longer roam.

2. Now, again its tones are pealing,
Come, O come!
In the sacred temple kneeling,
Seek thy home;
Come, and round the altar bending,
Love the place where God, descending,
Calls the spirit home.

3. Still the echoed voice is ringing,
Come, O come!
Every heart pure incense bringing,
Hither come!
Father, round thy footstool bending,
May our souls, to heaven ascending,
Find in thee a home!

Drill in Combinations of Consonant Sounds.

[See directions, pages 90 and 78.]

jd.	Raged, caged, fledged, wedged, bridged.
kl.	Clad, cleave, climb, click, clock, fickle.
kld.	Cackled, freckled, pickled, stickled, cockled.
klz.	Cackles, freckles, pickles, stickles, cockles.
kr.	Crack, crag, creek, crust, crime, crib, crop.
ks=x.	Cracks, tax, necks, sticks, strikes, box, boxed.
kt.	Fact, packed, sect, pecked, picked, blocked.
kts	Acts, facts, tracts, effects, rejects, expects.
kw (qu).	Quack, quake, queen, queer, quick, quite.

60. THE END OF ALL PERFECTION.

MRS. SIGOURNEY—1791-1865. CONNECTICUT.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Ŏf (ŏv); dăunt′ed; ăd′mi-ra-ble; extŏlled′; hăst; vērġe; in′fi-nite; Sig′our-ney (Sig′ur-ni); Nŏr′wich.

Articulation Drill. Lifts; hast; va′ri-a-ble; fields; com-plaints′.

For Definition. Perplexed; intricacy; daunted; surveyed; infinite; faculties; apprehension; vacantly; vigor; treacherous; verge; variable; harmony; aspen; cherished; stateliness; domes; extolled.

Word Using. Use *aspen* and *vigor* in sentences of your own.

Few lives are so full of work and fruit from the beginning to the end as was that of **Lydia Huntley Sigourney.** At three years of age she read with fluency; at eight her poems began to attract attention; at nineteen she established, in connection with a friend, a school for girls at Norwich. During her career she published 56 volumes, besides contributing more than 2,000 articles to nearly 300 periodicals. Peter Parley said of her: "No one that I know can look back on a long and earnest career of such unblemished beneficence."

1. I have seen man in the glory of his days, and the pride of his strength. He was built like the tall cedar that lifts its head above the forest trees; like the strong oak that strikes its root deeply into the earth. He feared no danger; he felt no sickness; he wondered that any should groan or sigh at pain. His mind was vigorous, like his body; he was perplexed at no intricacy; he was daunted at no difficulty; into hidden things he searched, and what was crooked he made plain.

2. He went forth fearlessly upon the face of the mighty deep; he surveyed the nations of the earth; he measured the distances of the stars, and called them by their names; he gloried in the extent of his knowledge, in the vigor of his understanding, and strove to search into what the Almighty had concealed. And when I looked on him I said, "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite

in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!"

3. I returned; his look was no more lofty, nor his step proud; his broken frame was like some ruined tower; his hairs were white and scattered; and his eye gazed vacantly upon what was passing around him. The vigor of his intellect was wasted, and of all that he had gained by study, nothing remained. He feared when there was no danger, and when there was no sorrow he wept. His memory was decayed and treacherous, and showed him only broken images of the glory that was departed.

4. His house to him was like a strange land, and his friends were counted as his enemies; and he thought himself strong and healthful, while his foot tottered on the verge of the grave. He said of his son, "He is my brother;" of his daughter, "I know her not;" and he inquired what was his own name. And one, who supported his last steps, and ministered to his many wants, said to me, as I looked on the melancholy scene, "Let thine heart receive instruction, for thou hast seen an end of all earthly perfection."

5. I have seen a beautiful female treading the first stages of youth, and entering joyfully into the pleasures of life. The glance of her eye was variable and sweet, and on her cheek trembled something like the first blush of the morning; her lips moved, and there was harmony; and when she floated in the dance, her light form, like the aspen, seemed to move with every breeze. I returned, but she was not in the dance; I sought her in the gay circle of her companions, but found her not.

6. Her eye sparkled not there; the music of her voice was silent; she rejoiced on earth no more. I saw a train, sable, and slow-paced, who bore sadly to an open grave what was once animated and beautiful. They paused, and a voice broke the awful silence: "Mingle ashes with ashes,

and dust with its original dust. To the earth whence it was taken, consign we the body of our sister."

7. They covered her with the damp soil and the clods of the valley; and the worms crowded into her silent abode. Yet one sad mourner lingered, to cast himself upon the grave; and as he wept, he said, "There is no beauty, or grace, or loveliness, that continueth in man; for this is the end of all his glory and perfection."

8. I have seen an infant with a fair brow, and a frame like polished ivory. Its limbs were pliant in its sports; it rejoiced, and again it wept; but whether its glowing cheek dimpled with smiles, or its blue eye was brilliant with tears, still I said to my heart, "It is beautiful." It was like the first pure blossom, which some cherished plant had shot forth, whose cup is filled with a dewdrop, and whose head reclines upon its parent stem.

9. I again saw this child when the lamp of reason first dawned in its mind. Its soul was gentle and peaceful; its eye sparkled with joy, as it looked round on this good and pleasant world. It ran swiftly in the ways of knowledge; it bowed its ear to instruction; it stood like a lamb before its teachers. It was not proud, nor envious, nor stubborn; and it had never heard of the vices and vanities of the world. And when I looked upon it, I remembered that our Savior had said, "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven."

10. But the scene was changed, and I saw a man whom the world called honorable, and many waited for his smile. They pointed out the fields that were his, and talked of the silver and gold that he had gathered; they admired the stateliness of his domes, and extolled the honor of his family. And his heart answered secretly, "By my wisdom have I gotten all this;" so he returned no thanks to God, neither did he fear or serve him.

11. And as I passed along, I heard the complaints of the

laborers who had reaped down his fields, and the cries of the poor, whose covering he had taken away; but sound of feasting and revelry was in his apartments, and the unfed beggar came tottering from his door. But he considered not, that the cries of the oppressed were continually entering into the ears of the Most High. And when I knew that this man was once the teachable child that I had loved, the beautiful infant that I had gazed upon with delight, I said in my bitterness, "I have seen an end of all perfection."

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61. THE SLEEPERS.

Preparatory Exercises.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. How many classes of sleeping persons are described in this piece? Answer the question "Who are sleeping," in each stanza, by naming, in one word when possible, the class of people that are sleeping.

Words often Mispronounced. Hăr′assed (hăr′ast); bälm′y; wēa′ried (wēa′rid); cō̲n′quered (kō̲nk′ered); bo̲′soms (*not* bōō′soms); wāk′en; sŏft′ly.

Articulation Drill. Hoard′ed; slum′ber-er; di′a-monds seen; gems | and pearls.

For Definition. *Compassed;* harassed; hoarded; encumber; *vigils.*

Word Using. Write sentences, using the italicized words above.

1. They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
   Children wearied with their play;
   For the stars of night are peeping,
   And the sun hath sunk away;
   As the dew upon the blossoms
   Bow them on their slender stem,
   Lo, as light as their own bosoms,
   Balmy sleep hath conquered them.

2. They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Mortals compassed round with woe,
Eyelids wearing out with weeping,
Close for very weakness now:
And that short relief from sorrow,
Harassed nature shall sustain
Till they wake again to-morrow,
Strengthened to contend with pain!

3. They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Captives in their gloomy cells;
Yet, sweet dreams are o'er them creeping,
With their many colored spells;
All they love—again they clasp them;
Feel again their long lost joys;
But the haste with which they grasp them,
Every fairy form destroys.

4. They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Misers by their hoarded gold;
And in fancy now are heaping
Gems and pearls of price untold.
Golden chains their limbs encumber,
Diamonds seem before them strown;
But they waken from their slumber,
And the splendid dream is flown.

5. They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Pause a moment, softly tread;
Anxious friends are fondly keeping
Vigils by the sleeper's bed!
Other hopes have all forsaken;
One remains; that slumber deep
Break not, lest the slumberer waken
From that sweet, that saving sleep.

6. They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Thousands who have passed away
From a world of woe and weeping
To the regions of decay!
Safe they rest, the green turf under;

Sighing breeze, or music's breath,
Winter's wind, or summer's thunder
Can not break the sleep of death!

LANGUAGE WORK.—What is "as light as their own bosoms?"

Write the following lines, substituting other language for the words in italics:

1. But the haste with which they grasp them,
   Every *fairy form* destroys.
2. From a world of woe and weeping
   To the *regions of decay*.

62. DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

CHARLES DICKENS—1812-1870. ENGLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Questions. Was Charles Dickens a novelist? Poet? Historian? [*See Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, or Cyclopedia.*] Name some of his works. What is the name of the book from which this extract is taken? Can you learn something of the history of Little Nell and "the old man?" And their relation to each other? Have you ever read "The Old Curiosity Shop?" After reading this selection carefully, tell what you think were the qualities of character which distinguished Little Nell.

Words often Mispronounced. Glăd'dened; ān'cient (ān'shent); decrĕp'it.

Articulation Drill. Calm; dressed (drest); stretched (stretcht); suf'fer-ings; help; small; seemed; glad'dened; haunts; a-bove'; told; fur'nace.

For Definition. Nimbly; fatigues; tranquil; imaged; languid; ever and anon; ancient; deliberate; remorseless; artless; decrepit; palsied.

1. She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived, and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been

used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." These were her words.

2. She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird, a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed, was stirring nimbly in its cage, and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever! Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born, imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

3. And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes! the old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor school-master on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild and lovely look. So shall we know the angels, in their majesty, after death.

4. The old man held one languid arm in his, and had the small hand tight folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile; the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now, and, as he said it, he looked in agony, to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

5. She was dead, and past all help, or need of help. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast, the garden she had tended, the eyes she had gladdened, the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour, the paths she had trodden, as it were, but yesterday, could know her no more.

6. "It is not," said the school-master, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, "it is

not in *this* world that Heaven's justice ends. Think what earth is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish, expressed in solemn tones above this bed, could call her back to life, which of us would utter it?"

7. She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after day-break. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night; but, as the hours crept on, she sank to sleep. They could tell by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of people who had helped them, and used them kindly; for she often said "God bless you!" with great fervor.

8. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music, which she said, was in the air. God knows. It may have been. Opening her eyes at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face, such, they said, as they had never seen, and could never forget, and clung with both her arms, about his neck. She had never murmured or complained; but, with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered, save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them, faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

9. The child who had been her little friend, came there, almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dried flowers, which he begged them to lay upon her breast. He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them just as she used to be. He begged hard to see her: saying, that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his young brother all day long, when he was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish;

and, indeed, he kept his word, and was, in his childish way, a lesson to them all.

10. Up to that time, the old man had not spoken once, except to her, or stirred from the bedside. But, when he saw her little favorite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time, and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

11. Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, to do almost as he desired him. And when the day came, on which they must remove her, in her earthly shape, from earthly eyes forever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him. They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed.

12. And now the bell, the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure, almost as a living voice, rung its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy—on crutches, in the pride of health and strength, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life, gathered around her. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing, grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old, the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead, in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave.

13. Along the crowded path they bore her now, pure as the newly fallen snow that covered it, whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch, where she had sat when Heaven, in its mercy, brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

63. TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. A close study of this piece will tell you about the date on which it was written. V. 1. Who were the god-like men daring storm and foe? What country is referred to by the words, "this blest soil?" V. 2. What was their "native shore?" V. 4. What two things are personified in this verse? V. 6. What "warrior" is referred to?

Words often Mispronounced. Driv'en.

Articulation Drill. Quiv'er-ing; an'them; tem'pest; brav'est; mold'er-ing.

For Definition. Anthem; harbinger; symbol, refuge; unpillared; oceaned; hallowed; shades; moldering; doom.

1. Wake your harp's music!—louder—higher,
   And pour your strains along;
   And smite again each quivering wire,
   In all the pride of song!
   Shout like those god-like men of old
   Who, daring storm and foe,
   On this blest soil their anthem rolled,
   Two hundred years ago!

2. From native shore by tempest driven,
   They sought a purer sky,
   And found, beneath a milder heaven,
   The home of liberty!
   An altar rose, and prayers; a ray
   Broke on their night of woe,
   The harbinger of Freedom's day,
   Two hundred years ago!

3. They clung around that symbol, too,
   Their refuge and their all,
   And swore while skies and waves were blue
   That altar should not fall.
   They stood upon the red man's sod,
   'Neath heaven's unpillared bow,
   With home, a country, and a God,
   Two hundred years ago!

4. Oh! 't was a hard, unyielding fate
That drove them to the seas,
And Persecution strove with Hate,
To darken her decrees;
But safe above each coral grave,
Each looming ship did go,—
And God was on the western wave,
Two hundred years ago!

5. They knelt them on the desert sand,
By waters cold and rude,
Alone upon the dreary strand
Of oceaned solitude!
They looked upon the high blue air,
And felt their spirits glow,
Resolved to live or perish there,
Two hundred years ago!

6. The warrior's red right arm was bared,
His eyes flashed deep and wild!
Was there a foreign footstep dared
To seek his home and child?
The dark chiefs yelled alarm, and swore
The white man's blood should flow,
And his hewn bones should bleach their shore,
Two hundred years ago!

7. But lo! the warrior's eye grew dim,
His arm was left alone,
The still, black wilds which sheltered him,
No longer were his own!
Time fled, and on the hallowed ground
His highest pine lies low,
And cities swell where forests frowned
Two hundred years ago!

8. Oh! stay not to recount the tale;—
'T was bloody, and 't is past;
The firmest cheek might well grow pale,
To hear it to the last.
The God of heaven, who prospers us,
Could bid a nation grow,

And shield us from the red man's curse,
Two hundred years ago!

9. Come, then, great shades of glorious men,
From your still glorious grave;
Look on your own proud land again,
O bravest of the brave!
We call you from each moldering tomb,
And each blue wave below
To bless the world ye snatched from doom,
Two hundred years ago!

10. Then to your harps,—yet louder,—higher,
And pour your strains along,
And smite again each quivering wire,
In all the pride of song!
Shout for those god-like men of old,
Who, daring storm and foe,
On this blest soil their anthem rolled,
Two hundred years ago!

Language Work.—Write the meaning of the following lines without using the italicized words in them:

V. 3. "They stood upon the red man's sod,
'Neath *heaven's unpillared bow.*"

V. 4. "And Persecution *strove* with Hate,
To *darken her decrees.*"

Drill in Combinations of Consonant Sounds.

ld.	Scaled, bald, field, held, mild, child, cold, bold.
lf.	Balfe, pelf, shelf, self, Guelph, Rolfe, gulf, wolf.
lt.	Malt, spalt, belt, bolt, hilt, tilt, fault, melt.
lts.	Faults, belts, bolts, hilts, tilts, melts, smelts, colts.
ldz.	Rolds, molds, scolds, folds, gilds, yields, fields.
lz.	Males, fails, sales, sells, swells, tills, fills, furls.

Drag the facts of his acts to the gloom of the grave.
Grab the green grate with a griping grip.

ELEMENTS OF ELOCUTION.

CHAPTER IV.—FORCE.

Force is the degree of loudness or intensity of voice in the utterance of speech. The main divisions of force are

I. SUBDUED: { 1. Very soft. 2. Soft.
II. MODERATE.
III. LOUD: { 1. Loud. 2. Very loud.

Very soft force—*expresses tenderness, sadness, tranquillity;* as,

1. *Softly!* She is lying
With her lips apart,
Softly! She is dying
Of a broken heart.

2. Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea;
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea.

Soft force—*is a force less than the prevailing tone used in narrative reading or in conversation, but less subdued than very soft force;* as,

1. We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

2. Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

Which stanza on page 146 should be read with soft force?

Moderate force—*is the prevailing tone used in conversation, or in reading narrative or descriptive composition in a small room;* as,

1. I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

2. We had rather have a child return to us from school a first-rate reader, than a first-rate performer on the pianoforte. The voice of song is not sweeter than the voice of eloquence. And there may be eloquent readers, as well as eloquent speakers.

Loud force—*is appropriate to the language of authority, of command, of courage, of defiance, of sublimity;* as,

1. Fight, gentlemen of England! Fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head;
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood.
Advance our standards. Set upon our foes:
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.

Which stanza on page 151 should be read with loud force?

Very loud force—*is heard in the tones of great passion, in calling or shouting;* as,

1. Blaze, with your serried columns!
I will not bend the knee;
The shackles ne'er again shall bind
The arm which now is free.

2. From every hill, by every sea,
In shouts proclaim the great decree,
"*All chains are burst, all men are free!*"
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

64. THE COYOTE.

S. L. CLEMENS—1835-* *. MISSOURI.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. Can you mention some of the works of this author? Is he a humorous or a serious writer? In connection with another contributor to this Reader, he wrote "The Gilded Age"—who is the contributor? [*See Lesson 15.*] Where is the coyote found? By what other name is it sometimes known?

Words often Mispronounced. Coy-ō′tē; vâst; erēat′ūres (krēt′yu̇rs); e͡on′çen-trāte.

Articulation Drill. Tol′er-a-ble; de-spair′ing; en-cour′age-ment; mean′est; rest | of his face; his shoul′der; sol′i-tude.

For Definition. Furtive; slinking; allegory; sage-brush; fraudful; frenzy; denser; aggravated; ignoble; concentrated; desperate; solitude; fagged.

1. The coyote of the plains is a long, slim, sick and sorry-looking skeleton with a gray wolf-skin stretched over it, a tolerably bushy tail that forever sags down with a despairing expression of forsakenness and misery, a furtive and evil eye, and a long, sharp face with a slightly lifted lip and exposed teeth.

2. He has a general slinking expression all over. The coyote is a living, breathing allegory of want. He is always hungry. He is always poor, out of luck, and friendless. The meanest creatures despise him, and even the fleas would desert him for a velocipede. He is so spiritless and cowardly that, even while his exposed teeth are pretending a threat, the rest of his face is apologizing for it.

3. And he is so homely!—so scrawny, and ribby, and coarse-haired, and pitiful! When he sees you he lifts his lip and lets a flash of his teeth out, and then turns a little out of the course he was pursuing, lowers his head a bit, and strikes a long, soft-footed trot through the sage-brush, glancing over his shoulder at you, from time to time, till he

is out of pistol range. Then he stops and takes a deliberate look at you; he will trot fifty yards and stop again—another fifty and stop again; and finally the gray of his gliding body blends with the gray of the sage-brush, and he disappears.

4. But if you start a swift-footed dog after him, you will enjoy it ever so much—especially if it is a dog that has a good opinion of himself and has been brought up to think that he knows something about speed. The coyote will go swinging gently off on that deceitful trot of his, and every little while he will smile a fraudful smile over his shoulder that will fill that dog full of encouragement and worldly ambition.

5. And then the dog will lay his head still lower to the ground, and stretch his neck further to the front, and pant more fiercely as he moves his furious legs with a yet wilder frenzy, leaving a broader and broader, and higher and denser cloud of desert sand smoking behind, and marking his long wake across the level plain!

6. All this time the dog is only a short twenty feet behind the coyote, and to save the life of him he cannot understand why it is that he cannot get any closer; and he begins to get aggravated, and it makes him madder and madder to see how gently the coyote glides along and never pants or sweats or ceases to smile; and he grows still more incensed to see how shamefully he has been taken in by an entire stranger, and what an ignoble swindle that calm, soft-footed trot is.

7. And next the dog notices that he is getting fagged, and that the coyote actually has to slacken speed a little, to keep from running away from him. And then that town dog is mad in earnest, and he begins to strain, and weep, and snarl, and paw the sand higher than ever, and reach for the coyote with concentrated and desperate energy.

8. This spurt finds him six feet behind the gliding enemy

and two miles from his friends. And then, in the instant a wild new hope is lighting up his face, the coyote turns and smiles blandly upon him once more, and with a something about it which seems to say:

9. "Well, I shall have to tear myself away from you, bub—business is business, and it will not do for me to be fooling along this way all day." And forthwith there is a rushing sound, and the sudden splitting of a long crack through the atmosphere, and behold that dog is solitary and alone in the midst of a vast solitude!

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65. HOW DOES THE WATER COME DOWN AT LODORE?

ROBERT SOUTHEY. [See Lesson 30.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Articulation Drill. Show′er-ing; floun′der-ing; tarn | on; runs | and; its | own; thence | at; crags | in; its | tu′mult.

For Definition. Fell; gills; brake; crags; cataract; caverns; writhing; whisking; rebound; astounding; projecting; skurrying; floundering; frittering.

1. From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps
For awhile, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.

2. And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,

Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-skurry.

3. Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till, in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

4. The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among;

5. Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying, and deafening the ear with its sound.

6. Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,

And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing;

7. And gurgling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;

8. Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling;

9. And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

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66. HOW IT CAME TO BE TOLD.

ROBERT SOUTHEY. [See Lesson 30.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. In what lesson have you learned that Southey was poet laureate, and what a poet laureate is?

For Definition. Tasked; anon; vocation; recreation.

In Lesson 30 Southey was said to be a very interesting boy to know. When you read how the last selection came to be written you will think he must also have been a very lovable man for boys and girls to know. This is the way he himself tells how it came to be done.

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1. "How does the water
Come down at Lodore?"
My little boy asked me
Thus once on a time;
And moreover he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.

2. Anon, at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.

3. So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store;
And 't was in my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing,
Because I was laureate
To them and the king.

Old Winter is Coming.

[Complete the lines that should rhyme. The lines that are marked by the same figures rhyme with each other.]

Old Winter is coming again,—alack! (1)
How icy and cold is ——! (2)
He cares not a pin for a shivering ——; (1)
He 's a saucy old chap to white and ——; (1)
He whistles his chills with a wonderful ——, (1)
For he comes from a cold countree! (2)

67. A FIGHT WITH A STAG.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Brä′vo; hĕr′o-ine (hĕr′o-in); wound′ed (wo͞ond′ed).

Articulation Drill. Quiv′er-ing; ad′ver-sa-ry; en-deav′ored: hor′ri-ble; ant′ler.

For Definition. Bay; relinquished; brink; inflicted; faltering; emerge; ravine; dastard; adversary; novel; heroine; fiber.

1. A Kentucky sportsman had a favorite staghound, strong, and of first rate qualities, named Bravo, which he, on one occasion, when going on a hunting expedition, left at home, taking in his stead, on trial, a fine looking hound which had been presented to him a few days before. Having gone a certain length into the woodland in quest of game, he fired at a powerful stag, which he brought down after a considerable run, and believed to be dead.

2. The animal, however, was only stunned by the shot. He was no sooner touched with the keen edge of the knife, than he rose with a sudden bound, "threw me from his body," says the hunter, "and hurled my knife from my hand. I at once saw my danger, but it was too late. With one bound he was upon me, wounding and almost disabling me with his sharp horns and feet. I seized him by his wide-spread antlers, and sought to regain possession of my knife, but in vain; each new struggle drew us further from it.

3. "My horse, frightened at the unusual scene, had madly fled to the top of an adjoining ridge, where he stood looking down upon the combat, trembling and quivering in every limb. My dog had not come up, and his bay I could not now hear. The struggles of the furious animal had now become dreadful, and every moment I could feel his sharp hoofs cutting deep into my flesh; my grasp upon his antlers

was growing less and less firm, and yet I relinquished not my hold.

4. "The struggle had brought us near a deep ditch, washed by autumn rains, and into this I endeavored to force my adversary; but my strength was unequal to the effort: when we approached to the very brink, he leaped over the drain. I relinquished my hold, and rolled in, hoping thus to escape him; but he returned to the attack, and throwing himself upon me, inflicted numerous severe cuts upon my face and breast before I could again seize him.

5. "Locking my arms round his antlers, I drew his head close to my breast, and was thus, by great effort, enabled to prevent his doing me any serious injury. But I felt that this could not last long; every muscle and fiber of my frame was called into action, and human nature could not long bear up under such exertion. Faltering a silent prayer to Heaven, I prepared to meet my fate.

6. "At this moment of despair I heard the faint bayings of the hound; the stag, too, heard the sound, and springing from the ditch, drew me with him. His efforts were now redoubled, and I could scarcely cling to him. Yet that blessed sound came nearer and nearer! Oh, how wildly beat my heart as I saw the hound emerge from the ravine, and spring forward with a short, quick bark, as his eye rested on his game!

7. "I released my hold of the stag, which turned upon the new enemy. Exhausted, and unable to rise, I still cheered the dog, that, dastard like, fled before the infuriated animal, which, seemingly despising such an enemy, again threw himself upon me. Again did I succeed in throwing my arms around his antlers, but not until he had inflicted several deep and dangerous wounds upon my head and face, cutting to the very bone.

8. "Blinded by the flowing blood, exhausted and despairing, I cursed the coward dog, which stood near, baying

furiously, yet refusing to seize his game. Oh, how I prayed for Bravo! The thoughts of death were bitter. To die thus in the wild forest alone, with none to help! Thoughts of home and friends coursed like lightning through my brain. At that moment, when hope herself had fled, deep and clear over the neighboring hill came the baying of my gallant Bravo!

9. "I should have known his voice among a thousand. I pealed forth, in one faint shout: '*On, Bravo, on!*' The next moment, with tiger like bounds, the noble dog came leaping down the hill, scattering the dried autumnal leaves like a whirlwind in his path. 'No pause he knew;' but fixing his fangs in the stag's throat, he at once commenced the struggle.

10. "I fell back, completely exhausted. Blinded with blood, I only knew that a terrific struggle was going on. In a few moments all was still, and I felt the warm breath of my faithful dog as he licked my wounds. Clearing my eyes from gore, I saw my late adversary dead at my feet, and Bravo, 'my own Bravo,' as the heroine of a modern novel would say, standing over me. He had gnawed in two the rope with which he had been tied, and following his master through all his windings, arrived in time to rescue him from a horrible death."

OUTLINE OF THE LESSON.

V. 1. Sportsman hunting; left favorite dog at home; took new one instead; wounded stag; stag fell as dead.

V. 2. Stag only stunned; at touch of knife attacks hunter; wounds him with horns and feet; hunter seizes him by antlers; tries to get knife; unable to do so.

[Make a similar outline for verses 3 and 4.]

LANGUAGE WORK.—Write the meaning of the sentence, "Oh, how I prayed for Bravo!" What other meaning might these words have? Express, in a declarative sentence, the following: "To die thus in the wild forest alone, with none to help!"

68. MARK ANTONY'S SPEECH.

WM. SHAKESPEARE—1564-1616. ENGLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Bur'y (bĕr'rȳ); más'ter; Cas'si-us (kash'e-us); Lu-pēr'cal; Ner'vī-i; Ā'von; in'ter-ĕst-ing; Fĕb'rụ-a-ry.

Articulation Drill. Fu'ner-al; rev'er-ence; mu'ti-ny; parch'ment; tes'ta-ment; ut'ter-ance.

For Definition. Ambitious; grievous; coffers; reverence; mutiny; parchment; seal; testament; mantle; traitor; vanquished; treason; dint.

William Shakespeare, the greatest dramatic poet of the world, was born in the town of Stratford, upon the river Avon. If you look for his name in the Cyclopedia you will find more written of him than of any other author. By some writers his authorship of the plays which have been commonly attributed to him has been disputed, and the controversy upon that question has occasioned much research and called out many volumes, the result being a general belief in Shakespeare as the real author. Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare* is a work which tells the story of the more interesting of these plays in a manner very attractive to children.

The extract given here is from the play of **Julius Cæsar.** It is the oration of Antony, Cæsar's friend, at Cæsar's funeral. Cæsar had been stabbed in the Roman Senate by Brutus, Cassius, and Casca, who feared the anger of the people on that account, and were loth to let Antony address them. They did so, however, because they dared not refuse. Brutus's speech on this occasion may be found on page 233 of this Reader.

Lupercal, the name of an ancient Roman festival held on the fifteenth of February, in honor of Pan, the god of the shepherds.

The Nervii, one of the ancient tribes of the Belgae, were a people who in the last century B. C. inhabited the country now known as Belgium, and from whom that country derived its name. They were a bold race of hunters, noted for their abstinence from spirituous liquors, which were not allowed to be used in their country.

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1. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
   I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
   The evil that men do lives after them;
   The good is often interred with their bones;
   So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
   Has told you, Cæsar was ambitious;
   If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
   And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.

2. Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honorable man;
(So are they all, all honorable men),
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.

3. He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.

4. You all did see that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.

5. You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin, there, with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

6. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

7. But here 's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar:
I found it in his closet; 't is his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy;
Unto their issue!

8. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through!
See what a rent the envious Casca made!
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!

9. This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him; then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle, muffling up his face,
Great Cæsar fell.

10. O, what a fall was there my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
While bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity. These are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, by traitors.

11. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.

12. I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on:

13. I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

69. MRS. CAUDLE'S BUTTON LECTURE.

DOUGLAS JERROLD—1803-1857. ENGLAND.

Preparatory Exercises.

Questions. V. 1. What remark does the question, "*Do* let you rest?" imply that Mr. Caudle had just made? V. 2. What previous remark is implied by each of the questions in this verse? What questions in each verse imply a statement by Mr. Caudle immediately preceding? What statement is, by each question, supposed to have been made? Are these questions direct or indirect?

Inflection Drill. With what prevailing inflection is the meaning of this selection best brought out?

For Definition. Vindictive; paltry.

Douglas Jerrold began his career as a midshipman, afterwards became a printer, and came suddenly into distinction before the age of twenty-one as the author of a play entitled "Black-eyed Susan." A number of plays written by him are still upon the stage. A series of papers enti-

tled "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures" have given him his widest fame. Their delicate meanings are brought out chiefly by a nice use of the circumflex.

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1. Well, Mr. Caudle, I hope you 're in a little better temper than you were this morning. There, you need n't begin to whistle: people don 't come to bed to whistle. But it 's like you; I can 't speak, that you do n't try to insult me. Once, I used to say you were the best creature living: now, you get quite a fiend. *Do* let you rest? No, I won't let you rest. It 's the only time I have to talk to you, and you *shall* hear me. I 'm put upon all day long; it 's very hard if I can 't speak a word at night; besides, it is n't often I open my mouth, goodness knows!

2. Because, *once* in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button, you must almost swear the roof off the house. You *did n't* swear? Ha, Mr. Caudle! you do n't know what you do when you 're in a passion. You were not in a passion, wer' n't you? Well, then, I do n't know what a passion is; and I think I ought by this time. I 've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know that.

3. It 's a pity you hav' n't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If you 'd *some* wives, you would, I know. I 'm sure I 'm never without a needle and thread in my hand; what with you and the children, I 'm made a perfect slave of. And what 's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button 's off your shirt—what do you cry "*oh*" at? I say once, Mr. Caudle; or twice, or three times, at most. I 'm sure, Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than yours. I only wish I 'd kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then?

4. Yes, it *is* worth talking of! But that 's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then, if I only try to speak, you won't hear me. That 's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves; a poor woman is n't allowed to get a word in. A nice notion you

have of a wife, to suppose she 's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through!—what with buttons, and one thing and another!—they 'd never tie themselves up—no, not to the best man in the world, I 'm sure. What would they do, Mr. Caudle?—Why, do much better without you, I 'm certain.

5. And it 's my belief, after all, that the button was n't off the shirt; it 's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you 're aggravating enough, when you like, for any thing! All I know is, it 's very odd that the button should be off the shirt; for I 'm sure no woman 's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say it 's very odd.

6. However, there 's one comfort; it can 't last long. I 'm worn to death with your temper, and sha' n't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I 've no doubt of it! That 's your love; that 's your feeling! I know that I 'm sinking every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I 'm gone, we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons! You 'll find out the difference, then. Yes, Caudle, you 'll think of me, then; for then, I hope, you 'll never have a blessed button to your back.

7. No, I 'm not a vindictive woman, Mr. Caudle; nobody ever called me that, but you. What do you say? *Nobody ever knew so much of me?* That 's nothing at all to do with it. Ha! I would n't have your aggravating temper, Caudle, for mines of gold. It 's a good thing I 'm not as worrying as you are, or a nice house there 'd be between us. I only wish you 'd had a wife that *would* have talked to you! Then you 'd have known the difference. But you impose upon me, because, like a poor fool, I say nothing. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle.

8. And a pretty example you set as a father! You 'll make your boys as bad as yourself. Talking as you did all breakfast time about your buttons! And of a Sunday morning, too! And you call yourself a Christian! I should like to know what your boys will say of you when they grow up? And all about a paltry button off one of your wristbands! A decent man would n't have mentioned it. *Why do n't I hold my tongue?* Because I *won 't* hold my tongue. I 'm to have my peace of mind destroyed—I 'm to be worried into my grave for a miserable shirt button, and I 'm to hold my tongue! Oh! but that 's just like you men!

9. But I know what I 'll do for the future. Every button you have may drop off, and I won't so much as put a thread to 'em. And I should like to know what you 'll do then? Oh, *you must get somebody else to sew 'em*, must you? That 's a pretty threat for a husband to hold out to a wife! And to *such* a wife as I 've been, too; such a slave to your buttons, as I may say! *Somebody else to sew 'em, eh?* No, Caudle, no; not while I 'm alive! When I 'm dead—and with what I have to bear, there 's no knowing how soon that may be—when I 'm dead, I say—oh! what a brute you must be to snore so, while a poor, suffering woman is dying by inches, just from your cruelty.

10. *You 're not snoring?* Ha! that 's what you always say; but that 's nothing to do with it. You must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? Ha! I should n't wonder. Oh no! I should be surprised at nothing now! Nothing at all! It 's what people have always told me it would come to; and now the buttons have opened my eyes! But the whole world shall know of your cruelty, Mr. Caudle. After the wife I 've been to you! Caudle, you 've a heart like a hearth-stone, you have!

ABBREVIATIONS.—Make a list of all abbreviated words in this lesson. Then write the words in full. Thus: *you 're = you are.*

70. UNION, LIBERTY.

THOMAS S. GRIMKE—1786-1834. SOUTH CAROLINA.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Pā′tri-ot; Jū′bi-lee; mount′ain (mount′ĭn).

Articulation Drill. In-vid′i-ous | line; Free′dom's shrine.

For Definition. *Jubilee; shrine; kindred; invidious;* prairied.

Word Using. Use the italicized words in sentences of your own.

Thomas S. Grimke was an eminent lawyer and statesman of South Carolina, but achieved his main distinction by a series of addresses and orations on literary, educational, philosophical, and religious topics. His style is vigorous and inspiring, and well adapted to declamation. His views of public policy were peculiar. He condemned all war, even defensive war, and being asked what he would do as Mayor of Charleston if the city were attacked by a pirate ship, he deliberately replied in writing that he would call together the Sunday school children and lead them in procession to meet the pirates.

1. Hail, our country's natal morn,
   Hail, our spreading kindred born,
   Hail, thou banner not yet torn,
   Waving o'er the free!
   While, this day in festal throng,
   Millions swell the patriot song,
   Shall not we thy notes prolong,
   Hallowed Jubilee?

2. Who would sever freedom's shrine?
   Who should draw the invidious line?
   Though by birth, one spot be mine,
   Dear is all the rest:
   Dear to me the South's fair land,
   Dear the central Mountain band,
   Dear New England's rocky strand,
   Dear the prairied West.

3. By our altars, pure and free,
   By our Law's deep-rooted tree,

By the past dread memory,
By our Washington;
By our common parent tongue,
By our hopes, bright, buoyant, young,
By the tide of country strong,
We will still be one.

4. Fathers! have ye bled in vain!
Ages! must ye droop again?
Maker! shall we rashly stain
Blessings sent by Thee?
No! receive our solemn vow,
While before thy throne we bow,
Ever to maintain as now,
"Union, Liberty."

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71. TACT AND TALENT.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. In-tẽr′pret (*not* pert)-er; pre (*not* per-)fẽr′ment; pĭ-ä′no-fōr′tę (fōr′tā).

Articulation Drill. Re-spect′a-ble; com′pli-ment; ap-pren′tice-ship; dex′ter-ous-ly.

For Definition. *Talent; tact; interpreter;* momentum; farces; dramatic; bar; rivalry; weather-cock; converts; profession; approbation; preferment; knack; insinuates; extemporary; apprenticeship; profundity; details.

Word Using. Use the italicized words in sentences of your own.

1. Talent is something, but tact is every thing. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable; tact is all that, and more too. It is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times; it

is useful in solitude, for it shows a man into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world.

2. Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable, tact will make him respected; talent is wealth, tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes, tact carries it against talent ten to one.

3. Take them to the theater, and put them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that shall scarcely live long enough to be condemned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact; but they are seldom together: so we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful.

4. Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry; talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster; tact arouses astonishment that it gets on so fast. And the secret is, that it has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it hits the right nail on the head; it loses no time; it takes all hints; and by keeping its eye on the weather-cock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows.

5. Take them into the church: talent has always something worth hearing, tact is sure of abundance of hearers; talent may obtain a living, tact will make one; talent gets a good name, tact a great one; talent convinces, tact converts; talent is an honor to the profession, tact gains honor from the profession.

6. Take them to court: talent feels its weight, tact finds its way; talent commands, tact is obeyed; talent is honored

with approbation, and tact is blessed by preferment. Place them in the Senate: talent has the ear of the house, but tact wins its heart and has its votes; talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. It has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard ball insinuates itself into the pocket.

7. It seems to know every thing, without learning any thing. It has served an extemporary apprenticeship; it wants no drilling; it never ranks in the awkward squad; it has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no look of wondrous wisdom, it has no air of profundity, but plays with the details of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the piano-forte. It has all the air of commonplace, and all the force and power of genius.

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72. SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

1. Into a ward of the whitewashed halls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day;
Somebody's darling, so young and brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

2. Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mold—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow,
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now;
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

3. Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low;

One bright curl from its fair mates take;
They were somebody's pride, you know;
Somebody's hand has rested there;
Was it a mother's soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in the waves of light?

4. God knows best! he was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

5. Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

LANGUAGE WORK.—Write the meaning of the following lines, without using the phrase in italics:

V. 3. "And have the lips of a sister fair
Been *baptized in the waves of light?*"

COMBINATIONS OF CONSONANT SOUNDS.

[Pronounce: (1) in a whisper; (2) with soft force; (3) with loud force.]

md.	Named, lamed, screamed, lim*b*ed, clim*b*ed, roamed.
mz.	Names, streams, gleams, chimes, clim*b*s, rhymes.
nd.	And, band, bland, lend, send, blend, mind, bind.
ndz.	Ends, bends, bands, mounds, rounds, grounds.
ndl.	Handle, spindle, dwindle, kindle, bundle, trundle.
ndlz.	Handles, spindles, dwindles, kindles, bundles.
ndld.	Handled, dwindled, kindled, trundled, fondled.

73. A CHASE ON THE ICE.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Lēi′ṣure (lē′zhur); līst′en-ing; spē′ciēṣ (spē′shēz); glăss′y; pânt.

Articulation Drill. Pas′sion-ate-ly; brill′ian-cy; oc-ca′sion-al-ly; dis′tant; di-rec′tion; cal′cu-lat-ing; in′stinct; fac′ul-ty; per′fect-ly; pat′ter-ing.

For Definition. Addicted; sequestered; intense; threading; mazy; adventure; preternatural; reverberated; appalled; infernal; mold; evolution; career; flecked.

1. During the winter of 1844, being in the northern part of Maine, I had much leisure for the sports of a new country. To none was I more passionately addicted than to skating. The sequestered lakes, frozen by intense cold, offer a wide plain to the lovers of this pastime. Often would I bind on my skates, and glide away up the glittering river, threading every mazy streamlet that flowed on toward the parent ocean, and feeling every pulse bound with the joyous exercise.

2. It was during one of these excursions that an adventure befell me, that I can rarely think upon, even now, without a certain thrill of astonishment. I had left a friend's house one evening, just before dusk, with the intention of skating a short distance up the noble Kennebec, which, under its icy crust, flowed directly before the door. The air was clear, calm, and bracing. The new moon silvered the lofty pines, and the stars twinkled with rare brilliancy from their dark blue depths.

3. In the stillness, the solitude and magnificence of the scene, there was an effect, almost preternatural, upon the mind. I had gone up the river nearly two miles, when, coming to a little stream which emptied into a larger, I turned in to explore its course. Fir and hemlock trees of

a century's growth met overhead, and formed an evergreen archway, radiant with frost-work.

4. All was dark within; but I was young and fearless, and, as I peered into the unbroken forest, I laughed in very joyousness. My wild hurra rang through the woods, and I stood listening to the echo that reverberated again and again, until all was hushed. Occasionally from some tall oak a night-bird would flap its wings. I watched the owls as they fluttered by, and I held my breath to listen to their distant hooting.

5. All of a sudden, a sound arose, which seemed to proceed from the very ice beneath my feet. It was loud and tremendous at first, and ended in a long yell. I was appalled. Coming on the ear amid such an unbroken solitude, it sounded like a blast from an infernal trumpet. Presently I heard the twigs on the shore snap as if from the tread of some animal.

6. The blood rushed to my forehead with a bound that made my skin burn; but I felt a strange relief that I had to contend with things of earthly and not spiritual mold. My energies returned. The moon shone through the opening by which I had entered the forest, and, considering this the best direction for escape, I shot towards it like an arrow.

7. The opening was hardly a hundred yards distant, and the swallow could not have skimmed them more swiftly; yet, as I turned my eyes to the shore, I could see two dark objects dashing through the underbrush at a pace nearly double that of my own. By their great speed, and the short yells which they gave, I knew at once that they were of the much-dreaded species known as the gray wolf.

8. The untamable fierceness and untiring strength of this animal,

> "With its long gallop, that can tire
> The hound's deep hate, the hunter's fire,"

render it an object of dread to benighted travelers. The bushes that skirted the shore now seemed to rush by me with the velocity of light, as I dashed on in my flight. The outlet was nearly gained; one second more, and I would be comparatively safe; but my pursuers suddenly appeared on the bank directly above me, which rose to the height of some ten feet.

9. There was no time for thought; I bent my head and darted wildly forward. The wolves sprang, but, miscalculating my speed, sprang behind, while their intended prey glided out upon the river. Instinct turned me toward home. How my skates made the light icy mist spin from the glassy surface! The fierce howl of my pursuers again rang in my ears. I did not look back; I thought of the dear ones awaiting my return, and I put in play every faculty of mind and body for my escape. I was perfectly at home on the ice; and many were the days I had spent on my skates.

10. Every half minute an alternate yelp from my pursuers told me they were close at my heels. Nearer and nearer they came; I could hear them pant. I strained every muscle in my frame to quicken my speed. Still I could hear close behind me the pattering of feet, when an involuntary motion on my part turned me out of my course. The wolves, unable to stop and as unable to turn, slipped and fell, sliding on far ahead, their tongues lolling out, their white tushes gleaming from their red mouths, their dark, shaggy breasts flecked with foam; and, as they slid on, they howled with redoubled rage.

11. The thought occurred to me, that by thus turning aside whenever they came too near, I could avoid them; for, from the peculiar formation of their feet, they cannot run on ice except in a right line. I immediately acted on this plan. The wolves, having regained their feet, sprang directly towards me. The race was renewed for twenty

yards up the stream; they were already close on my back, when I glided round and dashed past them. A fierce howl greeted my evolution, and the wolves slipped upon their haunches, and again slid onward, presenting a perfect picture of baffled, blood-thirsty rage.

12. Thus I gained, at each turning, nearly a hundred yards. This was repeated two or three times, the wolves getting more excited every moment, until, coming opposite the house, a couple of staghounds, aroused by the noise, bayed furiously from their kennels. Quickly taking the hint, the wolves stopped in their mad career, turned skulkingly, and fled. I watched them till their dusky forms disappeared over a neighboring hill. Then, taking off my skates, I wended my way to the house, grateful to Providence for my escape, and determined never to trust myself again, if I could help it, within the reach of a gray wolf.

SUMMARY OF THE STORY.—A skater starts out before dusk for a run on the Kennebec River. Two miles up the river a little stream enters. Up that he turns and skates away. The great trees come together and shut out the light. The scene inspires him and he shouts in his gladness. Suddenly a yell breaks the solitude and appalls him. He turns and darts toward the mouth of the stream. Two gray wolves leap out upon him from the bank above. They strike the ice behind him and the race begins. Now they are close upon him, and he slips to one side. Unable to turn, they fall and slide and lose ground. Again and again the stratagem succeeds and each time a hundred yards is gained. He is opposite the house now. Two staghounds bay from their kennels. The wolves slink back and he is safe.

[A summary like the above may be frequently made by the pupil with profit. Let the competition be to get the pith of the story into the fewest words, while preserving its spirit as much as possible. It differs from the "Outline" in being composed of complete sentences, making a connected narrative.]

ARTICULATION DRILL.

A bleak, blighting, blustering wind blew cold and wild across the field.

Kindle the fire, trundle the baby, fondle the cat, handle the brindle cow carefully.

74. OVER THE RIVER.

MISS NANCY W. A. PRIEST—1834-1870. AMERICA.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Drowned (*not* drown′ded); bĕck′on; hēar (*not* hyur); āye (ā); frŏm (*not* frum); eătch (*not* kĕtch); ōn′ly; sīt; gōld′en.

Articulation Drill. Qui′et; mor′tal; phan′tom; ran′somed; ring′-lets; and cold; and the; ones | who; crossed | in; gates | of; waved | in; crossed | on; safe | on; cold | and.

For Definition. Beckon; gleam; tide; *reflection; mortal; phantom;* glide; *ransomed;* yearning; aye; *sunder; veil;* vision; strand.

Word Using. Use the italicized words in sentences of your own.

1. Over the river they beckon to me,—
   Loved ones who 've crossed to the further side;
   The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
   But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
   There 's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
   And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue;
   He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,
   And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
   We saw not the angels who met him there;
   The gates of the city we could not see;
   Over the river, over the river,
   My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

2. Over the river the boatman pale
   Carried another,—the household pet;
   Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,—
   Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
   She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
   And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
   We watched it glide from the silver sands,
   And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
   We know she is safe on the further side,
   Where all the ransomed and angels be;
   Over the river, the mystic river,
   My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

3. For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,—
And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart;
They cross the stream and are gone for aye;
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their bark no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

4. And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit-land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

Charge of the Light Brigade.

[Complete the lines that should rhyme, and memorize. The lines that are marked by the same figures rhyme with each other.]

When can their glory fade? (1)
O the wild charge they ——! (1)
All the world wonder'd. (2)
Honor the charge they ——! (1)
Honor the Light ——, (1)
Noble six ——! (2)

75. THE FAMILY BIBLE.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Ayr′shire (âr′shir); ān′cient (ān′shent); thêre′fōre (thâr′fōr *or* thēr′fōr); fēr′tile (fēr′til); Wą′băsh; môrt′gaġe (môr′ġej); eòn′sta-ble (kŭn′sta-bl); hu-māne′; in-ĕx′(eks)o-ra-ble; găth′ered.

Articulation Drill. In-hab′it-ant; com′fort-a-ble; pre′vi-ous-ly; la′bor-ers; dis-con′so-late; or′phan; in-ex′o-ra-ble; rev′er-ent-ly.

For Definition. Scrupulous; prone; reliance; repose; gear; canny; heir-loom; haven; mortgage; disconsolate; execution; communed; fortitude; reverently; consolation; perused; inspiring; chattels; memento; inexorable; relic; relentless; precepts; molestation.

1. Whoever has traveled among the Scottish hills and dales, can not have failed to observe the scrupulous fidelity of the inhabitants to the old family Bible. A more honorable trait of character than this can not be found; for all men, whether Christians or infidels, are prone to put reliance in those who make the Bible their companion, the well thumbed pages of which show the confidence their owners repose in it.

2. A few years ago, there dwelt in Ayrshire an ancient couple, possessed of this world's gear sufficient to keep them independent from want or woe, and a canny daughter to bless their gray hair and tottering steps. This daughter was sought in marriage by an industrious and worthy young farmer of the neighborhood.

3. The match being every way worthy of her, the old folks gave their approval, and as they were desirous to see their child comfortably settled, the two were made one. In a few short years, the scythe of time cut down the old people, and they gave their bodies to the dust, and their souls to the Creator.

4. The young farmer, having heard much of the prom-

ised land beyond the sea, gathered together his property, and, selling such as was useless, packed up what was calculated to be of service to him at his new home. Some neighbors, having the same desire for adventure, sold off their homes and homesteads, and, with the young couple, set sail for America.

5. Possessed of considerable property in the shape of money this company were not like the generality of emigrants, poor and friendless, but happy, and full of hope of the future. The first thing done after the landing, was the taking out of the old family heir-loom, the Bible, and returning thanks and praise to Him who had guided the vessel to a safe haven.

6. The farmer's object in coming to this country was to purchase a farm and follow his occupation; he therefore spent but little time in the city at which he arrived; and as his fellow-passengers had previously determined on their destination, he bid them farewell, and, with a light heart, turned his face toward the setting sun. Indiana, at this time, was fast becoming settled, and, having heard of its cheap and fertile lands, he determined on settling within its borders.

7. He fixed on a farm on the banks of the Wabash, and having paid cash for one half, gave a mortgage for the remainder, payable in one year. Having stocked his farm, and put seed in the ground, he rested from his labor, and patiently awaited the time when he might go forth to reap the harvest; but, alas! no ears of grain gladdened his heart, or rewarded his toil. The fever of the country attacked him, and at the time when the fields are white with the fullness of the laborer's skill, death called him home, and left his disconsolate wife a widow, and his only child an orphan.

8. We leave this first sorrow, and pass on to witness the struggles of the afflicted widow a year afterward. The time having arrived when the mortgage was to be paid, she bor-

rowed the money of a neighbor, who had been very attentive to her husband and herself. Hard and patiently did she toil to repay the sum at the promised time, but all would not do; fortune frowned, and she gave way to her accumulated troubles. Disheartened and distracted, she relinquished her farm and stock for less than she owed her neighbor, who, not satisfied with that, put an execution on her furniture.

9. On the Sabbath previous to the sale, she took courage, and strengthening herself with the knowledge of having wronged no one, went to the temple of her heavenly Father, and with a heart filled with humanity and love, poured out her soul to Him "who turneth not away;" and having communed side by side with her neighbor, returned to her desolate home. Here her fortitude had like to have forsaken her, but seeing the old "family Bible," she reverently put it to her lips, and sought for consolation in its pages. Slowly she perused its holy and inspiring verses, and gathered hope from its never-failing promises.

10. The day of sale having arrived, her few goods and chattels were knocked off to the highest bidder. Unmoved, she saw pass from her possession article after article, without a murmur, till the constable held up the old family Bible. This was too much. Tears flowed and gave silent utterance to a breaking heart. She begged the constable to spare her this memento of her departed parents; and the humane man of the law would willingly have given it to her, but her inexorable creditor declared every thing should be sold, as he would have all that was due to him.

11. The book was, therefore, put up, and about being disposed of for a few shillings, when she suddenly snatched it, and declaring she would have some relic of those she loved, cut the slender thread that held the brown linen cover, with the intention of retaining that. The cover fell into her hands, and with it two flat pieces of thin, dirty paper.

12. Surprised at the circumstance, she examined them,

and what was her joy and delight to find each to be a bank note, good for five hundred pounds, on the bank of England! On the back of one, in her mother's handwriting, were the following words: "*When sorrow overtakes you, seek your Bible.*" And on the other, in her father's hand, "*Your Father's ears are never deaf.*"

13. The sale was immediately stopped, and the family Bible given to its faithful owner. The furniture sold was readily offered to her by those who had purchased it, and she gladly took it back. Having paid off her relentless creditor to the uttermost farthing, and rented a small house, she placed the rest of her money in such a way as to receive interest enough to keep her comfortable, and is now able to enjoy the precepts of the old family Bible without fear or molestation.

LANGUAGE WORK.—What sentence in the lesson equivalent to this?:

"A few years ago an old couple lived in Ayrshire with wealth enough to keep them from want, and a pretty daughter to bless their old age."

What sentence equivalent to the following?:

"In a few years the old people died, and were buried, and went to heaven."

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS DOGS.

[Describe the picture you see in these lines. See pages 58, 59.]

As we sallied forth, every dog in the establishment turned out to attend us. There was the staghound, Maida, a noble animal; and Hamlet, the black greyhound, a wild, thoughtless youngster not yet arrived at the years of discretion; and Finette, a beautiful setter, with soft, silken hair, long pendant ears, and a mild eye, the parlor favorite. When in front of the house we were joined by a superannuated greyhound, who came from the kitchen wagging his tail, and was cheered by Scott as an old friend and comrade,

76. IT SNOWS.

MRS. SARAH J. HALE—1795-1879. NEW HAMPSHIRE.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Trōw (trō); heärth (härth).

Articulation Drill. Par′lor; im′be-cile; gold | on; steeds | lag′ging; its | howl; is | un-heard′.

For Definition. Trow; imbecile; leagues; conquests; intervened, trappings.

Miss Sarah Josepha Buell was married at the early age of nineteen to David Hale, an eminent lawyer, with whom she pursued extended courses of study during his lifetime. At the age of twenty-seven she became a widow, and turned her attention at once to literary work. Besides editing for many years some popular magazines, she has published a large number of volumes—her most important work being a record of distinguished women from the beginning to 1850.

1. "It snows!" cries the School-boy, "Hurrah!" and his shout
   Is ringing through parlor and hall,
   While swift as the wing of a swallow, he 's out,
   And his playmates have answered his call;
   It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy;
   Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow,
   Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy,
   As he gathers his treasures of snow;
   Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,
   While health, and the riches of nature, are theirs.

2. "It snows!" sighs the Imbecile, "Ah!" and his breath
   Comes heavy, as clogged with a weight;
   While, from the pale aspect of nature in death,
   He turns to the blaze of his grate;
   And nearer and nearer, his soft cushioned chair
   Is wheeled toward the life-giving flame;
   He dreads a chill puff of the snow-burdened air,
   Lest it wither his delicate frame;
   Oh! small is the pleasure existence can give,
   When the fear we shall die only proves that we live!

3. "It snows!" cries the Traveler, "Ho!" and the word
Has quickened his steed's lagging pace;
The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard,
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;
For bright through the tempest his own home appeared,
Ay, though leagues intervened, he can see:
There 's the clear, glowing hearth, and the table prepared,
And his wife with her babes at her knee;
Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden hour,
That those we love dearest are safe from its power!

4. "It snows!" cries the Belle, "Dear, how lucky!" and turns
From her mirror to watch the flakes fall;
Like the first rose of summer her dimpled cheek burns,
While musing on sleigh ride and ball:
There are visions of conquests, of splendor, and mirth,
Floating over each drear winter's day;
But the tintings of Hope, on this storm-beaten earth,
Will melt like the snowflakes away.
Turn, turn thee to Heaven, fair maiden, for bliss;
That world has a pure fount ne'er opened in this.

5. "It snows!" cries the Widow, "O God!" and her sighs
Have stifled the voice of her prayer;
Its burden ye 'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,
On her cheek sunk with fasting and care.
'T is night, and her fatherless ask her for bread,
But "He gives the young ravens their food,"
And she trusts till her dark hearth adds horror to dread,
And she lays on her last chip of wood.
Poor sufferer! that sorrow thy God only knows;
'T is a most bitter lot to be poor, when it snows!

Marking Sounds.—In the following rhyming words mark the accented vowels: *weight, grate; word, unheard; mirth, earth; food, wood.*

Language Work.—Write the following lines, using some equivalent expression for the italicized words:

V. 2. "While, from *the pale aspect of nature in death*,
He turns to the blaze of his grate."

V. 4. "There are *visions of conquests*, of splendor, and mirth."

77. SONG OF THE STARS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. [See Lesson 38.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Rĕalms (*not* rel′lums); wi′den-ing; ăz′ure (ăzh′ur).

Articulation Drill. Ra′di-ant; dark′ness; moved; wastes; plan′et; bright′ness; glit′ter-ing.

For Definition. Realms; orbs; void; abyss; myriads; luminous; tides; *azure;* teeming; *firmament.*

Word Using. Use the italicized words in one sentence.

1. When the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depths by His mighty breath,
And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,
From the void abyss by myriads came,
In the joy of youth as they darted away,
Through the widening wastes of space to play;
Their silver voices, in chorus rang,
And this was the song the bright ones sang:

2. "Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,
The fair blue fields that before us lie;
Each sun with the worlds that round him roll,
Each planet poised on her turning pole,
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

3. "For the source of glory uncovers his face,
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space;
And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides;
Lo, yonder the living splendors play;
Away, on our joyous path, away!

4. "Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite azure, star after star,
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass!

How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass!
And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

5. "And see, where the brighter day-beams pour,
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower;
And the morn and the eve, with their pomp of hues,
Shift o'er the bright planets and shed their dews;
And 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,
With her shadowy cone the night goes round!

6. "Away, away! in our blossoming bowers,
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
See, Love is brooding, and Life is born,
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.

7. "Glide on, in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,
To weave the dance that measures the years.
Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent
To the farthest wall of the firmament—
The boundless visible smile of Him,
To the veil of whose brow our lamps are dim."

LANGUAGE WORK.—Can you express, in one word, the following line in V. 7?:

"The boundless visible smile of Him."

Write the full meaning of the following lines without using the italicized words in them:

V. 1. "And the world *in the smile of God awoke.*"

V. 1. "And *orbs of beauty* and *spheres of flame.*"

V. 3. "For *the source of glory* uncovers his face."

The Sweetest Song.

[Fill the blanks, and memorize.]

The song that 's sweetest
Is the —— that 's never sung;
That lies at the heart of the singer
Too grand for mortal ——.

78. THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

MISS H. F. GOULD. [See Lesson 26.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Tī′ny; dew (dū); lăss; a̤u-gŭst′, *a.*; A̤u′gust, *n.*; sa-lūte′ (*not* -lo͝ot); drĭv′el-ing (drĭv′l-ing).

Articulation Drill. Has | sought; rest′less; rat′tling; tow′er-ing.

For Definition. Pelting; driveling; abashed; mundane; retort; personage; august′; abased; peering; cumberer; vaunting; salute.

1. "I am a pebble! and yield to none!"
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone;
"Nor time nor seasons can alter me;
I am abiding, while ages flee.
The pelting hail and the driveling rain
Have tried to soften me, long, in vain;
And the tender dew has sought to melt
Or touch my heart; but it was not felt.

2. "There 's none that can tell about my birth,
For I 'm as old as the big, round earth.
The children of men arise, and pass
Out of the world, like blades of grass;
And many a foot on me has trod,
That's gone from sight, and under the sod;
I am a pebble! but who art *thou*,
Rattling along from the restless bough?"

3. The acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment, abashed and mute;
She never before had been so near
This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere;
And she felt, for a time, at a loss to know
How to answer a thing so coarse and low.

4. But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look, or keen retort,
At length, she said, in a gentle tone:
"Since it has happened that I am thrown
From the lighter element where I grew,

Down to another, so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,
Abased, I will cover my head in dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel,
Has ever subdued, or made to feel!"
And soon, in the earth, she sunk away
From the comfortless spot where the pebble lay.

5. But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak!
And, as it arose, and its branches spread,
The pebble looked up, and wondering said:
"A *modest acorn!* never to tell
What was inclosed in its simple shell!
That the pride of the forest was folded up,
In the narrow space of its little cup!
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
Which proves that nothing could hide its worth!

6. "And oh! how many will tread on me,
To come and admire the beautiful tree,
Whose head is towering toward the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I!
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year.
But never, from this, shall a vaunting word
From the humble pebble again be heard,
Till something, without me or within,
Shall show the purpose for which I have been."
The pebble its vow could not forget,
And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

Marking Sounds.—Mark the sounds of the vowels in the following rhyming words: *none, stone; birth, earth, worth; one,* sun.

Language Work.—Express the following lines without using either of the italicized words in them:

V. 4. "From the *lighter element*, where I grew."

V. 5. "That *the pride of the forest* was folded up."

V. 6. "And it lies there *wrapped in silence* yet."

79. FATE OF THE INDIANS.

JUDGE JOSEPH STORY—1779-1845. MASSACHUSETTS.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Words often Mispronounced. A-trŏç'i-ties; dĕs'tĭned.

For Definition. Sobriety; betrays; atrocities; destined; extinction; lairs; sagacity; perseverance; sachems; pestilence; canker; jurist.

Judge Story was one of the most brilliant of American classical scholars, and had no superior as a law writer and jurist. During the last thirty-five years of his life he was one of the supreme judges of the United States. His fame was European as well as American.

1. There is indeed, in the fate of the unfortunate Indians, much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much that may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their character which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By a law of their nature, they seem destined to a slow but sure extinction.

2. Everywhere, at the approach of the white man, they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn, and they are gone forever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more. Two centuries ago the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their councils rose in every valley, from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida, from the ocean to the Mississippi and the Lakes.

3. The shouts of victory and the war dance rung through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests; and the hunter's trace and the dark encampment startled the wild beasts in their lairs. The warriors stood forth in their glory; the young listened to the songs of other days; the mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future.

4. The aged sat down; but they wept not. They would soon be at rest in fairer regions, where the Great Spirit

dwelt, in a home prepared for the brave beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage, and fortitude, and sagacity, and perseverance, beyond most of the human race.

5. They shrunk from no dangers and they feared no hardships. If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also.

6. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave. But where are they? Where are the villages and warriors and youth, the sachems and the tribes, the hunters and their families? They have perished; they are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No; nor famine, nor war.

7. There has been a mightier power,—a moral canker which hath eaten into their heart cores; a plague which the touch of the white man communicated; a poison which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of Atlantic fan not a single region which they now call their own.

8. Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes,—the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors, "few and faint, yet fearless still." The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step.

9. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or dispatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans. There is something in their hearts which passes speech.

10. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them; no, never! Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know and feel that there is for them still one remove further, not distant nor unseen. It is the general burial ground of the race.

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80. OUR COUNTRY.

WILLIAM JEWETT PABODIE—1812-1870. RHODE ISLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Grănd′eūr (grănd′yu̇r); prăi′ries (prā′rĭz); Păb′o-die.

Articulation Drill. Arms stretched; wild′est; grand′eur; o′ceans | roll; for′ests; shel′ter-ing; clus′ter-ing; wan′der-ers.

For Definition. Chafes; nurtured; prospect; enameled; azure; hireling; bounteous.

1. Our country! 'tis a glorious land!
With broad arms stretched from shore to shore,
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic roar;
And, nurtured on her ample breast,
How many a goodly prospect lies
In Nature's wildest grandeur drest,
Enameled with her loveliest dyes.

2. Rich prairies, decked with flowers of gold,
Like sunlit oceans roll afar;
Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,
Reflecting clear each trembling star;

And mighty rivers, mountain born,
Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,
Through forests where the bounding fawn
Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

3. And, cradled 'mid her clustering hills,
Sweet vales in dream-like beauty hide,
Where love the air with music fills,
And calm content and peace abide;
For plenty here her fullness pours
In rich profusion o'er the land,
And, sent to seize her generous store,
There prowls no tyrant's hireling band.

4. Great God! we thank Thee for this home,
This bounteous birth-land of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of liberty!
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
And yet, till Time shall fold his wing,
Remain earth's loveliest paradise!

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81. THE REINDEER.

MARY HOWITT. [See Lesson 20.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Li′chens (li′kenz or lich′enz).

For Definition. Dale; lichens; cropped; sledge; bleak.

1. Reindeer, not in fields like ours,
Full of grass and bright with flowers;
Not in pasture dales, where glide
Ever flowing rivers wide;
Not on hills where verdure bright
Clothes them to the topmost height,
Hast thou dwelling; nor dost thou

Feed upon the orange bough;
Nor doth olive, nor doth vine,
Bud and bloom in land of thine.

2. But thy home and dwelling are
In a region bleak and bare;
In a dreary land of snow,
Where green weeds can scarcely grow;
Where the skies are gray and drear:
Where 't is night for half the year;
Reindeer, where, unless for thee,
Human dweller could not be.

3. When thou wast at first designed
By the great Creative Mind—
With thy patience and thy speed,
With thy aid for human need,
With thy foot so formed to go
Over frozen wastes of snow—
Thou for frozen lands wast meant,
Ere the winter's frost was sent;
And in love He sent thee forth
To thy home, the frozen north,
Where He bade the rocks produce
Bitter lichens for thy use.

4. Serving long, and serving hard;
Asking but a scant reward;
Of the snow a short repast,
Or the mosses cropped in haste.
Reindeer, away! with all thy strength,
Speeding o'er the country's length:
Speeding onward like the wind,
With the sliding sledge behind.

Marking Sounds.—Mark the vowel sounds in the following rhyming words: *are, bare; forth, north; hard, reward; repast, haste; wind, behind.*

Language Work.—Express the meaning of the following lines without using the italicized phrases in them:

V. 2. "Where *'t is night for half the year.*"

V. 3. "By *the great Creative Mind.*"

82. THE TOWN PUMP.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE—1804-1864. MASSACHUSETTS.

Preparatory Exercises.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. Among the college classmates of **Nathaniel Hawthorne** was the author of "The Village Blacksmith." The fourteenth President of the United States was also a school-mate and a life-long friend—who were these two? V. 3. Do you see any double meaning in the words, "cool, steady, upright, downright?"

Words often Mispronounced. Pĕr-pe-tū′i-ty; pa.u′per; mu-nĭc-i-păl′i-ty; lăn′tern; Cōg′nac (kōn′yak); ru.′bi-cund.

For Definition. Aslope; municipality; imposed; perpetuity; promulgating; muster-day; sundry; unadulterated; jelly-fish; potations; rubicund; fumes; miniature; Tophet; titillations; gout; enterprise; confederate; monopolize; consummation; squalid; Hollands; Jamaica; Cognac.

A pretty picture of school-boy days may be seen in the following letter by Hawthorne to a distinguished school-mate, Horatio Bridge:

"If anybody is responsible at this day for my being an author, it is yourself. I know not whence your faith came; but while we were lads together at a country college gathering blueberries in study hours under those tall academic pines; or watching the great logs as they tumbled along the current of the Androscoggin; or shooting pigeons and gray squirrels in the woods; or bat-fowling in the summer twilight; or catching trout in that shadowy little stream which, I suppose, is still wandering riverward through the forest—though you and I will never cast a line in it again—two idle lads, in short (as we need not fear to acknowledge now), doing a hundred things the Faculty never heard of, or else it had been worse for us—still it was your prognostic of your friend's destiny that he was to be a writer of fiction."

Among his pleasant stories for children are "True Stories," "Wonder Book for Boys and Girls," and "Tanglewood Tales."

1. Noon, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by those hot sunbeams which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And among all the town officers, chosen at the yearly meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump.

2. The title of town treasurer is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians of the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town-clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are pasted on my front.

3. To speak within bounds, I am chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all day long I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike; and at night I hold a lantern over my head, to show where I am, and to keep people out of the gutters.

4. At this sultry noontide, I am cup-bearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the public square, on a muster-day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tip-top of my voice: "Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam! better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is, by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay. Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!"

5. It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen. Quaff and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice, cool

sweat. You, my friend, will need another cupful to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day, and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all—in the fashion of a jelly-fish.

6. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund, sir! You and I have been strangers hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent.

7. Mercy on you, man! The water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite into steam in the miniature Tophet, which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any other kind of dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-by; and whenever you are thirsty, recollect that I keep a constant supply at the old stand.

8. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are just let loose from school, and come here to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other school-boy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life; take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now.

9. There, my dear child, put down the cup and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving-stones that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by without so much as thank-

ing me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars.

10. Well, well, sir, no harm done, I hope! Go, draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillations of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

11. Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come all the way from Staunton, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business gives me more pleasure than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the water-mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe, with sighs of calm enjoyment! Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking vessel. An ox is your true toper.

12. I hold myself the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of a vast portion of its crime and anguish, which have gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water!

13. Ahem! Dry work this speechifying, especially to all unpracticed orators. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Do, some Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir. But to proceed.

14. The Town Pump and the Cow! Such is the glorious

partnership that shall finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw his own heart and die. Then Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength.

15. Then there will be no war of households. The husband and the wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy, a calm bliss of temperate affections, shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of a drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

LANGUAGE WORK.—Write the following sentences, using some equivalent expression for the words in italics:

V. 4. "Here is *the unadulterated ale of father Adam.*"

V. 10. "*Draw the cork, tip the decanter.*"

V. 2. "I *am at the head of the fire department.*"

DRILL IN COMBINATIONS OF CONSONANT SOUNDS.

[In concert, and individually: (1) in whisper; (2) with soft force; (3) with loud force.]

nks.	Banks, flanks, drinks, minx, lynx, bunks, thinks.
nkt.	Banked, flanked, thanked, winked, blinked.
nz.	Bans, clans, fans, wins, tans, runs, guns, sons.
nt.	Ant, gaunt, want, cent, hint, lent, meant, point.
nts.	Ants, wants, cents, hints, points, flaunts, grants.
nch.	Bench, pinch, flinch, cinch, clinch, munch, bunch.
ncht.	Pinched, lynched, flinched, cinched, clinched.

83. GOOD NIGHT.

S. G. GOODRICH (PETER PARLEY)—1793-1860. CONNECTICUT.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 4. What things are spoken of as "sister shadows?" What things, in this verse, are placed in contrast? How, then, should they be read?

Words often Mispronounced. Vĭg'ils; dĭr'ges.

Articulation Drill. Chat'ter-ing; shad'ows; land'scape; in'no-cence; sings | no more; hangs | trembling.

For Definition. Chattering; broods; rayless; boding; jay; lexicographer; dirges.

Peter Parley belongs to a family of scholars who have distinguished themselves as statesmen, clergymen, and lexicographers. This author, however, has built his distinction in the hearts of the children of his country. His works are not now so much read as formerly, but for many years they were the most popular and the most eagerly sought of all the juvenile books in the world. He wrote elementary school histories, and a "Geography for Beginners," of which three million copies were used in the United States.

1. The sun has sunk behind the hills,
The shadows o'er the landscape creep;
A drowsy sound the woodland fills,
As nature folds her arms to sleep:
Good-night—good-night.

2. The chattering jay has ceased his din,
The noisy robin sings no more;
The crow, his mountain haunt within,
Dreams 'mid the forest's surly roar:
Good-night—good-night.

3. The sunlit cloud floats dim and pale;
The dew is falling soft and still;
The mist hangs trembling o'er the vale,
And silence broods o'er yonder mill:
Good-night—good-night.

4. The rose, so ruddy in the light,
Bends on its stem all rayless now;

And by its side a lily white,
A sister shadow, seems to bow:
Good-night—good-night.

5. The bat may wheel on silent wing,
The fox his guilty vigils keep,
The boding owl his dirges sing;
But love and innocence will sleep:
Good-night—good-night.

84. SOLDIER, REST!

SIR WALTER SCOTT—1771-1832. SCOTLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. En-chânt'ed; fâir'y; strew'ing (stro͞o'-ing); dew'ing (dū'ing); re-veil'le (re-vāl'yā); neigh (nā); pi'broch.

Articulation Drill. Mus'ter-ing; chal'lenge; fields.

Inflection Drill. This selection forms a good drill in inflection. Let pupils write the piece and mark the inflections. Most of them are under Rules 3 and 4, p. 19.

For Definition. Couch; pibroch; mustering; bittern; sedgy; warders; neigh; clan; squadron; reveille; fallow; spells.

Sir Walter Scott was not more distinguished for his genius than for his sterling integrity and the kindness of his heart. When he had grown to be an old man, a friend for whom he had indorsed a note for $80,000 became insolvent, and Scott resolutely set to work to relieve himself of the debt of honor by paying it in full. All the remaining years of his old age were spent in severe toil for this purpose. He was fond of all domestic animals, and many of his portraits are taken with the head of his favorite dog resting on his knee. Read his *Lady of the Lake, with notes and explanations by Ed. Ginn;* also his biography by Hutton.

The following lines were written by him at the age of eleven. They are a poetical version of one of his lessons at school:

"In awful ruins Ætna thunders nigh,
And sends in pitchy whirlwinds to the sky
Black clouds of smoke, which, still as they aspire,
From their dark sides there bursts the glowing fire;
At other times huge balls of fire are tossed
That lick the stars, and in the smoke are lost;
Sometimes the mount, with vast convulsions torn,
Emits huge rocks, which instantly are borne,

With loud explosions, to the starry skies,
The stones made liquid as the huge mass flies,
Then back again with greater weight recoils,
While Ætna thundering from the bottom, boils."

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1. Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battle fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of battle fields no more,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

2. No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here,
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come,
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here 's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

3. Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
While our slumb'rous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveille.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest; thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugle sounds reveille.

85. HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

For Definition. Allegory; bustle; distinction; moor.

1. This author was a Danish poet and novelist, born April 2, 1805. His death occurred in 1875.

2. He has written much for children, and his stories have been translated and widely read in many languages. The most attractive are, "The Story of my Life," "Stories and Tales," and "Wonder Stories." In one of his "Wonder Stories," entitled "The Ugly Duckling," he is supposed to be writing, in allegory, his own history. The following is a summary of the story:

3. In a large poultry yard there was an old duck sitting on some eggs, one of which was not hatched till long after the others. When finally the chick came from the shell it was so ugly that the mother thought it was a little turkey, but it proved otherwise, for it liked the water.

4. The mother, fond of her family, said to them, "Come with me and I'll lead you out into the great world, and present you in the duck-yard; but keep close to me, so that no one may tread on you, and take care of the cats!" There was at that time a terrible tumult going on in the duck-yard about the possession of an eel's head, but the cat got it after all.

5. "See, that's how it goes in the world!" said the Mother Duck, as she cast an eager glance toward the eel's head. "See that you bustle about and salute that old Duck yonder. She is the grandest of all here; she's of Spanish blood—that's why she's so fat; and d'ye see? she has a red rag round her leg; that's something particularly fine; and the greatest distinction a duck can have.

Shake yourselves—do n't turn in your toes; a well brought-up duck turns its toes quite out, just like father and mother—so! Now bend your necks and say 'Quack!'"

6. They were then introduced into society, but the poor ugly duckling was so abused by every one that he wandered away. After meeting with much ill treatment he came to a great moor where the wild ducks live, and even they bit him and beat him; and he was pursued by dogs and hunters.

7. One day while a storm was raging he wandered away from the moor. At evening he came to a miserable hut where an old woman and her cat and hen lived. Here he was abused by the old woman and the hen because he could not lay eggs, and by the cat because he could not curve his back, and purr, and give out sparks. So he left this miserable place disgusted with every one.

8. One day he alighted in a beautiful garden. There were swans near by, and, as they drew near, the poor creature cried, "Kill me," and bent his head down upon the water, expecting nothing but death. But what was it he saw in the clear water?—his own image; and lo! he was no longer a clumsy dark-gray bird, ugly and hateful to look at, but a swan!

9. The other swans admired him, and the children in that beautiful garden threw bread and cakes to him and said that he was the most beautiful bird they had ever seen. He now thought of how he had been abused and despised. Then his wings rustled, he lifted his slender neck, and from the depths of his heart rejoicingly cried: "I never dreamed of so much happiness when I was the Ugly Duckling!"

Language Work.—Try to write the real meaning of the story as it applies to the writer, Hans Andersen, instead of to the "Ugly Duckling." I think this lesson tells us that, if there is real worth in us, we shall finally be appreciated, if not at first. What do you think?

86. THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. [See Lesson 85.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Words often Mispronounced. Pret′ty (prĭt′tў); trans-pâr′ent.

For Definition. *Cowering;* vanish; farthing; *transparent.*

Word Using. Use italicized words in sentences of your own.

1. It was terribly cold; it snowed and was already almost dark, and evening came on, the last evening of the year. In the cold and gloom a poor little girl, bare-headed and barefoot, was walking through the streets.

2. When she left her own house she certainly had had slippers on; but of what use were they? They were very big slippers, and her mother had used them till then, so big were they. The little maid lost them as she slipped across the road, where two carriages were rattling by terribly fast. One slipper was not to be found again, and a boy had seized the other, and run away with it. He thought he could use it very well as a cradle, some day when he had children of his own.

3. So now the little girl went with her little naked feet which were quite red and blue with the cold. In an old apron she carried a number of matches, and a bundle of them in her hand. No one had bought anything of her all day, and no one had given her a farthing.

4. Shivering with cold and hunger she crept along, a picture of misery, poor little girl! The snow-flakes covered her long fair hair, which fell in pretty curls over her neck; but she did not think of that now. In all the windows lights were shining, and there was a glorious smell of roast goose, for it was New Year's Eve. Yes, she thought of that!

5. In a corner formed by two houses, one of which projected beyond the other, she sat down, cowering. She had drawn up her little feet, but she was still colder, and she

did not dare go home, for she had sold no matches, and did not bring a farthing of money. From her father she would certainly receive a beating, and besides, it was cold at home, for they had nothing over them but a roof through which the wind whistled, though the largest rents had been stopped with straw and rags.

6. Her little hands were almost benumbed with the cold. Ah! a match might do her good, if she could only draw one from the bundle, and rub it against the wall, and warm her hands at it. She drew one out. R-r-atch! how it sputtered and burned! It was a warm bright flame, like a little candle, when she held her hands over it; it was a wonderful light! It really seemed to the little girl as if she sat before a great polished stove, with bright brass feet and a brass cover. How the fire burned! how comfortable it was! but the little flame went out, the stove vanished, and she had only the remains of the burned match in her hand.

7. A second was rubbed against the wall. It burned up, and when the light fell upon the wall it became transparent like a thin veil, and she could see through it into the room. On the table a snow-white cloth was spread; upon it stood a shining dinner service; the roast goose smoked gloriously, stuffed with apples and dried plums. And what was still more splendid to behold, the goose hopped down from the dish, and waddled along the floor, with a knife and fork in its breast, to the little girl.

8. Then the match went out, and only the thick, damp, cold wall was before her. She lighted another match. Then she was sitting under a beautiful Christmas Tree; it was greater and more ornamented than the one she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's. Thousands of candles burned upon the green branches, and colored pictures like those in the print shops looked down upon them. The little girl stretched forth her hand toward them;

then the match went out. The Christmas lights mounted higher. She saw them now as stars in the sky: one of them fell down, forming a long line of fire.

9. "Now some one is dying," thought the little girl, for her old grandmother, the only person who had loved her, and who was now dead, had told her that when a star fell down a soul mounted up to God.

10. She rubbed another match against the wall; it became bright again, and in the brightness the old grandmother stood clear and shining, mild and lovely.

11. "Grandmother!" cried the child, "O! take me with you! I know you will go when the match is burned out. You will vanish like the warm fire, the warm food, and the great, glorious Christmas Tree!"

12. And she hastily rubbed the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to hold her grandmother fast. And the matches burned with such a glow that it became brighter than in the middle of the day; grandmother had never been so large or so beautiful. She took the little girl in her arms, and both flew in brightness and joy above the earth, very, very high, and up there was neither cold, nor hunger, nor care—they were with God.

13. But in the corner, leaning against the wall, sat the poor girl with red cheeks and smiling mouth, frozen to death on the last evening of the Old Year. The New Year's sun rose upon a little corpse! The child sat there, stiff and cold, with the matches, of which one bundle was burned. "She wanted to warm herself," the people said. No one imagined what a beautiful thing she had seen, and in what glory she had gone in with her grandmother to the New Year's Day.

OUTLINE.

V. 1. Cold; snowed; nearly dark; December 31; little girl in streets; bareheaded and barefooted.

[Make similar outline for verses 2, 3, 4, 5.]

87. WHAT I LIVE FOR.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Articulation Drill. Smiles | a-bove′; and | a waits′; needs | as-sist′-ance.

For Definition. Emulate; bards; sages; wake.

1. I live for those who love me,
   Whose hearts are kind and true;
   For the heaven that smiles above me,
   And awaits my spirit, too;
   For all human ties that bind me,
   For the task my God assigned me,
   For the bright hopes left behind me,
   And the good that I can do.

2. I live to learn their story,
   Who suffered for my sake;
   To emulate their glory,
   And follow in their wake;
   Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
   The noble of all ages,
   Whose deeds crown History's pages,
   And Time's great volume make.

3. I live to hail that season,
   By gifted minds foretold,
   When man shall live by reason,
   And not alone by gold;
   When man to man united,
   And every wrong thing righted,
   The whole world shall be lighted
   As Eden was of old.

4. I live for those who love me,
   For those who know me true;
   For the heaven that smiles above me,
   And awaits my spirit, too;
   For the cause that needs assistance,
   For the wrongs that need resistance,
   For the future in the distance,
   And the good that I can do.

88. THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND—1819-1881. MASSACHUSETTS.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. Have you ever read "Titcomb's Letters to Young People," by this author? Read them, and also "Arthur Bonnicastle," which is supposed to be the story of the author's life. There is in it a pretty picture of his boyhood's school which will delight you. V. 1. In what does the author say the wealth of his home consisted? V. 2. What is meant by "the retiring mountains?"

Words often Mispronounced. Mois′ens (moi′snz); därk′en-ing; lĭst′en-ing (lĭs′n-ing); gāp′ing; rōōf; brĕak′fast; ŏf′fal.

Articulation Drill. Coun′sel; neigh′bor-ing; in | an | en-count′er; in | earn′est; in | his stall; glimps′es.

For Definition. Smithy; devious; oozing; offal; wethers; hayrick; angular; freaks; assuages.

The writings of Mr. Holland have always been of a simple and healthy quality. The youth of the country were ever objects of supreme interest to him. He thought of them, and wrote for them, and urged upon his countrymen with great earnestness the duty of special and unceasing effort in behalf of their education and welfare. "Titcomb's Letters to Young People" were so popular that nine editions of them were printed in a few months.

1. I recall a home, long since left behind in the journey of life; and its memory floats back to me with a shower of emotions and thoughts towards whose precious fall my heart opens itself greedily, like a thirsty flower. It is a home among the mountains—humble and lowly—but priceless in its wealth of associations.

2. The waterfall sings again in my ears, as it used to sing through the dreamy, mysterious nights. The rose at the gate, the patch of tansy under the window, the neighboring orchard, the old elm, the grand machinery of storms and showers, the little smithy under the hill that flamed with a strange light through the dull winter evenings, the wood-pile at the door, the ghostly white birches on the hill, and the dim blue haze upon the retiring mountains—all

these come back to me with an appeal which touches my heart and moistens my eyes.

3. I sit again in the doorway at summer nightfall, eating my bread and milk, looking off upon the darkening landscape, and listening to the shouts of boys upon the hillside, calling or driving home the reluctant herds. I watch again the devious way of the dusty night-hawk along the twilight sky, and listen to his measured note, and the breezy boom that accompanies his headlong plunge toward the earth.

4. Even the old barn, crazy in every timber and gaping at every joint, has charms for me. I try again the breathless leap from the great beams into the bay. I sit again on the threshold of the widely open doors—open to the soft south wind of spring—and watch the cattle, whose faces look half human to me, as they sun themselves and peacefully ruminate, while, drop by drop, the dissolving snow from the roof drills holes through the eaves, down into the oozing offal of the yard.

5. The first little lambs of the season toddle by the side of their dams, and utter their feeble bleatings, while the flock nibble at the hayrick, or a pair of rival wethers try the strength of their skulls in an encounter, half in earnest and half in play. The proud old rooster crows upon his homely throne, and some delighted member of his silly family leaves her nest and tells to her mates that there is another egg in the world.

6. The old horse whinnies in his stall, and calls to me for food. I look up to the roof and think of last year's swallows—soon to return again—and catch a glimpse of angular sky through the diamond-shaped opening through which they went and came. How, I know not, and can not tell, but that old barn is a part of myself—it has entered into my life and given me growth and wealth.

7. But I look into the house again where the life abides

which has appropriated these things, and finds among them its home. The hour of evening has come, the lamps are lighted, and a good man in middle life—though very old he seems to me—takes down the well worn Bible, and reads a chapter from its hallowed pages.

8. A sweet woman sits at his side, with my sleepy head upon her knee, and my brothers and sisters are grouped reverently around. I do not understand the words, but I have been told that they are the words of God, and I believe it. The long chapter ends, and then we all kneel down, and the good man prays.

9. I fall asleep with my head in the chair; and the next morning remember nothing of the way in which I went to bed. After breakfast the Bible is taken down again, and the good man prays, and again and again is the worship repeated, through all the days of many golden years.

10. The pleasant converse of the fireside, the simple songs of home, the words of encouragement as I bend over my school tasks, the kiss as I lie down to rest, the patient bearing with the freaks of my restless nature, the gentle counsel mingled with reproofs and approvals, the sympathy that meets and assuages every sorrow and sweetens every little success—all these return to me amid the responsibilities which press upon me now, and I feel as if I had once lived in heaven, and straying, had lost my way.

LANGUAGE WORK.—Write the first sentence of V. 1, and express its meaning without using the words *floats, shower, fall, thirsty.*

ARTICULATION DRILL.

[Read in concert: (1) in a whisper; (2) with soft force; (3) with loud force.]

Fresh fried frogs from France frighten Fred.

Plant plums and apples in pleasant places.

Jennie hints she wants ten cents for chintz prints.

89. WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

GEORGE P. MORRIS—1802–1864. PENNSYLVANIA.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. This selection is one of six poems contained in this Reader, each of which constitutes the special distinction of its author. The other five are "America," "Burial of Sir John Moore," "The Old Oaken Bucket," "The Mariner's Dream," and "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." These poems are, however, by no means of equal merit. Who was the author of each?

Word Using. Use *grateful* with the meaning it has in this lesson and with one other.

George P. Morris has the unquestioned distinction of being the best song writer of America. His first published songs were written when he was about fifteen years of age. His career was mainly one of journalism, in which he was associated, at different times, with the author of the "Old Oaken Bucket," and the author of the selection in this Reader entitled "King David and Absalom." Who were they?

1. Woodman, spare that tree!
   Touch not a single bough!
   In youth it sheltered me,
   And I 'll protect it now.
   'T was my forefather's hand
   That placed it near his cot:
   There, woodman, let it stand;
   Thy ax shall harm it not!

2. That old familiar tree,
   Whose glory and renown
   Are spread o'er land and sea,—
   And wouldst thou hew it down?
   Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
   Cut not its earth-bound ties!
   Oh, spare that aged oak,
   Now towering to the skies.

3. When but an idle boy
   I sought its grateful shade;
   In all their gushing joy,
   Here, too, my sisters played,

My mother kiss'd me here,
My father press'd my hand:
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

4. My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot!
While I 've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

90. THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT.

JOSEPH ADDISON—1672-1719. ENGLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Articulation Drill. Fir′ma-ment; plan′ets; ra′di-ant; si′lence.

For Definition. Spacious; ethereal.

Joseph Addison was an English author of eminence, descended from a long line of distinguished clergymen of the Church of England, and was, himself, designed for holy orders. His writings consist, mainly, of essays, pamphlets, and verses. Their general character ranks him among the humorists. English writers of all classes have praised him. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu says, "Addison was the best company in the world." Of the selection given below, Thackeray says, "It seems to me those verses shine like the stars." Macaulay calls him, "The greatest of English essayists," and Dr. Young says, "Writers should forget his compositions if they would be greatly pleased with their own." [*Read his biography by Courthorpe in "English Men of Letters" series.*]

1. The spacious firmament on high
With all the blue ethereal sky
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

2. Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly, to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3. What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball,—
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found,—
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

LANGUAGE WORK.—Write the meaning of the following lines without using the italicized words in them:

V. 1. "Their *great Original* proclaim."

V. 1. "And *publishes* to every land."

DRILL IN COMBINATIONS OF CONSONANT SOUNDS.

[Pronounce: (1) in whisper; (2) with soft force; (3) with loud force.]

ngz.	Hangs, bangs, rings, swings, brings, wings, lungs.
ngd.	Clanged, hanged, banged, winged, thronged.
nj.	Range, grange, strange, flange, hinge, cringe, swinge.
njd.	Ranged, flanged, hinged, cringed, swinged, manged.
pr.	Prime, prim, prone, prune, prank, proper, probe.
pl.	Plank, plume, plat, place, plum, plus, cripple, topple.
ps.	Naps, caps, swaps, mopes, mops, tops, flops, crops.
pt.	Adopt, crept, moped, swept, mapped, crypt, stopped.
pts.	Adopts, adepts, crypts, adapts, erupts, corrupts.

91. A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON—1709-1784. ENGLAND.

Preparatory Exercises.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 1. Can you find, on the map, the plains of Hindostan? V. 2. Why is the primrose called "eldest daughter of Spring?" V. 4. What words are contrasted in the last line? V. 11. What words are contrasted in the fourth line? What is the rule for emphasis in such cases? [*See page 51.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Hĭn-do-stän′; eŏn′tem-pla-ted, *or* eon-tĕm′pla-ted; O-bī′-dah (O-bā′-dah); A-bĕn′-si-na.

Articulation Drill. Tow′er-ing; dil′i-gence; loi′ter-ing; ter′ror; hor′-ror; er′ror; vig′i-lance; tim′o-rous; ad′e-quate.

The teacher will do well to remind the pupil frequently that vowels in unaccented syllables should not be sounded so forcibly as accented vowels. In such terminations as **or, ar, ir, al, ol,** *etc., the vowels are obscure and should be delicately sounded.*

For Definition. Caravansary; incited; preyed; remission; ardor; decline; tendency; meanders; solicitude; cascade; deviations; pensive; issue; palliation; remit; mitigation; scruple; compliance; taper; immerge; solace; adequate; labyrinths; invade.

In **Dr. Johnson** majesty of intellect was united with a huge and grotesque figure, and a scarred and ugly face. When a boy he was given to ludicrously odd tricks which did not desert him in his mature years. At the age of fifty-five, walking one day with a friend to the top of a hill, he suddenly remarked, "I have not had a roll for a long time;" whereupon the great man deliberately emptied his pockets, lay down on the edge of the hill, and rolled over and over to the bottom.

His writings were of a grave and serious kind, and consisted of essays, many of which were published as periodicals; poems, and a very complete dictionary of the English language. One of his periodical publications was "The Rambler," a paper issued twice a week, each number consisting of a single essay. The following selection will give you a good idea of this publication. It is the whole of No. 65, which was first issued Tuesday, October 30, 1750. Dr. Johnson's writings are not now much read. An interesting biography of him is that by Leslie Stephens, in the *English Men of Letters* series.

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1. Obidah, the son of Abensina, left the caravansary early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Hindostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he

was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him.

2. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of Paradise; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices. He sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the Spring. All his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

3. Thus he went on till the sun approached its meridian, and the increasing heat preyed on his strength. He then looked about him, hoping for some more convenient path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant.

4. He did not, however, forget whither he was traveling, but found a narrow way, bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road. He was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues.

5. He therefore walked for a time without the least remission of his ardor, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds which the heat had assembled in the shade; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on each side, or the fruits that hung on the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among the hills and thickets, cooled with fountains and murmuring with waterfalls.

6. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it was longer safe to forsake the known and common track. He remembered, however, that the heat was

now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, and resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the variations of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

7. Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might sooth or divert him. He listened to every echo; he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect; he turned aside to every cascade; and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river which rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable windings.

8. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted; his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not toward what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward, lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a tempest gathered round him. He was roused by his danger to a painful reflection on his folly.

9. He now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted. He lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity which had led him on from trifle to trifle. He now resolved to do what yet remained in his power; to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain.

10. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with resolution. The beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and terror. The

horrors of darkness surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

11. Thus, forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear, but labor began to overcome him; his breath became short; his knees trembled; and he was on the point of lying down, in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper.

12. He advanced toward the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude. When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what circumstance thou hast been brought hither. I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of this wilderness, in which I never saw a man before."

13. Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation. "Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dangers and escapes of this day sink deep into thy heart. Remember that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigor and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, and travel on awhile in the direct road of integrity and piety toward the mansion of rest.

14. "In a short time we remit our fervor, and endeavor to find some mitigation of our duty. We then relax our vigor, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely on our own constancy, and venture to approach what we once resolved never to touch.

15. "We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of obscurity. Here the heart softens, and vigilance

subsides. We are then willing to inquire whether another advance can not be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure.

16. "We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling; and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which, for awhile, we keep in our sight, and to which we purpose to return.

17. "Temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; in time we lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we forget our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire.

18. "We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of pleasure, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue.

19. "Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair, but shall remember that, though the day is past and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, or sincere endeavors ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return, after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above will find danger and difficulty give way before him.

20. "Go now, my son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence; and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

LANGUAGE WORK.—V. 14. Write the first sentence, expressing its meaning without using the words *remit, fervor,* and *mitigation.*

Write the last verse, substituting some equivalent terms for *repose, Omnipotence,* and *toil.*

ELEMENTS OF ELOCUTION.

Chapter V.—Pauses.

Grammatical pauses, that is, pauses made for the purpose of showing the relations of different parts of the sentence to each other, are indicated by marks of punctuation. Their length is not fixed. They will be longer or shorter according to the style of the piece. Grammatical pauses are marked by the comma (,), semicolon (;), colon (:), and period (.). Interrogation marks (?) and exclamation points (!) sometimes take the place of the period.

Rhetorical pauses are those made for the purpose of emphasis, or for giving clearer expression to what is read. Much of the inexpressive reading, both of children and adults, is due to the fact that these pauses are not sufficiently considered and studied.

Good reading and speaking require that we run words together in groups, making pauses only between the groups. It is, perhaps, hardly too much to say that a skillful use of rhetorical pauses and a good habit in breathing will contribute more to expressive and pleasant reading than any other acquisition in elocution. Correct taste must largely determine the use of the rhetorical pause. Rules may be of some assistance, but they can be only partially applicable: they can not be adhered to in all cases. In the examples given in this chapter, rhetorical pauses are shown by a bar (|). If the pupil is not, in all cases, able to understand the rule, he will profit by reading the examples.

RULE 1. Make a pause between the subject and the predicate; as,

1. Weeping | may endure for a night; but joy | cometh in the morning.

2. Liberty | unsheathed his sword, necessity | stained, victory | returned it.
3. The great inheritance of liberty | is yours.
4. No rude sound | shall reach thine ear.
5. Art | is long, and time | is fleeting.

RULE 2. Make a short pause before the object of a verb, when it consists of a phrase or clause, and before the predicate nominative; as,

1. I can not tell | what he saw.
2. I wish | that friends were always true,
   And motives always pure;
   I wish | the good were not so few,
   I wish | the bad were fewer.
3. The truth is | no man does the best he knows.

RULE 3. Make a pause after words transposed out of their regular order; as,

1. With them | he courted the battle's rage; with theirs | his arm was lifted; with theirs | his blood was shed.
2. Thy threats, thy mercy | I defy.
3. Fairy strains of music fall,
   Every sense | in slumber dewing.

RULE 4. Make a slight pause before or after a modifying phrase or clause, adjective or adverbial; as,

1. He hath made the earth | by his power.
2. By the flow | of the inland river.
3. All | with the battle blood | gory.

RULE 5. A pause should be made to note an ellipses; as,

1. Homer was the greater genius; Virgil | the better artist.
2. The waters wasted them while free,
   And many a tyrant | since.
3. His affections are not wounded, his heart | not wrung.

92. THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

F. M. FINCH—1827-* *. NEW YORK.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 1. What river is referred to? What has the writer in mind when he speaks of "the fleets of iron?" What is meant by the "Blue?" What by the "Gray?" V. 2. Why are the Blue said to be "under the laurel," and the Gray "under the willow?" [*See what is said of "laurel" and "willow," in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.*] V. 4. What is the meaning of "mellowed with gold?"

For Definition. Upbraiding; laureled; lyrics.

F. M. Finch is a lawyer of distinction residing at Ithica, New York. He has written many lyrics of much merit, but his poems have never been collected in a volume.

The following poem was suggested by reading that the women of Columbus, Mississippi, strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the Union soldiers:

1. By the flow | of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass | quiver,
Asleep | are the ranks | of the dead;—
Under the sod | and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

2. These | in the robings | of glory,
Those | in the gloom | of defeat,
All | with the battle-blood | gory,
In the dusk | of eternity | meet;
Under the sod | and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

3. From the silence | of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,

Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike | for the friend | and the foe;—
Under the sod | and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

4. So | with an equal splendor |
The morning sun-rays | fall,
With a touch | impartially tender,
On the blossoms | blooming for all;—
Under the sod | and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed | with gold, the Gray.

5. So | when the Summer calleth,
On forest | and field of grain
With an equal murmur | falleth
The cooling drip | of the rain;—
Under the sod | and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

6. Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm | of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;—
Under the sod | and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

7. No more shall the war-cry | sever,
Or the widening rivers | be red;
Our anger is banished forever
When are laureled | the graves | of our dead!
Under the sod | and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Love | and tears, for the Blue;
Tears | and love, for the Gray.

93. OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

JAMES MACPHERSON—1738-1796. SCOTLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Articulation Drill. Roll′**est**; com′**est**; mov′**est**; tem′**pests**; laugh′**est**; look′**est**; trem′**blest**.

The supposed poems of Ossian, son of Fingal, made Macpherson famous. He gave them to the world as translations from a Gaelic original, and they were, as such, everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. In less than a year they were translated into almost every language of Europe. But their genuineness was disputed, and volumes of controversy resulted. It is now generally conceded that they were not translations at all, but were Macpherson's own composition. Fifty years ago they were as eagerly sought by young readers as Longfellow and Whittier are now.

1. O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O Sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, pale and cold, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone; who can be a companion of thy course?

2. The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in the heavens; but thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.

3. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls, and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds and laughest at the storm. But, to Ossian, thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hair floats on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west.

4. But thou art, perhaps, like me—for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in the clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult, then, O Sun! in the strength of thy youth. Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through

broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills; when the blast of the north is on the plain, and the traveler sinks in the midst of his journey.

94. THE DEPARTED.

PARK BENJAMIN—1809-1864. GUIANA.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Articulation Drill. Lights; mem′o-ries; des′o-late; win′ter's | robes.

For Definition. Luster; surging; minstrelsy; desolate; dirge.

Park Benjamin was the son of a New England merchant residing in Guiana. He graduated from college with the highest honors of his class, and has written a number of short poems of exquisite beauty, but no large work. The poem inserted here is, perhaps, his best.

1. The departed! the departed!
They visit us in dreams,
And they glide above our memories
Like shadows over streams;
But where the cheerful lights of home
In constant luster burn,
The departed, the departed,
Can never more return!

2. The good, the brave, the beautiful,
Now dreamless is their sleep,
Where rolls the dirge-like music
Of the ever-tossing deep!
Or where the surging night-winds
Pale winter's robes have spread
Above the narrow palaces,
In the cities of the dead!

3. I look around, and feel the awe
Of one who walks alone,
Among the wrecks of former days,

In mournful ruin strown
I start to hear the stirring sounds
Among the cypress-trees,
For the voice of the departed
Is borne upon the breeze.

4. That solemn voice! it mingles with
Each free and careless strain;
I scarce can think earth's minstrelsy
Will cheer my heart again.
The melody of summer waves,
The thrilling notes of birds,
Can never be so dear to me,
As their remembered words.

5. I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles
Still on me sweetly fall,
Their tones of love I faintly hear
My name in sadness call.
I *know* that they are happy,
With their angel-plumage on,
But my heart is very desolate,
To think that they are gone.

First Snow Fall.

[Complete the lines by filling the blanks with the proper words selected from the list above them.]

highway **night** **white** **gloaming**

The snow had begun in the ——,
And busily all the ——
Had been heaping field and ——
With a silence deep and ——.

tree **earl** **pearl** **hemlock**

Every pine and fir and ——
Wore ermine too dear for an ——.
And the poorest twig on the elm ——
Was ridged inch deep with ——.

95. THE THREE WARNINGS.

MRS. THRALE—1740-1821. ENGLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 1. What words in the last two lines are in contrast with each other? What emphasis is implied?

Words often Mispronounced. Re-prieve': de-lin'quent (de-link'went); săte; deaf (dĕf *or* dēf); shrew (shrụ).

For Definition. Stages; affection; jocund; delinquent; station; several; reprieve; conditions; boots; muse; shrew; unawares; musing; captious; stump; specter; yearnings; dart.

Of this lady's writings, the selection given here is the only one which still keeps a place in standard collections. Dr. Johnson, who was for many years an inmate of her family, says of her, that, "If not the wisest woman in the world, she was undoubtedly one of the wisest." Before her marriage she was known as "the beautiful Miss Saulsbury," and at the age of eighty her vivacity and spirit still made her society much sought by the youth of both sexes.

1. The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'T was therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can 't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

2. When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbor Dodson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room;
And looking grave, "You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
"With you! and quit my Susan's side?

With you!" the hapless bridegroom cried:
"Young as I am, 't is monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I 'm not prepared."

3. What more he urged, I have not heard;
His reasons could not well be stronger:
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke;
"Neighbor," he said, "farewell! no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;
And further, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you 're summoned to the grave;
Willing for once I 'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you 'll have no more to say,
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave."
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

4. What next the hero of our tale befel,
How long he lived, how wisely, and how well,
It boots not that the muse should tell;
He plowed, he sowed, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.
But, while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road,
The beaten track, content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

5. And now, one night, in musing mood
As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.
Half-killed with wonder and surprise,
"So soon returned?" old Dodson cries.
"So *soon* d' ye call it?" Death replies:
"Surely, my friend, you 're but in jest;
Since I was here before,
'T is six and thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore."
"So much the worse!" the clown rejoined;
"To spare the aged would be kind:
Besides, you promised me *three warnings*,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings!"

6. "I know," cries Death, "that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But do n't be captious, friend; at least,
I little thought that you 'd be able
To stump about your farm and stable;
Your years have run to a great length,
Yet still you seem to have your strength."

7. "Hold!" says the farmer, "not so fast!
I have been lame, these four years past."
"And no great wonder," Death replies;
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And surely, sir, to see one's friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."
"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might,
But latterly I 've lost my sight."
"This is a shocking story, faith,
But there 's some comfort still," says Death;
"Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news."
"There 's none," cries he, "and if there were,
I 've grown so deaf, I could not hear."

8. "Nay, then," the specter stern rejoined,
"These are unpardonable yearnings;

If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You 've had your three sufficient warnings,
So, come along; no more we 'll part:"
He said, and touched him with his dart;
And now old Dodson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

MARKING SOUNDS.—Write the following rhyming words and mark properly the vowels whose sounds make the rhyme: *hard, prepared; have, grave; prey, say.*

LANGUAGE WORK.—Express the meaning of the following lines without using the italicized words in them:

V. 3. "And fit you for *your future station.*"

V. 5. "*The unwelcome messenger of Fate*
Once more before him stood."

96. BRUTUS'S ADDRESS.

WM. SHAKESPEARE. [See Lesson 68.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 2. Write the last two sentences of this verse and mark the contrasted words for emphasis and inflection. V. 3. Write this verse and mark the proper words for emphasis and inflection.

This extract is from the speech made by Brutus to the Roman people on the occasion of the funeral ceremonies of Cæsar, who had been stabbed to death by him and others. It was made just before the oration of Mark Antony, Cæsar's friend, and was designed to counteract any influence that Antony's speech might have upon the people. Both this extract and Antony's oration, Lesson 68, may be read in Shakespeare's tragedy of "Julius Cæsar," together with the full story of the assassination, its occasion, and its consequences.

1. Romans, countrymen and lovers! Hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.

2. If there be any in this assembly—any dear friend of Cæsar's—to him I say that Brutus's love to Cæsar was not less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men?

3. As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death, for his ambition! Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

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97. THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES—1809-* *. MASSACHUSETTS.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 3. Have you ever seen what the author is describing in the four italic lines of this verse?

Words often Mispronounced. Ō′pen-ing; blăck′en-ing.

For Definition. Hues; braided; sentries; spangled.

So great a favorite with old and young, both as a poet and a novelist, and so widely known is Dr. Holmes, that it is hardly necessary to speak of him. Yet every thing we know about him is so delightful that we linger with him because it is a pleasure. We do not care to stop to say that he has been a practicing physician, a Harvard professor of anatomy, a writer of medical treatises—but we like to hurry on and think of him as the ever obliging friend, the wizard whose bright fancies have lifted our gloom, the kind heart whose gentle pathos has moved us, and the shrewd observer whose solid sense has satisfied us. Among the most pleasing and most touching of his poems are those read before the college class in which he graduated in 1829.

The lines quoted in the Preparatory Exercises of Lesson 1 are from one of the happiest of these, "The Boys." Read them again. Dr. Holmes now (1886), at the age of seventy-seven years, is still deeply engaged in literary work. "The Chambered Nautilus" is usually regarded as his finest poem.

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1. What flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming band
It kindles all the sunset land;
O, tell us what its name may be—
Is this the flower of Liberty?
It is the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

2. In savage Nature's far abode
Its tender seed our fathers sowed;
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,
Till lo! earth's tyrants shook to see
The full-blown Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

3. Behold its streaming rays unite
One mingling flood of braided light—
The red that fires the Southern rose,
With spotless white from Northern snows,
And, spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister Stars of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

4. The blades of heroes fence it round,
Where'er it springs is holy ground;
From tower and dome its glories spread;
It waves where lonely sentries tread;
It makes the land, as ocean, free,
And plants an empire in the sea!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

5. Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
Shall ever float in dome and tower,

To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost or crimson dew,—
And God love us as we love thee,
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

98. MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY.

MRS. BARBAULD—1743-1825. ENGLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 3. Immortality. Have you seen the insect referred to in this verse?

Articulation Drill. Lone'li-ness; van'ished (van'isht); in'sects; leaped (leapt); lopped (lopt); glit'tered; seized; brushed | in'to.

For Definition. Fangs; emerald; glowing.

Anna Letitia Barbauld was the favorite sister of the Dr. John Aikin who wrote the dialogue between Alexander and the robber, Lesson 49. Her society is said, by those who knew her, to have been equally a benefit and a delight to all within its circle. In connection with her husband she opened an academy to which her fame and her devotion brought celebrity and success. In her essays on Romance she undertook to imitate the style of Dr. Johnson. (*See Lesson 91.*) In speaking of this effort, Dr. Johnson himself says: "The imitators of my style have not hit it. Miss Aikin has done it the best; for she has imitated the sentiments as well as the diction."

MORTALITY.

1. I have seen the rose in its beauty; it spread its leaves to the morning sun. I returned: it was dying upon its stalk; the grace of the form of it was gone; its loveliness was vanished away; its leaves were scattered on the ground, and no one gathered them again.

2. A stately tree grew on the plain; its branches were covered with verdure; its boughs spread wide, and made a goodly shadow; the trunk was like a strong pillar; the roots were like crooked fangs. I returned: the verdure was nipped by the east wind; the branches were lopped away

by the ax; the worm had made its way into the trunk, and the heart thereof was decayed; it moldered away, and fell to the ground.

3. I have seen the insects sporting in the sunshine, and darting along the streams; their wings glittered with gold and purple; their bodies shone like the green emerald; they were more numerous than I could count; their motions were quicker than my eye could glance. I returned: they were brushed into the pool; they were perishing with the evening breeze; the swallow had devoured them; the pike had seized them; there were found none of so great a multitude.

4. I have seen man in the pride of his strength; his cheeks glowing with beauty; his limbs were full of activity; he leaped; he walked; he ran; he rejoiced in that he was more excellent than those. I returned: he lay stiff and cold on the bare ground; his feet could no longer move, nor his hands stretch themselves out; his life was departed from him; and the breath was gone out of his nostrils.

5. Therefore do I weep because death is in the world; the spoiler is among the works of God: all that is made must be destroyed; all that is born must die: let me alone, for I will weep yet longer.

Immortality.

1. I have seen the flower withering on the stalk, and its bright leaves spread on the ground. I looked again: it sprung forth afresh; its stem was crowned with new buds, and its sweetness filled the air.

2. I have seen the sun set in the west, and the shades of night shut in the wide horizon: there was no color, nor shape, nor beauty, nor music; gloom and darkness brooded around. I looked again: the sun broke forth from the east, and gilded the mountain tops; the lark rose to meet him from her low nest, and the shades of darkness fled away.

3. I have seen the insect being come to its full size, languish, and refuse to eat; it spun itself a tomb, and was shrouded in the silken cone; it lay without feet or shape, or power to move. I looked again: it had burst its tomb; it was full of life, and sailed on colored wings through the soft air; it rejoiced in its new being.

4. Thus shall it be with thee, O man! and so shall thy life be renewed. Beauty shall spring out of ashes, and life out of the dust. A little while shalt thou lie in the ground, as the seed lies in the bosom of the earth: but thou shalt be raised again; and thou shalt never die any more.

99. THE VOICE OF SPRING.

MRS. HEMANS. [See Lesson 8.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Words often Mispronounced. Hĕm′anṣ (Hĕm′anz); tăs′sel; päthṣ (päthz); Hes-pē′ri-an; lo͞osed (lo͞ost); re-ṣoundṣ′ (re-ẓoundz).

For Definition. Fanes; larch; lyre; lay; domains; resounds; main; sparry.

Hesperia is a name applied, by the ancient Greek poets, to the country now known as Italy. The name was afterwards applied, by the Latin poets, to southwestern Europe, including what is now known as Portugal, Spain, and southern France.

1. I come, I come! ye have called me long;
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my steps o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

2. I have breathed on the south, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,
And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes,
Are veiled with wreaths on Italia's plains;
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or of the tomb.

3. I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy north,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

4. I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay, in the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
Where the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

5. From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

6. Come forth, O ye children of gladness! come!
Where the violets lie, may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-lip, and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me, fly!
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine; I may not stay.

7. Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen;
Away from the chamber and silent hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth;
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

Language Work.—Express the meaning of the following lines without using the italicized words in them:

V. 2. "And the *ancient* graves and the fallen *fanes*,
Are veiled with wreaths on Italia's plains."

V. 4. "I have sent through the wood-paths a *glowing sigh*,
And called out each *voice of the deep blue sky*."

V. 5. "From the streams and founts I have *loosed the chain*."

100. PATRICK HENRY'S ADDRESS.

PATRICK HENRY—1736-1799. VIRGINIA.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Si ren; sōl age; rē-on-çil-i-ā'tion; re-sort' (re-zôrt'); mär tial (mär shal); ŭ-rān nie-al; mill'ion (mīl'-yŭn).

Articulation Drill. Il-lu'sive; tem po-ral; ex-pe ri-ence; in-sid i-ous; pe-ti tion; im ple-ment; pos si-ble; riv et; glo'ri-ous; re-sist'ance.

For Definition. *Illusions; temporal;* arduous; ministry; insidious; comports; *subjugation;* array; quarter; rivet; interposition; arrest; parliament; inviolate; inestimable; cope; formidable; effectual; supinely; invincible; election; inevitable; extenuate.

Patrick Henry was one of the famous figures of the American Revolution. His influence arose from the impassioned character of his oratory rather than from any great executive ability, or wisdom in council.

His first oratorical triumph was on the occasion of a trial of a cause brought by the clergy against the Virginia planters, in which Mr. Henry was employed by the people, in what seemed a hopeless case. His awkward beginning confounded his friends, and elated his opponents. His father, who was the presiding Judge, sank back in shame. Suddenly, the young orator seemed transformed. He rose to his full height and poured his invective upon the clergy in streams of fire. In utter dismay they rose and left the bench. The delighted crowd snatched him up and bore him off in triumph upon their shoulders.

In the Virginia Legislature, in 1765, he opposed the enforcement of the Stamp Act in a speech which stirred every element of society to its depths.

In 1775 he made, in the Virginia Legislature, the prophetic speech from which the following is an extract. It was delivered in support of resolutions for placing the Colony in an attitude of defense against Great Britain. It has been found worthy of a place in almost every advanced Reader, or elocutionary work published since that time.

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1. Mr. President: It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so

nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

2. I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there is in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile, with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir: it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss.

3. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation: the last arguments to which kings resort.

4. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain.

5. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication?

What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done every thing that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne.

6. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges, for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle, in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us.

7. They tell us, sir, that we are weak: unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

8. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of

liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant—the active—the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable; and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come.

9. It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace; but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death.

LANGUAGE WORK.—Let the pupils write each sentence in which an italicized word in the list for definition occurs, expressing the thought without using the word defined.

DRILL IN COMBINATIONS OF CONSONANT SOUNDS.

[Pronounce: (1) in whisper; (2) with soft force; (3) with loud force.]

rj.	Barge, charge, merge, urge, verge, targe, large.
rjd.	Charged, enlarged, merged, urged, splurged, gorged.
rd.	Bard, card, lard, herd, bird, curd, ford, cord.
rdz.	Bards, cards, herds, birds, fords, cords, wards.

101. BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT. [See Lesson 84.]

Preparatory Exercises.

Questions. V. 1, 2. What time of the day is described in these two verses? V. 3, 4. Of what different kinds of troops were the forces of Mar and Moray composed? V. 6. Who stopped and who went on? V. 7. Who wore the plaids and bonnets and waved the broadswords?

Words often Mispronounced. Aē′rie; ērne; swāthes; rĕf′lu-ent.

For Definition. Fern; aerie; erne; swathes; archers; battalia; cymbal; clarion; vanward; roe; archery; pass; tumult; serried; onset; Tinchell; quell; targe; flank; rout; gallant, *n.;* gallant, *a.;* broom; lightsome; refluent; linn.

This selection is from "The Lady of the Lake." An old minstrel, one of an order of men who in the middle ages subsisted by the arts of poetry and music, and sung their verses accompanied by the harp, sees the battle in a vision and describes it in song.

Beal' an duine is a Gælic phrase meaning "Mouth of the man," and was the name of a pass leading from the plain northward up into the Trosach mountains or hills. In the sixth verse note how the phrase "Trosach's rugged jaws" conforms to the idea of Beal' an duine.

Mar and **Moray** were earls commanding the lowland Scottish forces. The "dagger crest" and "silver star" refer to the devices which they placed upon their battle flags.

1. There is no breeze upon the fern,
   No ripple on the lake,
   Upon her aerie nods the erne,
   The deer has sought the brake;
   The small birds will not sing aloud,
   The springing trout lies still,
   So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
   That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
   Benledi's distant hill.

2. Is it the thunder's solemn sound
   That mutters deep and dread,
   Or echoes from the groaning ground
   The warrior's measured tread?
   Is it the lightning's quivering glance
   That on the thicket streams,
   Or do they flash on spear and lance
   The sun's retiring beams?

3. I see the dagger crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
That up the lake comes winding far!
To hero, bound for battle strife,
Or bard of martial lay,
'T were worth ten years of peaceful life—
One glance at their array!

4. Their light-armed archers far and near,
Surveyed the tangled ground,
Their center ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frowned.
Their barbed horsemen, in the rear,
The stern battalia crowned.
No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread, and armor's clang,
The sullen march was dumb.

5. There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,
That shadowed o'er their road;
Their vanward scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
Save when they stirred the roe;
The host moves, like a deep sea-wave,
Where ride no rocks its pride to brave,
High-swelling, dark, and slow.

6. The lake is passed, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain,
Before the Trosach's rugged jaws;
And here, the horse and spearmen pause,
While, to explore a dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

7. At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,

Had pealed the banner-cry of hell!
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The archery appear;
For life! for life! their flight they ply;
While shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in the rear.

8. Onward they drive, in dreadful race,
Pursuers and pursued;
Before that tide of flight and chase,
How shall it keep its rooted place,
The spearman's twilight wood?
"Down! down!" cried Mar, "your lances down!
Bear back both friend and foe."

9. Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
That serried grove of lances brown
At once lay leveled low;
And closely shouldering side to side,
The bristling ranks the onset bide,
"We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
As their Tinchell cows the game!
They come as fleet as forest deer,
We 'll drive them back as tame."

10. Bearing before them in their course,
The relics of the archer force,
Like waves with crest of sparkling foam,
Right onward did Clan-Alpine come,
Above their tide, each broadsword bright
Was brandishing like gleam of light,
Each targe was dark below;
And with the ocean's mighty swing,
When heaving to the tempest's wing,
They hurled them on the foe.

11. I heard the lance's shivering crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,

As if a hundred anvils rang!
But Moray wheeled his rearward rank
Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank,
"My banner-man advance!
I see," he cried, "their column shake:
Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake
Upon them with the lance!"

12. The horsemen dashed among the rout
As deer break through the broom;
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
They soon made lightsome room.
Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne;
Where, where was Roderick then?
One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men!

13. And refluent through the pass of fear,
The battle's tide was poured;
Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,
Vanished the mountain sword.
As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
Receives her roaring linn,
As the dark caverns of the deep
Suck the wild whirlpool in,
So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle's mingled mass:
None linger now upon the plain,
Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

Picture Seeing.

There are some vivid pictures to be seen in this selection. What picture can you see:

1. In the first six lines of V. 4. 2. In V. 7. 3. In V. 8, 9?

In telling what you see, locate the objects in a diagram, as described on pages 58 and 59.

You may use the following marks to designate the forces:

Archery, †; pikemen or spearmen, |; horsemen, —; broadswords, /.

After arranging the objects in this way, describe, in writing, what you see.

102. THE LAST NIGHT OF THE VOYAGE.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 1. Who was the High Admiral? V. 2. Who had been supplicated? [*See School History of the United States.*] Look on the map for the port of Palos. V. 6. What expressions in V. 8 of "The Mariner's Dream," Lesson 42, are equivalent to the first two sentences of this verse? [*For Biography of Columbus see "Irving's Columbus," Popular Edition.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Vĕnt′ūre; Pä′lōs; bowş (bouz, *not* bōze); sī-mul-tā′ne-oŭs-ly; Tē Dē′um.

Articulation Drill. Wastes; un-ex-plored′ | o′cean; had | an | ex-is′tence; re-lent′less; ham′mocks.

For Definition. Sanguine; sounded; spars; bows; allured; ominous; stud; receding; transported; simultaneously; Te Deum.

1. Man never started on an enterprise more grand or perilous than Columbus. He was about to search the wide wastes of an unexplored ocean, for a world which even the most sanguine only dared to hope had an existence. Columbus left Spain with three vessels, so small and poorly constructed, that a madman at the present day would hardly venture in them a hundred miles from land. Two of them had no decks in the center; and the other, which carried the High Admiral, was but little better fitted to meet the storm.

2. In such plight as this, on Friday, the third of August, 1492, after almost eighteen years of fruitless supplication, Columbus and his followers set sail from the port of Palos. Day after day they keep on their course to the west. They reach waters which no keel had plowed, no line sounded; and still, no signs of land!

3. Week follows week, until thousands of miles stretch between them and their native shores; and still, no signs of land! Their provisions are nearly gone; the sails hang

in rags about the spars; the vessels groan as they mount each succeeding wave; and still, no signs of land! Faith, weary with watching, ceases to expect. Hope, worn by its vigils, no longer looks.

4. Never did a darker night overtake man, than the last night of that gloomy voyage. To-morrow, by mutual agreement between the Admiral and his crews, if no land appear they are to turn their bows toward Spain. But even this scarcely afforded hope. Before they could reach the nearest port, their provisions might be exhausted, or the relentless tempest might send their shattered barks to the bottom. They turn into their hammocks; but not to sleep. Sad remembrances, gloomy forebodings, weigh down their souls.

5. They chide the folly which allured them from Spain. They think of the friends who stood on the beach and waved an ominous farewell; and, oh! they must meet them again no more, until the sea give up the dead that are in it. But ah! as they turn on their faces and abandon themselves to despair, what sound is that which comes from the deck? It is the voice of their leader; it is the electric cry, "Land! land!" Yes, "Land! land!" rises for the first time over that unsounded sea.

6. They leap from their hammocks; they rush to the decks; and, gazing with strained eye-balls over the bows, see a faint light in the distance, moving, as it seems, from place to place. Hoping, hardly daring to hope, they wait for morning; when, lo! as it breaks, one of those fair isles which stud the ocean rises from the shades of receding night.

7. It rises in native loveliness, unmarred by man, unprofaned by the ax, its fields kissing the waters, its forests saluting the clouds. Transported with joy, forgetful of the past, anticipating the glory of the future,—they simultaneously break forth in praise to God. From every vessel,

from every tongue, one glad song ascends to Heaven; and the "Te Deum" swells where waves had roared and wild winds wailed.

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103. KING DAVID AND ABSALOM.

N. P. WILLIS—1806-1867. MAINE.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. If you have not yet learned what other poetical contributor to this Reader was born in the same town, and within about a year of the same time with this author, turn to Lesson 12. Who was he? V. 6. Absalom's sin is described in the sixteenth and seventeenth chapters of the Second Book of Samuel.

Words often Mispronounced. Wônt (wŭnt). [*See also Lesson 9.*]

Articulation Drill. Clus'ter-ing.

For Definition. Sackcloth; pall; wont; mantling; stricken; bruised reed; token; convulsively; composed; Carrara.

1. The king stood still
Till the last echo died: then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:

2. "Alas! my noble boy, that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!

3. "Cold is thy brow, my son, and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee;
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harpstring, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet 'my father' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

4. "The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young:
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung,
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

5. "And, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

6. "And now, farewell! 'T is hard to give thee up,
With death, so like a gentle slumber, on thee:
And thy dark sin! Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My erring Absalom!"

7. He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child: then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hand convulsively, as if in prayer,
And, as a strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

LANGUAGE WORK.—Write, in three words, the meaning of "The grave hath won thee."

First Snow Fall.

[Complete the lines below by properly placing the words standing above them.]

crow **Carrara** **swan's-down** **snow**

From sheds new roofed with ——
Came chanticleer's muffled ——,
The stiff rails were softened to ——,
And still flutters down the ——.

104. THE UNITED STATES.

GEO. BANCROFT—1800-* *. MASSACHUSETTS.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Pre-çĕd′ençe; ăx′i-om; dĭp-lo-măt′ic; in-trĭgueş′ (in-trēgz′).

For Definition. Essential; precedence; conceded; axiom; aspire; unexampled; diplomatic; intrigues; resources; intersecting; annihilates; acceleration; cumulative; opulent; concourse; lineage; convulsed; innovations; neutralizes; asylum; dead letter; powers.

George Bancroft, the most distinguished historian of the United States, was the son of a Massachusetts clergyman. In early life he delivered frequent addresses on literary and philosophical subjects and in political conventions, and has held various positions of high trust in the government. Under President Van Buren he was Collector of the Port of Boston. Under President Polk he was Secretary of the Navy. Several of his acts in this office have permanently affected the country. He founded the naval school at Annapolis, personally superintended its organization, and so great was the confidence of Congress in his ability and integrity, that no appropriation asked by him was ever refused. While in this office, Mr. Bancroft also gave the order to take possession of California, which was carried into effect before he left the department. As Secretary of War *pro tem.* he gave the order to General Taylor to march into Texas, which was its first occupation by United States troops. Subsequently he became Minister to England, and in 1867 was sent as Minister to Berlin, being recalled at his own request in 1874. He is now (1886) living in the city of Washington, D. C. The following selection is taken from the introduction to the first volume of Bancroft's History of the United States, issued in 1834.

1. The United States of America constitute an essential portion of a great political system, embracing all the civilized nations of the earth. At a period when the force of moral opinion is rapidly increasing, they have the precedence in the practice and the defense of the equal rights of man. The sovereignty of the people is here a conceded axiom, and the laws, established upon that basis, are cherished with faithful patriotism.

2. While the nations of Europe aspire after change, our constitution engages the fond admiration of the people, by which it has been established. Prosperity follows the execution of even justice; invention is quickened by the free-

dom of competition; and labor rewarded with sure and unexampled returns. Domestic peace is maintained without the aid of a military establishment; public sentiment permits the existence of but few standing troops, and those only along the seaboard and on the frontiers.

3. A gallant navy protects our commerce, which spreads its banners on every sea, and extends its enterprise to every clime. Our diplomatic relations connect us, on terms of equality and honest friendship, with the chief powers of the world; while we avoid entangling participation in their intrigues, their passions, and their wars. Our national resources are developed by an earnest culture of the arts of peace. Every man may enjoy the fruits of his industry; every mind is free to publish his convictions.

4. Our government, by its organization, is necessarily identified with the interests of the people, and relies exclusively on their attachment for its durability and support. Nor is the constitution a dead letter, unalterably fixed; it has the capacity for improvement; adopting whatever changes time and the public will may require, and safe from decay, so long as that will retains its energy.

5. New states are forming in the wilderness; canals intersecting our plains and crossing our highlands, open numerous channels to internal commerce; manufactures prosper along our water-courses; the use of steam on our rivers and railroads annihilates distance by the acceleration of speed. Our wealth and population, already giving us a place in the first rank of nations, are so rapidly cumulative, that the former is increased fourfold, and the latter is doubled, in every period of twenty-two or twenty-three years.

6. There is no national debt; the community is opulent; the government, economical; and the public treasury, full. Religion, neither persecuted, nor paid by the state, is sustained by the regard for public morals and the convictions of an enlightened faith. Intelligence is diffused with un-

paralleled universality; a free press teems with the choicest productions of all nations and ages. There are more daily journals in the United States than in the world beside.

7. A public document of general interest is, within a month, reproduced in at least a million of copies, and is brought within the reach of every freeman in the country. An immense concourse of emigrants of the most various lineage is perpetually crowding to our shores; and the principles of liberty, uniting all interests by the operation of equal laws, blend the discordant elements into harmonious union.

8. Other governments are convulsed by the innovations and reforms of neighboring states; our constitution, fixed in the affections of the people from whose choice it has sprung, neutralizes the influence of foreign principles, and fearlessly opens an asylum to the virtuous, the unfortunate, and the oppressed of every nation.

LANGUAGE WORK.—Let the pupil write the following sentences of the lesson and express their meaning without using the italicized words in them:

V. 3. "Our *diplomatic* relations connect us, on terms of equality and honest friendship, with the chief *powers* of the world."

V. 4. "Nor is the constitution a *dead letter* unalterably fixed."

V. 5. "The use of steam on our rivers and railroads *annihilates* distance by the *acceleration* of speed."

V. 6. "Intelligence is diffused with *unparalleled universality*."

First Snow Fall.

[Complete the lines below by properly filling the blanks with words selected from the list standing above them.]

sky **window** **snow-birds** **by**

I stood and watched by the ——
The noiseless work of the ——,
And the sudden flurries of ——,
Like brown leaves whirling ——.

105. BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

GEORGE GORDON (LORD) BYRON. [See Lesson 55.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 1. In what city did the occurrence here described take place? V. 4. With what force should the last line of this verse be read? V. 5. With what force should the last line of this verse be read?

Words often Mispronounced. Măr′riage (măr′rij); stōn′y; squad′ron (skwŏd-); vo-lŭpt′ū-oŭs; thrŏnged; Är-dennes′ (Är-dĕn′).

Articulation Drill. Chiv′al-ry; mus′ter-ing; clat′ter-ing; whis′per-ing; mag-nif′i-cent-ly.

For Definition. Voluptuous; impetuous; inanimate; lusty; marshaling; car.

1. There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark!—a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

2. Did ye not hear it?—No; 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
On with the *dance!* let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
And *nearer, clearer, deadlier* than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is the *cannon's* opening roar!

3. Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs

Which ne'er might be repeated—who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise.

4. And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar,
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The *foe!* They *come!* They *come!*"

5. And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's teardrops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave!—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which, now, beneath them, but above, shall grow
In the next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.

6. Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn, the marshaling in arms,—the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider, and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent.

LANGUAGE WORK.—What group of words in the third line below can be exchanged with the group italicized in the second line, without affecting the sense. Make the change and read the lines as they would then stand.

"And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men."

106. THE PILGRIMS.

HON. EDWARD EVERETT—1794-1865. MASSACHUSETTS.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Words often Mispronounced. Hŏs′tīle; prŏg′ress (*n.*); pro-grĕss′ (*v.*); dĕad′en-ing; ad-vĕnt′ūr-oŭs; prŏj′eet (*n.*); pro-jĕet′ (*v.*).

Articulation Drill. Ad-vent′ur-ous; pros′pects; scant′i-ly; suf-fo-ca′tion; tem′pest; masts; des′per-ate; shiv′er-ing; stag′ger-ing; prob-a-bil′i-ty; proj′ects.

For Definition. Adventurous; suffocation; circuitous; laboring; desperate; adventurers; baffled; parallel; malady.

The author of this selection belongs to a family of scholars. His father was a Boston clergyman, and his brother was distinguished as a statesman and man of letters. He, himself, entered Harvard College at the early age of thirteen, and graduated four years later. His course was one of regular and rapid advancement. At eighteen he was elected tutor in the college from which he had graduated the year before. At nineteen he was settled as pastor over one of the largest churches in Boston. At twenty-one he was elected professor of Greek in Harvard College. At thirty, without solicitation on his part and without consulting him, he was elected to Congress. At forty he was elected Governor of Massachusetts, and was three times reëlected. It was during his administration that normal schools were established in that State. Subsequently he was sent as Minister to England, and on his return, at the age of fifty-two, was elected to the presidency of Harvard College. He afterward held the office of Secretary of State, and was elected to the United States Senate. His career affords a striking example of the value, in practical affairs, of high scholarship and wide culture.

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1. Methinks I see one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower, of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore.

2. I see them, now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation, in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route,—and now, driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging.

3. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggering vessel.

4. I see them escape from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

5. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England?

6. Tell me, politician, how long did a shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this.

7. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? was it hard labor and spare meals? was it disease? was it the tomahawk? was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea? was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate?

8. And is it possible, that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible, that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so wor-

thy not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?

LANGUAGE WORK.—Explain the difference between the meanings of the word *laboring*, and also between the meanings of the word *desperate* in the following lines:

1. **The** *laboring* **engine came puffing up the hill.**
   The *laboring* **man earns his bread by the sweat of his brow.**
2. **His circumstances were** *desperate.*
   A more *desperate* **highwayman was never caught.**

Which of these meanings have they in this lesson?

107. THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

THOMAS MOORE—1779-1852. IRELAND.

Of this author it has been said: "He was a sort of 'show-child' from his birth, and could hardly walk when it was jestingly said of him that he passed all his nights with fairies on the hills. 'He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.' Almost his earliest memory was his having been crowned king of a castle by some of his playfellows. At his first school he was the show-boy of the schoolmaster; at thirteen years old he had written poetry that attracted and justified admiration."

He has written some fine songs, and as the author of "Lalla Rookh," a Persian tale clothed in glowing imagery, has received high praise. He is not regarded, however, as a poet of the first rank.

1. Oft in the stilly night,
   Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
   Fond memory brings the light
   Of other days around me.

2. The smiles, the tears of boyhood's years,
   The words of love then spoken;
   The eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone,
   The cheerful hearts now broken.

3. When I remember all
   The friends, so linked together,
   I 've seen around me fall,
   Like leaves in wintry weather,

4. I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.

5. Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days arŏund me.

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108. THE WIDOW OF THE PINE COTTAGE.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 8. What would be your answer to the last question in this verse? V. 9. What was the provision referred to, made for Israel? [*See sixteenth chapter of Exodus.*] V. 10. Where are the Indies?

Words often Mispronounced. Fôr′ti-tūde; stăff; pĭl′grim-ag̈e; Ĭn′-dies̱ (ĭn′dēz); mys-tē′ri-oŭs.

Articulation Drill. Art′less-ness; prov′i-dence; for′ests; fag′ots; gath′er-ing; neigh′bor-ing; min′is-ter-ing; des′o-late.

For Definition. Fagots; *dissipate;* forlorn; pilgrimage; apparently; complication; proffered; benefactress.

Word Using. Use *dissipate* in a sentence of your own, with the meaning it has in this lesson and with one other.

1. It was Saturday night, and the widow of the Pine Cottage sat by her blazing fagots, with her five tattered children at her side, endeavoring by listening to the artlessness of their prattle, to dissipate the heavy gloom that pressed upon her mind. For a year, her own feeble hand had provided for her helpless family, for she had no supporter; she thought of no friend in all the wide, unfriendly world around.

2. But that mysterious Providence, the wisdom of whose ways is above human comprehension, had visited her with wasting sickness, and her little means had become exhausted. It was now, too, midwinter, and the snow lay

heavy and deep through all the surrounding forests, while storms still seemed gathering in the heavens, and the driving wind roared amid the neighboring pines, and rocked her puny mansion.

3. The last herring smoked upon the coals before her; it was the only article of food she possessed, and no wonder her forlorn, desolate state brought up in her lone bosom all the anxieties of a mother, when she looked upon her children: and no wonder, forlorn as she was, if she suffered the heart swellings of despair to rise, even though she knew that He, whose promise is to the widow and to the orphan, can not forget His word.

4. Providence had, many years before, taken from her her eldest son, who went from his forest home to try his fortune on the high seas, since which she had heard no tidings of him; and in her latter time, had, by the hand of death, deprived her of the companion and staff of her earthly pilgrimage, in the person of her husband. Yet to this hour she had been upborne; she had not only been able to provide for her little flock, but had never lost an opportunity of ministering to the wants of the miserable and destitute.

5. The indolent may well bear with poverty, while the ability to gain sustenance remains. The individual who has but his own wants to supply, may suffer with fortitude the winter of want; his affections are not wounded, his heart not wrung. The most desolate in populous cities may hope, for charity has not quite closed her hand and heart, and shut her eyes on misery.

6. But the industrious mother of helpless and depending children, far from the reach of human charity, has none of these to console her. And such a one was the widow of the Pine Cottage; but as she bent over the fire, and took up the last scanty remnant of food, to spread before her children, her spirits seemed to brighten up, as by some sudden

and mysterious impulse, and Cowper's beautiful lines came uncalled across her mind:

> Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
> But trust him for his grace;
> Behind a frowning Providence,
> He hides a smiling face.

7. The smoked herring was scarcely laid upon the table, when a gentle rap at the door, and loud barking of a dog, attracted the attention of the family. The children flew to open it, and a weary traveler, in tattered garments, and apparently indifferent health, entered and begged a lodging, and a mouthful of food. Said he, "It is now twenty-four hours since I tasted bread." The widow's heart bled anew as under a fresh complication of distresses; for her sympathies lingered not around her fireside. She hesitated not even now; rest and a share of all she had she proffered to the stranger. "We shall not be forsaken," said she, "or suffer deeper for an act of charity."

8. The traveler drew near the board, but when he saw the scanty fare, he raised his eyes toward heaven with astonishment: "And is this all your store?" said he, "and a share of this do you offer to one you know not? then never saw I charity before! but madam," said he, continuing, "do you not wrong your children by giving a part of your last mouthful to a stranger?"

9. "Ah," said the poor widow, and the tear-drops gushed into her eyes as she said it, "I have a boy, a darling son, somewhere on the face of the wide world, unless Heaven has taken him away, and I only act toward you, as I would that others should act toward him. God, who sent manna from heaven, can provide for us as He did for Israel; and how should I this night offend Him, if my son should be a wanderer, destitute as you, and He should have provided for him a home, even poor as this, were I to turn you unrelieved away."

10. The widow ended, and the stranger, springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms: "God indeed has provided your son a home, and has given him wealth to reward the goodness of his benefactress: my mother! oh my mother!" It was her long lost son, returned to her bosom from the Indies. He had chosen that disguise that he might the more completely surprise his family; and never was surprise more perfect, or followed by a sweeter cup of joy.

11. That humble residence in the forest was exchanged for one comfortable, and indeed beautiful, in the valley; and the widow lived long with her dutiful son, in the enjoyment of worldly plenty, and in the delightful employments of virtue; and at this day the passer-by is pointed to the willow that spreads its branches above her grave.

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109. LOCHINVAR.

SIR WALTER SCOTT. [See Lesson 84.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 3. What is the Solway? What is meant by its swelling and its ebbing?

Words often Mispronounced. Däunt′less; quâffed; găl′liard (-yard); bŏn′net (*not* bŭn′nit); seȧur; Græmeş (grāmz).

Articulation Drill. He rode | all | unarmed, and | he rode | all | alone.

For Definition. Dauntless; laggard; craven; wooed; ebb; measure; bar; galliard; croup; scaur.

A Scottish clan was a collection of families under one chieftain. The Græmes, Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, spoken of in the eighth verse, were families of the Netherby clan.

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1. Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
   Through all the wide Border his steed was the best:
   And save his good broadsword, he weapon had none,

He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone!
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like young Lochinvar!

2. He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar!

3. So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all!
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword—
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word—
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

4. "I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide!
And now, am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine!
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to young Lochinvar."

5. The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup,
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

6. So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'T were better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

7. One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near,
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!

"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur:
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

8. There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see!
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

110. ON THE WAR TO COERCE AMERICA.

WILLIAM PITT (EARL CHATHAM)—1708-1778. ENGLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 2. Who is the "inveterate enemy" referred to, that abetted the colonies and entertained their embassadors? V. 4. What is meant by extending traffic "to the shambles of every German despot?" Read the chapters on the American revolution in some School History of the United States, and you will be able to answer these questions. V. 2. What "ministers" dare not interpose?

Words often Mispronounced. Tre-mĕn′doŭs (-dŭs); ăd-ū-lā′tion; Brĭt′ain (brĭt′an); ĭm′po-tent; răp′ĭne; bär′ba-roŭs; măs′sa-eres (măs′-sa-kers); ēr′mĭne; ĕx′tir-pate; pro-çēd′ūre (-seed′yur); ruth′less.

Articulation Drill. Flat′ter-y; em-bas′sa-dors; in-vet′er-ate; rev′er-ence; des′per-ate; ac-cu′mu-late; mer′ce-na-ry; pre-pos′ter-ous.

For Definition. Adulation; obtruded; abetted; inveterate; achieve; shambles; mercenary; rapine; rapacity; alliance; redress; impelled; abhorrent; avowal; sanctity; ermine; extirpate; ruthless; indelible; stigma; preposterous.

William Pitt, First Earl of Chatham, whom Macaulay calls "the first Englishman of his times," was a bitter opponent of the war measures of the British government against the American colonies in 1775-6-7. Several of his speeches in support of his opinions at that time have been very popular in America. He was not, however, in favor of acknowledging the independence of the colonies, and in 1778, when a proposition was made in Parliament to do so, he rose from a bed of sickness, and, swathed in flannel, crutch in hand, emaciated and weak, he repaired to the house of lords, there opposing the motion in a speech of great power and animation. At the close of his speech he

fell in an apoplectic fit and died in a few weeks. His son, William Pitt, afterward became Second Earl of Chatham. The following selection is from a speech delivered in Parliament, November 18, 1777, in opposition to the attempt to subjugate the colonies by force of arms.

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1. I can not, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation: the smoothness of flattery can not save us, in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors.

2. Can Parliament be so dead to its true dignity and duty, as to give its support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt! "But yesterday, and Britain might have stood against the world; now, none so poor to do her reverence." The people whom we first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their embassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy; and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect.

3. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems or honors the British troops, than I do. I know their virtues and their valor. I know they can achieve any thing but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility. You can not, my lords, you can not conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much.

4. You may swell every expense, accumulate every as-

sistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot: your attempts will be forever impotent; doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms;—never—*never*—NEVER!

5. But, my lords, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischief of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms, the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savage? to call into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods? to delegate to the merciless Indian the defense of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment.

6. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality: "For it is perfectly allowable," says Lord Suffolk, "to use all the means which God and Nature have put into our hands." I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this house, or in this country.

7. My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention, but I can not repress my indignation: I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon, as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity. "That God and Nature have put into our hands!" What ideas of God and Nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity.

8. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and Nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honor. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation.

9. I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops, to interpose their unsullied sanctity; upon the judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the *Genius of the Constitution.*

10. Spain can no longer boast preëminence in barbarity. She armed herself with bloodhounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; we, more ruthless, loose the dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure, the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence.

11. My lords, I am old and weak, and unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

LANGUAGE WORK.—Write the last sentence, employing some equivalent expressions for *reposed*, *abhorrence*, and *preposterous*.

ELEMENTS OF ELOCUTION.

CHAPTER VI.—PITCH.

Pitch, or *key*, relates to the voice as being high or low on the musical scale. It may have as many variations as there are notes in that scale. In reading, however, but three distinctions are usually made. These are:

I. MIDDLE PITCH.
II. LOW PITCH.
III. HIGH PITCH.

Middle Pitch—*is the natural key-note of the voice. It varies in different individuals and is used in ordinary conversational reading;* as,

1. I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

2. Marley was dead to begin with; there is no doubt whatever about that. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Low Pitch—*is the tone naturally employed in speaking to some one quite near, when it is desired that no others shall hear; and is also used in expressing emotions of awe and reverence;* as,

1. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
2. Thou hast all seasons for thy own, O Death!
3. The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead.
4. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves the measure and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it.

High Pitch—*is the tone naturally employed in calling to a person at a distance; also to express lively and joyous emotions;* as,

1. "*Stand by your braces!*" exclaimed the pilot. "*Heave that lead!*"

"*Clear away that best bower!*" shouted Griffith through his trumpet.

"*Hold on! Hold on everything!*" cried the pilot.

2. I come, I come! ye have called me long;
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

Professor Monroe says: "Elocutionary rules will do little or nothing toward removing faults of pitch. Faithful drill is needed, under the guidance of good taste and a correct musical ear. *Vowels, words, and sentences should be practiced with high, middle, and low pitch.*"

Professor Swett, in his School Elocution, says: "The most common fault in school reading is the high pitch known as the 'school tone,' which grates on the ear like the filing of a saw. It arises from an effort to read in a loud tone, and from a habit of reading without any regard to thought or feeling. *This fault must be corrected by vocal drill in a low key.*

DRILL IN PITCH.

[In concert: The first line in middle pitch; the second in low pitch; the third in high pitch. Repeat three times.]

Round the rough rock the ragged rascals ran.

The bold bad boys broke bolts and bars.

High on a hill, he heard a horse's horny hoofs.

111. THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

THOMAS HOOD—1798-1845. ENGLAND.

Preparatory Exercises.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 2. Can you tell what religious doctrine is referred to in the last three lines of this verse? What religion do the Turks profess? V. 4. What words in the third and fourth lines are contrasted with each other? What is the rule for reading them?

Words often Mispronounced. Dŏl′or-oŭs; grĭş′ly; rĕs′pīte; rōōf.

Articulation Drill. Fin′gers | wea′ry; eye′lids | heav′y; stars shine.

Assign to each pupil two verses of this selection to copy, and mark the rhetorical pauses.

For Definition. Dolorous; aloof; flags; chime; twit; brooding.

Although the selection given here is serious and pathetic, Hood's fame is that of a humorist. As a writer of comic verse he has, perhaps, no peer in the English language. He was the son of a London publisher, and, destined for the counting-room, was early placed "on lofty stool at lofty desk" as an apprentice at bookkeeping. But the numbers that ran in his brain were of rhythmic syllables, rather than of Arabic notation, and he soon abandoned the pen of the clerk for the pen of the poet. His brightest fancies, however, were always touched with a melancholy pathos. An eminent critic says of him: "Hood's verse, whether serious or comic,—whether serene like a cloudless autumn evening, or sparkling with puns like a frosty January midnight with stars,—was ever pregnant with materials for thought."

1. With fingers weary and worn,
   With eyelids heavy and red,
   A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
   Plying her needle and thread;
   Stitch! stitch! stitch!
   In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
   And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
   She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

2. "Work! work! work!
   While the cock is crowing aloof!
   And work! work! work!
   Till the stars shine through the roof!
   It is oh! to be a slave

Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

3. "Work! work! work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work! work! work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

4. "O men, with sisters dear!
O men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you 're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

5. "But why do I talk of Death?
That Phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own;
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

6. "Work! work! work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread, and rags,
That shattered roof, and this naked floor,
A table, a broken chair,
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.

7. "Work! work! work!
From weary chime to chime!
Work! work! work!

As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

8. "Work! work! work!
In the dull December light,
And work! work! work!
When the weather is warm and bright;
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

9. "Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet!
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal;

10. "Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop,
Hinders needle and thread."

11. With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread:
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the rich!
She sang this "Song of the Shirt."

112. NEW ENGLAND.

SARGENT S. PRENTISS—1808-1850. MAINE.

Preparatory Exercises.

Questions. V. 1. Who were the "Pilgrim sires?" V. 3. What do you think the author has in mind when he speaks of our "household gods?" V. 6. What city of the United States is called the Crescent City? Why?

Words often Mispronounced. Chām′ber; ac-cûrs′ed (ak-kûrs′ed); fôrt′ūne (fôrt′yun); pĕr-o-rā′tion.

Articulation Drill. Trai′tor-ous; sev′er-ance; mists; sep′a-ra-ted.

For Definition. Ancestral; associations; rustled; paternal; devolves; severance; mart; classic; crescent; asunder; peroration.

S. S. Prentiss is the third contributor to this Reader born in Portland, Maine; all three within the years 1807 and 1808. It is probable that Longfellow, Willis, and he were companions in many a boyish game. Longfellow and he were also college mates, graduating at Bowdoin College within a year of each other. After graduation, Mr. Prentiss removed to Cincinnati and subsequently to Mississippi, where he reached high eminence as an orator, and was elected to Congress. In 1845 he removed to New Orleans, remaining there until his death. The following is the peroration of an address delivered in that city, December 22, 1845, before the New England Society of New Orleans.

1. Glorious New England! thou art still true to thy ancient fame, and worthy of thy ancestral honors. We, thy children, have assembled in this far-distant land to celebrate thy birthday. A thousand fond associations throng upon us, roused by the spirit of the hour. On thy pleasant valleys rest, like sweet dews of morning, the gentle recollections of our early life; around thy hills and mountains cling, like gathering mists, the mighty memories of the Revolution; and, far away in the horizon of thy past, gleam, like thy own bright northern lights, the awful virtues of our Pilgrim sires!

2. But, while we devote this day to the remembrance of our native land, we forget not that in which our happy lot is cast. We exult in the reflection, that though we count by thousands the miles which separate us from our birthplace, still our country is the same. We are no exiles, meeting upon the banks of a foreign river, to swell its waters

with our homesick tears. Here floats the same banner which rustled above our boyish heads, except that its mighty folds are wider, and its glittering stars increased in number.

3. The sons of New England are found in every State of the broad Republic. In the east, the south, and the unbounded west, their blood mingles freely with every kindred current. We have but changed our chamber in the paternal mansion; in all its rooms we are at home, and all who inhabit it are our brothers. To us, the Union has but one domestic hearth; its household gods are all the same. Upon us, then, peculiarly devolves the duty of feeding the fires upon that kindly hearth—of guarding, with pious care, those sacred household gods.

4. We can not do with less than the whole Union; to us it admits of no division. In the veins of our children flows northern and southern blood. How shall it be separated? who shall put asunder the best affections of the heart, the noblest instincts of our nature? We love the land of our adoption; so do we that of our birth. Let us ever be true to both! and always exert ourselves in maintaining the unity of our country, the integrity of the Republic.

5. Accursed, then, be the hand put forth to loosen the golden cord of Union! thrice accursed the traitorous lips which shall propose its severance! But no! the Union can not be dissolved. Its fortunes are too brilliant to be marred; its destinies too powerful to be resisted. Here will be their greatest triumph, their most mighty development.

6. And, when a century hence, the Crescent City shall have filled her golden horns—when within her broad-armed port shall be gathered the products of the industry of a hundred millions of freemen—when galleries of art and halls of learning shall have made classic this mart of trade—then may the sons of pilgrims, still wandering from the bleak hills of the north, stand upon the banks of the

great river and exclaim with mingled pride and wonder: "Lo, this is our country; when did the world ever behold so rich and magnificent a city—so great and glorious a Republic!"

113. THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.

GEORGE ARNOLD—1834–1865. NEW YORK.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

For Definition. Sallow; hawthorn; woodbine; litigate; cronies; tiles; odorous.

Word Using. Use *cronies* and *odorous* in sentences of your own.

1. 'T was a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
   Tall, and slender, and sallow, and dry;
   His form was bent and his gait was slow,
   And his long, thin hair was white as snow,
   But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye:
   And he sang every night as he went to bed,
   "Let us be happy down here below;
   The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
   Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

2. He taught the scholars the Rule of Three,
   Reading, and writing, and history too;
   He took the little ones on his knee,
   For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
   And the wants of the littlest child he knew.
   "Learn while you 're young," he often said,
   "There is much to enjoy down here below;
   Life for the living, and rest for the dead!"
   Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

3. With the stupidest boys, he was kind and cool,
   Speaking only in gentlest tones;
   The rod was scarcely known in his school—
   Whipping to him was a barbarous rule,
   And too hard work for his poor old bones;
   Besides it was painful, he sometimes said:
   "We should make life pleasant down here below,

The living need charity more than the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

4. He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door;
His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor.
"I need so little," he often said;
"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

5. But the pleasantest times he had, of all,
Were the sociable hours he used to pass,
With his chair tipped back to a neighbor's wall,
Making an unceremonious call,
Over a pipe and a friendly glass:
This was the finest pleasure he said,
Of the many he tasted here below:
"Who has no cronies had better be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

6. The jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face
Melted all over in sunshiny smiles;
He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,
Chuckled, and sipped, and prattled apace,
Till the house grew merry from cellar to tiles.
"I 'm a pretty old man," he gently said,
"I 've lingered a long time here below;
But my heart is fresh, if my youth is fled!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

7. He smoked his pipe in the balmy air
Every night, when the sun went down;
And the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving its tenderest kisses there,
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown;
And feeling the kisses, he smiled, and said:
"'T was a glorious world down here below;
Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
Said this jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

8. He sat at his door one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the odorous night-winds whispered "Rest!"
Gently, gently, he bowed his head;
There were angels waiting for him, I know;
He was sure of his happiness living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago!

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114. SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS IN 1776.

DANIEL WEBSTER—1782-1852. NEW HAMPSHIRE.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 6. To what does the orator allude in speaking of Bunker Hill, Lexington, and Concord?

Words often Mispronounced. Rue (rōō); ŏf′fer-ing; ĕŏm′pen-sāte; ĕx̱-ul-tā′tion; ŏb′sti-nate-ly; Cŏn′cord (kŏnk′urd).

For Definition. Divinity; persisted; measure; eradicated; chartered; immunities; rue; ignominiously; copious; stake.

Though born in New Hampshire, Mr. Webster won his national fame as a representative of Massachusetts. It will be regarded as not a little remarkable that the man who was to move senates by his eloquence, should say of himself as a student: "Many a piece did I commit to memory, and recite and rehearse in my own room, over and over again; yet when the day came when the school collected to hear the declamation, when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned to my seat, I could not raise myself from it." Mr. Webster's speeches are models of simple, direct, but powerful diction, and his grand personal presence and his magnetic voice added greatly to the effect of his speeches. One of the most interesting short biographies of him is that by Henry Cabot Lodge, in the *American Statesmen* series.

The following is an extract from a speech made by him August 2, 1826, in commemoration of the lives and services of Presidents Adams and Jefferson, both of whom had died on the fourth of July previous. In reviewing their careers, he supposes Mr. Adams to have advocated the Declaration of Independence in the words here quoted.

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1. Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there is

a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration?

2. If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit!

3. The war, then, must go on; we must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. Nations will then treat with us, which they never can do, while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign.

4. If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people—the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and can not be eradicated.

5. Sir, the Declaration of Independence will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the spirit of life.

6. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it, or fall

with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

7. Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to see the time this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so: be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

8. But whatever may be our fate, be assured—be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears; not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

9. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves the measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment; independence now, and independence forever.

115. THE GLOVE AND THE LION.

LEIGH HUNT—1784-1859. ENGLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Questions. "King Francis" was Francis I, of France. Can you learn from the Cyclopedia during what period he was king?

Words often Mispronounced. Lēigh (lee); de Lōrge (lōrzh).

For Definition. Hearty; court; ramped; vanity.

Leigh Hunt, at school, showed much aptitude in the composition of verse, but his prose composition was so bad that the master used to twist it up and throw it at the boys for amusement. His contemporaries speak of his conversation as "simply perfection," and of his nature as "the happiest and sunniest" in the world. Simplicity, guilelessness, and sincerity were his distinguishing traits of character. Even such a character, however, was not secure against the venom of the party feeling of his time. That a political magazine could speak of him as "the meanest, the filthiest, and the most vulgar of cockney poetasters," and call attention to that "loathsome vulgarity that constantly clings around him like a venomed garment from St. Giles," is a significant commentary upon the bitterness and unfairness of party spirit. Hunt's intimate associates among men of letters were Wordsworth, Coleridge, Hazlitt, and Proctor. Which of these four writers contribute to this Reader?

1. King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
   And one day as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
   The nobles filled the benches round, the ladies by their side,
   And 'mong them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sighed:
   And truly 't was a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
   Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

2. Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid, laughing jaws;
   They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
   With wallowing might and stifled roar, they rolled on one another:
   Till all the pit, with sand and main, was in a thunderous smother;
   The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air:
   Said Francis, then, "Faith, gentlemen, we 're better here than there."

3. De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous, lively dame,
   With smiling lips, and sharp, bright eyes, which always seemed the same;

She thought, "The Count, my lover, is brave as brave can be,
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love for me;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
I 'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be mine."

4. She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked at him and smiled;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild;
The leap was quick, return was quick, he soon regained the place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.
"In faith," cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."

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116. RETURN OF COLUMBUS.

WASHINGTON IRVING—1783-1859. NEW YORK.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Questions. V. 3. Can you find Barcelona on the map? V. 7. What was Castile? [*See Cyclopedia or a school history of the United States.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Rų′mor (rōō-); Bär-çe-lō′nä; eōur′-tiers (kōrt′yers); eŏn̲′(kong′-)eōurse; eŏn̲′quer-ors (kŏn̲k′er-urs); Cäs-tīle′.

Articulation Drill. Bal′co-nies; cu-ri-os′i-ty; sol′emn; mem′o-ra-ble; pop′u-lace; dec′o-ra-ted.

For Definition. Acclamations; impeded; craving; serenity; genial; memorable; courtiers; coronets; conspicuous; cavalcade; saloon; vassalage; punctilious; aromatic; proselytes.

Washington Irving, one of the most celebrated of modern authors, was the son of a Scotch father and an English mother. Nothing is known of him that is not to his credit. As a man, his character, both private and official, was an honor to human nature; while as a writer, his career has reflected the highest luster upon letters and upon his country. If his style can be said to resemble that of any other writer, it is the style of Addison. It is, in its simplicity, sweetness, and unfailing charm, not unworthy to be compared with the soft and rich lights that made the *Spectator* luminous without heat, and transparent without shallowness. He wrote at different times under the *noms de plume* of "Jonathan Oldstyle," "Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.," "Deidrich Knickerbocker," and "Launcelot Langstaff." The "Sketch Book," "Knickerbocker's History of New York," "Life of Columbus," "Life of Wash-

ington," "Goldsmith," and "Bracebridge Hall," are among his best known works, though it is difficult, when one begins, to stop without enumerating the complete list of his writings, so full are they all of the spiciness of a delicate humor and the play of a brilliant fancy.

The *Spectator* and *Tattler* were two periodicals which owed their fame mainly to the writings of Addison. [*See Lesson 90.*]

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1. The fame of his discovery had resounded throughout the nation, and as his route lay through several of the finest and most populous provinces of Spain, his journey appeared like the progress of a sovereign. Wherever he passed, the surrounding country poured forth its inhabitants, who lined the road and thronged the villages.

2. In the large towns, the streets, windows, and balconies were filled with eager spectators, who rent the air with acclamations. His journey was continually impeded by the multitude pressing to gain a sight of him, and of the Indians, who were regarded with as much admiration as if they were natives of another planet.

3. It was impossible to satisfy the craving curiosity which assailed himself and his attendants, at every stage, with innumerable questions. Popular rumor, as usual, had exaggerated the truth, and had filled the newly-found country with all kinds of wonders. It was about the middle of April that Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception.

4. The beauty and serenity of the weather, in that genial season and favored climate, contributed to give splendor to this memorable ceremony. As he drew near the place, many of the more youthful courtiers, together with a vast concourse of the populace, came forth to welcome him. His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors.

5. First were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with tropical feathers,

and with their national ornaments of gold; after these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants supposed to be of precious qualities; while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly discovered regions.

6. After these followed Columbus, on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry. The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world, or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered.

7. There was a sublimity in this event, that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, with the Prince Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court, and the principal nobility of Castile.

8. At length, Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers. A modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than were these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world.

9. As Columbus approached, the sovereigns rose as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he requested to kiss their hands; but there was some hesitation on the part of their majesties to permit this act of

vassalage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence,—a rare honor in this proud and punctilious court.

10. At the request of their majesties, Columbus now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands which he had discovered. He displayed the specimens he had brought of unknown birds and other animals; of rare plants of medicinal and aromatic virtue; of native gold, in dust, in crude masses, or labored into barbaric ornaments; and, above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest; since there is nothing to man so curious as the varieties of his own species.

11. All these he pronounced mere harbingers of great discoveries he had yet to make, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties, and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith. The words of Columbus were listened to with profound emotion by the sovereigns.

12. When he had finished, they sunk on their knees, and raised their clasped hands to heaven; their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, they poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence; all present followed their example; a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph.

LANGUAGE WORK.—Which of the two meanings previously given has "chivalry" in this lesson?

OUTLINE.

V. 1. Discovery known throughout the nation; journey like a king's; inhabitants crowded his way.

V. 2. Air filled with shouts from windows and balconies; way stopped by the crowd; Indians admired as if of another planet.

V. 3. Impossible to satisfy curiosity; exaggerated stories had been told. Reached Barcelona middle of April; preparation for reception.

[Make similar outline for V. 4, 5.]

117. EXCELSIOR.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. [See Lesson 12.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Questions. V. 1. In what country are Alpine villages found? V. 6. Who can ascertain, in any way, what St. Bernard is?

Words often Mispronounced. Ăl′pine (-pīn *or* -pīne); fal′chion (fawl′-chun); glā′çiers (glā′seers *or* glās′ĭ-ers).

Articulation Drill. Snow and | ice; ac′cents; tem′pest; cold | and gray.

For Definition. Device; falchion; excelsior; spectral.

1. The shades of night were falling fast,
   As through an Alpine village passed
   A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
   A banner with the strange device,
   Excelsior!

2. His brow was sad; his eye beneath
   Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
   And like a silver clarion rung
   The accents of that unknown tongue,
   Excelsior!

3. In happy homes he saw the light
   Of household fires gleam warm and bright.
   Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
   And from his lips escaped a groan,
   Excelsior!

4. "Try not the pass!" the old man said;
   "Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
   The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
   And loud that clarion voice replied,
   Excelsior!

5. "Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
   Beware the awful avalanche!"
   This was the peasant's last good-night—
   A voice replied, far up the height,
   Excelsior!

6. At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

7. A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner, with the strange device,
Excelsior!

8. There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

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118. THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE—1785-1806. ENGLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Articulation Drill. Glit′ter-ing; wan′der-ing; found′er-ing.

For Definition. Yawned; thrall; moored.

Henry Kirke White was the son of a butcher of Nottingham. Prior to the age of nineteen he had been, successively, a butcher's boy, a stocking-loom laborer, and an attorney's apprentice. At that age he entered college and commenced studies for the ministry. He pursued these with an ardor that destroyed his life at the age of twenty-one. During the two years of his college life he was pronounced the first man in his class. Robert Southey, his biographer, said of him: "It is not possible to conceive a human being more amiable in all the relations of life." After his death his writings were collected by Mr. Southey, and they have been widely read and admired in this country as well as in England.

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1. When marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone, the Savior speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2. Once, on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark;
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3. It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I 'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

Language Work.—Write the meaning of the following lines without using the italicized words in them:

V. 1. "The *glittering host bestud* the sky."

V. 1. "From every *host*, from every *gem*."

Drill in Combinations of Consonant Sounds.

[In concert: (1) in middle pitch; (2) in low pitch; (3) in high pitch.]

rb.	Barb,	herb,	curb,	disturb,	orb,	verb,	garb.
rk.	Bark,	lark,	stark,	dirk,	jerk,	lurk,	stork.
rl.	Marl,	Karl,	girl,	swirl,	furl,	curl,	pearl.

Karl and Pearl, digging in the marl, found a curl from the head of the girl.

119. OMAR, THE SON OF HASSAN.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON. [See Lesson 91.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 2. Is *converse* a noun or a verb in the last sentence? V. 9. What words are placed in contrast in the second sentence?

Words often Mispronounced. Cŏn′verse, *n.*; con-vērse′, *v.*; trĭb′ūte; hour′ĭş; Zō′bē-ïde (Zō′bā-ēd); con-tĕm′pla-tïve.

Inflection Drill. Let the pupil write the last verse, and mark it for inflection.

For Definition. Caliphs; con′verse; officious; viceroy; *docility; allot;* deviate; houris; obscurity; artifices; *ensuing;* immured; connubial; felicity; contemplative.

Word Using. Construct sentences, using the above italicized words in them.

The following selection is from "The Idler," a department written by Dr. Johnson for a weekly paper. The number in which this extract first appeared, was published Saturday, March 22, 1760.

Zobeide was a celebrated Persian princess, residing at Bagdad, distinguished by her wisdom, virtue, and benevolence. Born, 765 A. D.

1. Omar, the son of Hassan, had passed seventy-five years in honor and prosperity. The favor of three successive caliphs had filled his house with gold and silver; and whenever he appeared, the benedictions of the people proclaimed his passage.

2. Terrestrial happiness is of short continuance. The brightness of the flame is wasting its fuel; the fragrant flower is passing away in its own odors. The vigor of Omar began to fail; the curls of beauty fell from his head; strength departed from his hands and agility from his feet. He gave back to the caliph the keys of trust and the seals of secrecy; and sought no other pleasure for the remainder of life than the converse of the wise and the gratitude of the good.

3. The powers of his mind were yet unimpaired. His chamber was filled with visitants, eager to catch the dictates

of experience, and officious to pay the tribute of admiration. Caleb, the son of the Viceroy of Egypt, entered every day early, and retired late. He was beautiful and eloquent. Omar admired his wit, and loved his docility.

4. "Tell me," said Caleb, "thou to whose voice nations have listened, and whose wisdom is known to the extremities of Asia, tell me how I may resemble Omar, the prudent. The arts by which thou hast gained power and preserved it, are to thee no longer necessary or useful; impart to me the secret of thy conduct, and teach me the plan upon which thy wisdom has built thy fortune."

5. "Young man," said Omar, "it is of little use to form plans of life. When I took my first survey of the world, in my twentieth year, having considered the various conditions of mankind, in the hour of solitude, I said thus to myself, leaning against a cedar, which spread its branches over my head: 'Seventy years are allowed to man; I have yet fifty remaining.

6. "'Ten years I will allot to the attainment of knowledge, and ten I will pass in foreign countries. I shall be learned, and therefore shall be honored; every city will shout at my arrival, and every student will solicit my friendship. Twenty years thus passed will store my mind with images, which I shall be busy, through the rest of my life, in combining and comparing. I shall revel in inexhaustible accumulations of intellectual riches; I shall find new pleasures for every moment, and shall never more be weary of myself.

7. "'I will not, however, deviate too far from the beaten track of life, but will try what can be found in female delicacy. I will marry a wife as beautiful as the houris, and wise as Zobeide; and with her I will live twenty years within the suburbs of Bagdad, in every pleasure that wealth can purchase and fancy can invent.

8. "'I will then retire to a rural dwelling, pass my days

in obscurity and contemplation; and lie silently down on the bed of death. Through my life it shall be my settled resolution, that I will never depend on the smile of princes; I will never stand exposed to the artifices of courts; I will never pant for public honors, nor disturb my quiet with the affairs of state.' Such was my scheme of life, which I impressed indelibly on my memory.

9. "The first part of my ensuing time was to be spent in search of knowledge, and I know not how I was diverted from my design. I had no visible impediments without, nor any ungovernable passions within. I regarded knowledge as the highest honor, and the most engaging pleasure; yet day stole upon day, and month glided after month, till I found that seven years of the first ten had vanished, and left nothing behind them.

10. "I now postponed my purpose of traveling; for why should I go abroad, while so much remained to be learned at home? I immured myself for four years, and studied the laws of the empire. The fame of my skill reached the judges; I was found to be able to speak upon doubtful questions, and I was commanded to stand at the footstool of the caliph. I was heard with attention; I was consulted with confidence, and the love of praise fastened on my heart

11. "I still wished to see distant countries; listened with rapture to the relations of travelers, and resolved some time to ask my dismission, that I might feast my soul with novelty; but my presence was always necessary, and the stream of business hurried me along. Sometimes, I was afraid lest I should be charged with ingratitude; but I still proposed to travel, and therefore would not confine myself by marriage.

12. "In my fiftieth year, I began to suspect that the time of my traveling was past; and thought it best to lay hold on the felicity yet in my power, and indulge myself in

domestic pleasures. But, at fifty, no man easily finds a woman beautiful as the houris, and wise as Zobeide. I inquired and rejected, consulted and deliberated, till the sixty-second year made me ashamed of wishing to marry. I had now nothing left but retirement; and for retirement I never found a time, till disease forced me from public employment.

13. "Such was my scheme, and such has been its consequence. With an insatiable thirst for knowledge, I trifled away the years of improvement; with a restless desire of seeing different countries, I have always resided in the same city; with the highest expectation of connubial felicity, I have lived unmarried: and with an unalterable resolution of contemplative retirement, I am going to die within the walls of Bagdad."

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120. APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

LORD BYRON. [See Lesson 55.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Le-vī′a-than; Ar-mā′dȧ; Trăf-al-gär′.

For Definition. Ravage; unknelled; armaments; arbiter; fathomless.

The Armada was a Spanish fleet sent against England in 1588, but which met with disaster and total defeat from the British forces.

The battle of Trafalgar was fought at sea between British forces on one side, and the French and Spanish fleets on the other. In it the famous Horatio Nelson was killed.

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1. There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
   There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
   There is society where none intrudes
   By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
   I love not man the less, but Nature more,

From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

2. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin, his control
Stops with the shore: upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

* * * * * * * *

3. The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lords of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

4. Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee;
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage,—what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play;
Time writes no wrinkles on thy azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

5. Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed; in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime,

The image of Eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

LANGUAGE WORK.—Express the meaning of the following lines without using the italicized words:

V. 2. "Man marks the earth with ruin, *his control*
Stops with the shore."

V. 2. "*Upon the watery plain*
The wrecks are all thy deed."

V. 3. "The *oak leviathans*, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war."

V. 4. "Their decay
Has *dried up realms to deserts.*"

V. 5. "Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests."

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121. NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

CHARLES SPRAGUE—1791-1875. MASSACHUSETTS.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 1. What do you understand by a "generation" of time? V. 3. To what event does the writer refer when he says, "He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone?" What is meant by "the God of *Revelation?*" V. 5. What was the "pilgrim bark?" What life came from the seeds? What death?

For Definition. Embellishes; usurped; anointed; progenitors; falcon; ballad.

Charles Sprague and the author of "Marco Bozarris," in this Reader, have, in their career, much in common. Both were bankers by occupation and men of letters for diversion. Both, however, attained an enviable distinction as writers. Sprague entered a mercantile house as a clerk at the age of thirteen, and was admitted as a partner at twenty-five. At twenty-nine he engaged in banking, in which he continued till his death. Notwithstanding his business occupations he secured

the prize six times for producing the best poems for the stage, an unprecedented distinction in literary annals, evincing the fact that literary abilities, taste, and culture are not inconsistent with the successful pursuit of business. The following extract is from an oration delivered by him in Boston, July 4, 1825.

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1. Not many generations ago, where you now sit, encircled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here, lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your head, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

2. Here, the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, and the council fire glared on the wise and daring. Now, they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now, they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here, they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death song, all were here; and when the tiger-strife was over, here, curled the smoke of peace.

3. Here, too, they worshiped; and from many a dark bosom went up a fervent prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of Revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in every thing around.

4. He beheld him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his midday throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent in humble, though blind adoration.

5. And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face, a whole, peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant.

6. Here and there, a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamable progenitors. The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded offspring crawls upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man, when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

7. As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war cry is fast fading to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever.

8. Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of persons they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues, as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate, as a people.

LANGUAGE WORK.—V. 5. Write, in full, your idea of the meaning of the sentence:

"*The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native.*"

122. CLEON AND I.

CHARLES MACKAY—1814-* *. SCOTLAND.

Charles Mackay is a descendant of an ancient Scottish house of considerable distinction. His songs are stirring and popular. "There's a good time coming, boys," and "Cheer, boys, cheer," have been, and still are, sung the world over. "The Song of the Forge," and "Clear the Way," are favorite selections for declamation. During our late civil war Mr. Mackay was the war correspondent in this country, of the "London Times."

1. Cleon hath a million acres—
   Ne'er a one have I;
   Cleon dwelleth in a palace—
   In a cottage, I.
   Cleon hath a dozen fortunes—
   Not a penny, I;
   But the poorer of the twain is
   Cleon, and not I.

2. Cleon, true, possesseth acres—
   But the landscape, I;
   Half the charms to me it yieldeth
   Money cannot buy;
   Cleon harbors sloth and dullness,
   Freshening vigor, I;
   He in velvet, I in fustian,—
   Richer man am I.

3. Cleon is a slave to grandeur—
   Free as thought am I;
   Cleon fees a score of doctors,—
   Need of none have I;
   Wealth-surrounded, care-environ'd,
   Cleon fears to die;
   Death may come: he 'll find me ready—
   Happier man am I.

4. Cleon sees no charms in nature,—
   In a daisy, I;
   Cleon hears no anthem ringing
   In the sea and sky;

Nature sings to me forever,—
Earnest listener, I;
State for state, with all attendants,
Who would change?—Not I.

123. SOUTH CAROLINA.

ROBERT Y. HAYNE—1791-1840. SOUTH CAROLINA.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Questions. V. 1. What is meant by a devotion that is uncalculating?

For Definition. Adhered; impenetrable.

Robert Young Hayne was a distinguished citizen of South Carolina and of the United States. When elected to the United States Senate, in 1823, he had barely reached the age which entitled him to a seat in that body. In the Senate he became the champion of the anti-tariff measures proposed in 1824 and 1828. He was the first to declare and defend in Congress the right of a State to disobey a law of the United States, that she regarded as unconstitutional. The selection below is an extract from a speech delivered by Mr. Hayne in the United States Senate, January 21, 1830, in the great debate between himself and Mr. Webster on the management of the public lands.

1. If there be one State in the Union, Mr. President, that may challenge comparison with any other, for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that State is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made; no service she has ever hesitated to perform.

2. She has adhered to you in your prosperity; but in your adversity, she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs; though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound; every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen,

crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

3. What, sir, was the conduct of the South during the revolution? Sir, I honor New England, for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the South. Never was there exhibited, in the history of the world, higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the whigs of Carolina, during the revolution. The whole State, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe.

4. The plains of Carolina drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black, smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitation of her children. Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumters, and her Marions, proved, by her conduct, that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

124. MASSACHUSETTS AND SOUTH CAROLINA.

SPEECH IN REPLY TO HAYNE. DANIEL WEBSTER. [See Lesson 114.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Words often Mispronounced. Eū-lō′ġi-ŭm; pā′tri-ot-īṣm; hŏm′aġe (*not* ŏm′aġe); dis-ūn′ion (dis-yu̲n′yun); dis-tīn̲′guished (-ting′gwisht).

Articulation Drill. Con-cur′rence; en-dow′ment; sal′u-ta-ry; sep′-a-rate.

For Definition. Eulogium; hemmed in; circumscribed; renown; endowment; gangrened; abate; tithe; encomium; hawk; salutary.

1. The eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina, by the honorable gentleman, for

her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me, in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced.

2. I claim part of the honor; I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all—the Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Marions—Americans all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

3. In their day and generation they served and honored the country, and the whole country, and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him, whose honored name the gentleman himself bears—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his suffering, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina!

4. Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit in Carolina a name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir; increased gratification and delight rather. Sir, I thank God that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down.

5. When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my own State or neighborhood; when I refuse for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven; if I see extraordinary capacity or virtue in any son of the South; and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by

State jealousy, I get up here to abate a tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.

6. Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts. She needs none. There she is; behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill, and there they will remain forever. And, sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit.

7. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary restraint shall succeed to separate it from that Union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gathered around it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amid the proudest monuments of its glory and on the very spot of its origin.

Drill in Combinations of Consonant Sounds.

[In concert: (1) in middle pitch; (2) in loud pitch; (3) in high pitch.]

rld.	World, curled, hurled, whirled, snarled, furled.
rm.	Arm, farm, worm, squirm, warm, form, storm.
rmd.	Armed, farmed, wormed, squirmed, warmed.
rn.	Barn, tarn, learn, fern, earn, worn, warn, turn.
rcht.	Arched, marched, perched, smirched, beached.

The wind curled and whirled and snarled, and hurled itself upon a gnarled elm.

125. THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

JANE TAYLOR. [See Lesson 54.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Săç-(sas-)er-dō′tal; ehi-mĕr′ie-al; ăl′-ehe-my; nạught (nawt); Phăr′i-see; bōwled; rōōf.

For Definition. Sacerdotal; rites; chimerical; alchemy; properties; sandals; Pharisee; bowled; mites.

Voltaire was a distinguished French infidel and political writer born in 1694. For the **prayer of the penitent thief** see Luke xxiii, 42.

Alexander the Great. [*See Lesson 40.*] For **Dorcas** see Acts ix, 39.

For the **widow's mites** see Luke xxi, 1, 2, 3, 4.

For the **pearl of great price** see Matt. xiii, 45, 46.

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1. A monk, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
   In the depth of his cell with its stone-covered floor,
   Resigned to thought his chimerical brain,
   Once formed the contrivance we now shall explain;
   But whether by magic's or alchemy's powers,
   We know not; indeed 't is no business of ours.

2. Perhaps it was only by patience and care,
   At last that he brought his invention to bear;
   In youth 't was projected, but years stole away,
   And ere 't was complete, he was wrinkled and gray;
   But success is secure, unless energy fails;
   And, at length, he produced the philosopher's scales.

3. "What were they?" you ask. You shall presently see:
   These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea;
   O no; for such properties wondrous had they,
   That qualities, feelings, and thoughts, they could weigh;
   Together with articles small or immense,
   From mountains or planets, to atoms of sense.

4. Naught was there so bulky, but there it would lay,
   And naught so ethereal, but there it would stay.
   And naught so reluctant, but in it must go:
   All which some examples more clearly will show.

5. The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there;
As a weight he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;
When the scull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the cell.

6. One time, he put in Alexander the Great,
With a garment that Dorcas had made, for a weight,
And, though clad in armor from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

7. A long row of almshouses, amply endowed
By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,
Next loaded one scale; while the other was prest
By those mites the poor widow dropped into the chest;
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down the farthing-worth came with a bounce.

8. By further experiments (no matter how),
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plow;
A sword with gilt trapping rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail;
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear.

9. A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale;
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten counselors' wigs, full of powder and curl,
All heaped in one balance and swinging from thence,
Weighed less than a few grains of candor and sense;

10. A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato, just washed from the dirt;
Yet not mountains of silver and gold could suffice
One pearl to outweigh, 't was the pearl of great price.

11. Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at the grate,
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight,
When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff,

That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof;
When, balanced in air, it ascended on high,
And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky;
While the scale with the soul in 't so mightily fell,
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

126. MRS. CAUDLE'S UMBRELLA LECTURE.

DOUGLAS JERROLD. [See Lesson 69.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 1. The question, "What were you to do'?" implies that Mr. Caudle had just made a remark. What remark is implied?

Words often Mispronounced. Trāips'ing.

For Definition. Cab; club; traipsing; dowdy.

1. Well, that's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than taken our umbrella.

2. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And, as I'm alive, if it isn't St. Swithin's day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense! you don't impose upon me; you can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh! you do hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house.

3. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle; don't insult me; *he* return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever did return an umbrella! There: do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks: always six weeks; and no umbrella.

4. I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They sha' n't go through such weather, I am determined. No; they shall stop at home, and never learn anything, sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up, I wonder who they 'll have to thank for knowing nothing?—who, indeed, but their father? People who can 't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

5. But I know why you lent the umbrella; oh, yes, I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow: you knew that, and you did it on purpose. Do n't tell me! you hate to have me go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But do n't you think it, Mr. Caudle: no, sir! if it comes down in bucketfuls, I 'll go all the more. No, and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money 's to come from? You 've got nice high notions at that club of yours!

6. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen-pence, at least. Sixteen-pence? two-and-eight-pence: for there 's back again. Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who 's to pay for them; for I 'm sure you can 't, if you go on as you do, throwing away your property and beggaring your children buying umbrellas!

7. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I do n't care; I 'll go to mother's to-morrow; I will: and, what 's more, I 'll walk every step of the way; and you know that will give me my death. Do n't call me a foolish woman; it 's you that 's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and, with no umbrella, the wet 's sure to give me a cold; it always does: but what do you care for that? Nothing at all.

8. I may be laid up, for what you care, as I dare say I shall; and a pretty doctor's bill there 'll be. I hope there will. It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I should n't wonder if I caught my death; yes, and that 's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course.

9. Nice clothes I 'll get, too, traipsing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled quite. Need n't wear them, then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear them. No, sir; I 'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. It is n't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once,—better, I should say; but when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady. Oh, that rain! if it is n't enough to break in the windows! Ugh! I look forward with dread for to-morrow.

10. How I am to go to mother's, I 'm sure I can't tell; but, if I die, I 'll do it. No, sir, I won't borrow an umbrella; no, and you sha' n't buy me one. Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I 'll throw it into the street. Ha! and it was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I 'm sure, if I had known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one. Paying for new nozzles for other people to laugh at you!

11. Oh, it 's all very well for you; you can go to sleep. You 've no thought of your poor, patient wife and your own dear children; you think of nothing but lending umbrellas! Men indeed! call themselves lords of creation!—pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

12. I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that 's what you want; then you may go to your club and do as you like; and then nicely my poor, dear children will be used; but then, sir, then you 'll be happy. Yes, when your poor, patient wife is dead and gone, then you 'll marry that mean little widow Quilp; I know you will.

Abbreviations.—Write a list of the abbreviated words in this lesson, and then write the words in full. Thus: *that 's = that is.*

Language Work.—Dictate the last verse for copying with special reference to capitals and punctuation. A sentence or two copied in this way two or three times a week will prove of great value in securing a correct use of capitals and marks of punctuation.

127. MARCO BOZZARIS.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK—1790-1867. CONNECTICUT.

Preparatory Exercises.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 1. How many things appeared to the Turkish commander in his dreams? V. 2. With what was the air supposed to be haunted? While the Turk was dreaming, what was the Greek commander doing?

Words often Mispronounced. Bŏz′zä-ris (Bŏt′sä-ris); Sū′li-ote; trō′phies; Plä-taē′a.

For Definition. Trophies; signet-ring; sentries; storied.

Fitz-Greene Halleck, like the author of Lesson 121, was engaged during the most of his life in banking and mercantile pursuits in the city of New York, but spent his later years in his native town of Guilford. His poems are the fruit of his hours of leisure and recreation. The poem given here has been pronounced by an eminent critic to be "perhaps the best martial lyric in the language."

The **Suliotes** were a people descended on one side from the Greeks. They adhered to the Greek church and government. They were finally conquered by the Turks in the early part of this century.

Plataea was the name of an ancient Grecian city, on whose territory its citizens defeated the Persian army in the year 479.

1. At midnight, in his guarded tent,
   The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
   When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
   Should tremble at his power.
   In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
   The trophies of a conqueror.
   In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
   Then wore his monarch's signet-ring;
   Then pressed that monarch's throne, a king:
   As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
   As Eden's garden bird.

2. At midnight, in the forest shades,
   Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band—
   True as the steel of their tried blades,
   Heroes in heart and hand.
   There, had the Persian's thousands stood;

There, had the glad earth drunk their blood,
In old Platæa's day:
And now, there breathed that haunted air,
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike, and souls to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

3. An hour passed on: the Turk awoke;
He woke, to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke, to die 'mid flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God—and your native land!"

4. They fought, like brave men, long and well;
They piled the ground with Moslem slain:
They conquered, but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurra,
And the red field was won:
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

5. Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come, when the blesséd seals
Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come, in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean storm;
Come, when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance and wine,

And thou art terrible. The tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.
But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.

6. Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee: there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh,
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

128. ADDRESS TO REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOTS.

DANIEL WEBSTER. [See Lesson 114.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 1. Notice when this speech was delivered, and tell the date of the battle of Bunker Hill.

Articulation Drill. Ven′er-a-ble; un-ut′ter-a-ble; ap-pro′pri-ate-ly.

For Definition. Issue; succor.

Word Using. Construct sentences using *issue* in both the meanings given.

The corner-stone of the Bunker Hill monument was laid on the seventeenth of June, 1825, the fiftieth anniversary of the battle. Many of the surviving soldiers were present, and to them this address was made by Mr. Webster.

1. Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You

are now where you stood fifty years ago this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else how changed!

2. You hear now no roar of hostile cannon; you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame, rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying, the impetuous charge, the steady and successful repulse, the loud call to repeated assault, the summoning of all that is manly to repeated assistance, a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death,—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more.

3. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs which you then saw filled with wives, and children, and countrymen, in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position, appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defense.

4. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave for ever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you.

5. Veterans of half a century! when in your youthful days, you put everything at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this.

At a period to which you could not reasonably have expected to arrive, at a moment of national prosperity, such as you could never have foreseen,—you are now met here to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers, and to receive the overflowings of a universal gratitude.

6. And when you shall here have exchanged your embraces; when you shall once more have pressed the hands which have been so often extended to give succor in adversity, or grasped in the exultation of victory, then, look abroad into this lovely land which your young valor defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled; yea, look abroad into the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give to your country, and what a praise you have added to freedom, and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude which beam upon your last days, from the improved condition of mankind.

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129. THE RAVEN.

EDGAR A. POE—1809–1849. MASSACHUSETTS.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Words often Mispronounced. Sur-çēase′; eŭr′tain(-tĭn); o-bēi′sançe; miēn; ghăst′ly; dis-cōurse′; un-däunt′ed; en-chānt′ed; Āi′denn.

For Definition. Quaint; lore; surcease; fantastic; lattice; mien; ebony; ghastly; grim; Plutonian; ungainly; relevancy; divining; gloated; Seraphim; censer; nepenthe; Aidenn.

The history of this writer is a sad one, and has little in it to attach his readers to himself. Unquestionably a man of genius, his life was marred and his death hastened by habits of extreme dissipation. His prose writings are not less wonderful than his poems, and both have challenged admiration by their brilliancy and glitter, even where they have left a sense of something wanting to their complete approval. An interesting short biography of him is that by Geo. E. Woodberry in the *American Men of Letters* series.

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1. Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
   Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door:
"'T is some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

2. Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

3. And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me, filled me with fantastic terrors, never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'T is some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is and nothing more."

4. Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you."—Here I opened wide the door;
Darkness there, and nothing more.

5. Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore?"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

6. Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.

"Surely," said I, "surely, that is something at my window-lattice;
Let me see then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore:
'T is the wind, and nothing more."

7. Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he,
But, with mein of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

8. Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

9. Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we can not help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

10. But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour;
Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before!"
Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

11. Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,

Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his song one burden bore,
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

12. But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant, in croaking "Nevermore."

13. Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

14. Then, methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee, by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

15. "Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there, is there balm in Gilead? tell me, tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

16. "Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil, prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

17. "Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend," I shrieked, upstarting;
"Get thee back into the tempest, and the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

18. And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light, o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow, that lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted nevermore.

Language Work.—What expression in V. 2 is equivalent to the words "was reflected?"

What, in V. 3, is equivalent to the phrase "asking admission?"

What, in V. 13, is equivalent to "looked into my heart?"

In V. 15, what is meant by the question "is there balm in Gilead?"

What expression in V. 16 is equivalent to "in a future world?"

What, in V. 17, is equivalent to "stop torturing me?" What other expression can you think of for the same phrase?

V. 18. Is the "shadow" from which the soul shall be lifted nevermore a real shadow? What, then, is meant?

130. CHARACTER OF WILLIAM PITT.

HENRY GRATTAN—1746-1820. IRELAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Questions. During what period of American history did Mr. Pitt live? What position did he take in relation to the independence of the American colonies? V. 2. What is the "house of Bourbon?"

Words often Mispronounced. Çhi-cān′er-y (she-kān′er-ȳ); sŭb′tle-ty; prŏph′e-çy.

Inflection Drill. This selection is admirably fitted for drill in inflection. Let pupils write the first two verses and mark the inflected words.

For Definition. Degeneracy; chicanery; venal; strenuous; refuted; spontaneous; subtlety.

Henry Grattan was an eminent Irish orator and statesman. By his great zeal and ability, he induced the Irish parliament, of which he was a member, to deny the right of the English parliament to make laws for Ireland, following which the claim to such right was, for some time, abandoned. His efforts and successes in their behalf made Grattan the idol of his countrymen. His admiration for Pitt determined him to become an orator. The eloquent tribute to that statesman, given below, is hardly surpassed in the annals of eulogistic eloquence.

Demosthenes was a celebrated Athenian orator who lived about 350 years B. C.

Tully, or **Cicero,** was an illustrious Roman orator of the time of Julius Cæsar, in the last century B. C.

1. The Secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty itself. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories, sank him to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame.

2. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite; and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe

and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which those schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestion of an understanding animated by ardor, and enlightened by prophecy.

3. The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness reached him; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system, to counsel and decide. A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt, through all classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

4. Nor were his political his only talents. His eloquence was an era in the senate; peculiar and spontaneous; familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instructive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully. It resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. He did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation, nor was he ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of the eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

5. Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wildness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm empires, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.

131. BEAUTIFUL WILLAMETTE.

S. L. SIMPSON—1845-* *. MISSOURI.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 1. Find the Willamette river on the map of Oregon. Where are the Cascades?

Words often Mispronounced. Will-ă′mette; vŏl′a-tile.

Articulation Drill. Wa′ters | trails; wa′ver-ing; fra′grance | round.

For Definition. Trench; gorges; limpid; volatile; inverted; rhythmic; turbid.

This writer's family removed to Oregon when he was about a year old. At twenty-one he was graduated from Willamette University, Salem, Oregon. He practiced the profession of law for about three years, when he entered upon literary work, and has been an occasional contributor of verses and stories to the "Overland Monthly," and other publications. The poem given here was written shortly after his graduation, and was first printed in a weekly paper published at Albany, Oregon, in which State the author still resides.

1. From the Cascades' frozen gorges,
   Leaping like a child at play,
   Winding, widening through the valley,
   Bright Willamette glides away:
   Onward ever,
   Lovely river,
   Softly calling to the sea;
   Time that scars us,
   Maims and mars us,
   Leaves no track or trench on thee!

2. Spring's green witchery is weaving
   Braid and border for thy side;
   Grace forever haunts thy journey,
   Beauty dimples on thy tide.
   Through the purple gates of morning,
   Now thy roseate ripples dance;
   Golden, then, when day departing
   On thy waters trails his lance;
   Waltzing, flashing,
   Tinkling, plashing,

Limpid, volatile, and free—
Always hurried
To be buried
In the bitter, moon-mad sea.

3. In thy crystal deeps, inverted,
Swings a picture of the sky,
Like those wavering hopes of Aidenn,
Dimly in our dreams that lie;
Clouded often, drowned in turmoil,
Faint and lovely, far away—
Wreathing sunshine on the morrow,
Breathing fragrance round to-day.
Love would wander
Here and ponder—
Hither poetry would dream;
Life's old questions,
Sad suggestions,
"Whence and whither?" throng thy stream.

4. On the roaring wastes of ocean,
Soon thy scattered waves shall toss;
'Mid the surges' rhythmic thunder
Shall thy silver tongues be lost.
Oh! thy glimmering rush of gladness
Mocks this turbid life of mine,
Racing to the wild Forever,
Down the sloping paths of Time!
Onward ever,
Lovely river,
Softly calling to the sea;
Time that scars us,
Maims and mars us,
Leaves no track or trench on thee!

LANGUAGE WORK.—Substitute for the following language of the imagination, a plain statement of the thing described:

V. 2. "*Spring's green witchery is weaving*
Braid and border for thy side."

[The teacher may very properly recognize the imagination as a faculty that should be regularly trained by special exercises.]

132. THE GODDESS OF POVERTY.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. This lesson suggests many such questions as "How can it be said that poverty prunes the trees, sees the day break," etc.? Every verse of it can be made a study of great interest, as appealing to one of the highest and most pleasure-giving qualities of the mind —*imagination.*

Words often Mispronounced. Vī-o-lĭn′; gui-tär′ (gĭ-tär′); ea-thē′-dralş; dĕx′ter-oŭs′; rŏş′in; rĕc′om-pĕnse.

For Definition. Artisan; flexible; rejuvenated.

1. She does all the greatest and most beautiful things that are done in the world; it is she who cultivates the fields and prunes the trees; it is she who drives the herds to pasture, singing the while all sweet songs; it is she who sees the day break, and catches the sun's first smile,—the good goddess of Poverty!

2. It is she who builds of green boughs the woodman's cabin, and makes the hunter's eye like that of the eagle; it is she who brings up the handsomest children, and who leaves the plow and the spade light in the hands of the old man,—the good goddess of Poverty!

3. It is she who inspires the poet, and makes eloquent the violin, the guitar, and the flute, under the fingers of the wandering artist; it is she who crowns his hair with pearls of the dew, and who makes the stars shine for him larger and more clear,—the goddess, the good goddess of Poverty!

4. It is she who instructs the dexterous artisan, and teaches him to hew stone, to carve marble, to fashion gold and silver, copper and iron; it is she who makes the flax flexible and fine as hair, under the hands of the old wife and the young girl,—the good goddess of Poverty!

5. It is she who sustains the cottage shaken by the storm; it is she who saves rosin for the torch and oil for the lamp; it is she who kneads bread for the family, and who weaves

garments for them, summer and winter; it is she who maintains and feeds the world,—the good goddess of Poverty!

6. It is she who has built the great castles and the old cathedrals; it is she who builds and navigates all the ships; it is she who carries the saber and the musket; it is she who makes war and conquests; it is she who buries the dead, cares for the wounded, and shelters the vanquished,—the good goddess of Poverty!

7. Thou art all gentleness, all patience, all strength, and all compassion, O, good goddess! it is thou who dost reunite all thy children in a holy love, givest them charity, faith, hope, O goddess of Poverty!

8. Thy children will one day cease to bear the world on their shoulders; they will be recompensed for all their pains and labors. The time shall come when there shall be neither rich nor poor on the earth; but when all men shall partake of its fruits, and enjoy equally the bounties of Providence; but thou shalt not be forgotten in their hymns, O good goddess of Poverty!

9. They will remember that thou wert their fruitful mother and their robust nurse. They will pour balm into thy wounds; and, of the fragrant and rejuvenated earth, they will make for thee a couch, where thou canst at length repose, O good goddess of Poverty!

First Snow Fall.

[Complete the lines below by properly placing the words standing above them.]

wood **stood** **gently** **Auburn**

I thought of a mound in sweet ——,
Where a little headstone ——;
How the flakes were folding it ——,
As did robins the babes in the ——.

133. THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF PAUL REVERE.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. [See Lesson 12.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. What was the "Boston tea party?" V. 8. What famous battle of the Revolution was fought April 19, 1775? [*See U. S. History.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Bär′rack; hōofs.

Articulation Drill. Op′po-site; horse's side.

For Definition. Grenadiers; somber.

Paul Revere was an American patriot, born in Boston in 1735. At the time of this famous midnight ride he was, therefore, forty years of age. He was to give notice to the country people of Middlesex County that General Gage, the British Commander, had dispatched troops against them from Boston. Revere was also one of the Boston tea-party.

1. Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-Five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

2. He said to his friend—"If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North-Church tower, as a signal light,—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

3. Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the Old North Church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead.

4. Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near.
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;

5. But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral, and somber, and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

6. A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, thro' the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by the steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

7. It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town;
It was one by the village clock,
When he rode into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

8. You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard-wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the field to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

9. So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,—
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed,
And the midnight-message of Paul Revere.

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134. THE BIBLE THE BEST OF CLASSICS.

THOMAS S. GRIMKE. [See Lesson 70.]

Preparatory Exercises.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. An-tĭq′ui (-tik′wi-) ty; ạu-then-tĭç′i-ty; vēr′sa-tīle.

Articulation Drill. Per′ish-a-ble; vic′tims | of fol′ly.

For Definition. Classic; authenticity; versatile; evangelist; martyr.

1. There is a classic, the best the world has ever seen, the noblest that has ever honored and dignified the language of mortals. If we look into its antiquity, we discover a title to our veneration unrivaled in the history of literature. If we have respect to its evidences, they are found in the

testimony of miracle and prophecy; in the ministry of man, of nature, and of angels, yea, even of "God, manifest in the flesh," of "God blessed forever."

2. If we consider its authenticity, no other pages have survived the lapse of time that can be compared with it. If we examine its authority, for it speaks as never man spake, we discover that it came from heaven in vision and prophecy, under the sanction of Him who is Creator of all things, and the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

3. If we reflect on its truths, they are lovely and spotless, sublime and holy as God himself, unchangeable as his nature, durable as his righteous dominion, and versatile as the moral condition of mankind. If we regard the value of its treasures, we must estimate them, not like the relics of classic antiquity, by the perishable glory and beauty, virtue and happiness of this world, but by the enduring perfection and supreme felicity of an eternal kingdom.

4. If we inquire who are the men that have recorded its truths, vindicated its rights, and illustrated the excellence of its scheme, from the depths of ages and from the living world, from the populous continent and the isles of the sea, comes forth the answer: "The patriarch and the prophet, the evangelist and the martyr."

5. If we look abroad through the world of men, the victims of folly or vice, the prey of cruelty, of injustice, and inquire what are its benefits even in this temporal state, the great and the humble, the rich and the poor, the powerful and the weak, the learned and the ignorant reply, as with one voice, that humility and resignation, purity, order, and peace, faith, hope, and charity, are its blessings upon earth.

6. And if, raising our eyes from time to eternity; from the world of mortals to the world of just men made perfect; from the visible creation, marvelous, beautiful, and glorious as it is, to the invisible creation of angels and seraphs; from

the footstool of God to the throne of God himself, we ask, what are the blessings that flow from this single volume, let the question be answered by the pen of the evangelist, the harp of the prophet, and the records of the book of life.

135. THE HERITAGE.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL—1819-* *. MASSACHUSETTS.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

For Definition. Heritage; fee; sated; hinds; benign.

Mr. Lowell is descended from a line of scholarly ancestors, his father being an eminent clergyman and his grandfather a distinguished lawyer and jurist. His poetical works give him rank with the brightest names in literature, but his poems do not have the wide-spread popularity that has welcomed those of Longfellow, with whom, in classic purity of diction he is, perhaps, more properly to be compared than with any other American poet. In 1855 Mr. Lowell succeeded Longfellow as professor of *Belles Lettres* in Harvard University [*See Lesson 12*]. "Among my Books" and "My Study Windows" are collections of his prose writings which have been received with much favor. He has been honored, at different times, by government appointments as Minister to Spain and England. "The First Snow Fall," scattered through a portion of this book, is one of Mr. Lowell's most popular short poems.

1. The rich man's son inherits lands,
   And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
   And he inherits soft white hands,
   And tender flesh that fears the cold,
   Nor dares to wear a garment old;
   A heritage, it seems to me,
   One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

2. The rich man's son inherits cares;
   The bank may break, the factory burn,
   A breath may burst his bubble shares,
   And soft white hands could hardly earn
   A living that would serve his turn;
   A heritage, it seems to me,
   One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

3. The rich man's son inherits wants,
   His stomach craves for dainty fare;

With sated heart, he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy-chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

4. What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

5. What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in its labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

6. What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow comes, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

7. O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft, white hands,—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

8. O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great:
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;

A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

9. Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

LANGUAGE WORK.—What phrase in V. 3 is equivalent to "laborers?"

Write the following lines, expressing the meaning without using the words in italics:

V. 7. "O rich man's son! there is a toil
That *with all others level stands.*"

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136. THE FIRST PREDICTION OF AN ECLIPSE.

PROFESSOR O. M. MITCHEL—1810–1862. KENTUCKY.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Ĕx-hĭ-bĭ′tion (ĕks-hĭ-bish′un).

Articulation Drill. Rig′or-ous; moons | roll; crown him; slum′bering; climbs | a-lone′; light | is fee′ble.

For Definition. Fathom; structure; solar system; cycles; phenomena; disc; murky; ghastly; oblivion; brazen.

Ormsby Macknight Mitchel was graduated at the military academy at West Point in 1829. While professor of astronomy in Cincinnati, Ohio, he was instrumental in securing the erection of an observatory at Cincinnati, which was provided with one of the best telescopes in the United States. He died in the service of his country as a Major-General commanding the department of the South.

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1. Among the achievements of the human intellect in bygone ages there is nothing more striking and wonderful than the discovery and development of the process of cal-

culating the time of an eclipse. Yet thousands of years ago, when the world was shrouded in the darkest ignorance, when there were no telescopes to fathom the heavenly depths, when the structure of the solar system and the shape and motions of the earth were unknown, there lived a man who mastered this mighty problem and announced to the startled inhabitants of the world that on a given day the sun was to expire in dark eclipse.

2. Bold prediction! Mysterious prophet! with what scorn must the unthinking world have received this solemn declaration! How slowly do the moons roll away, and with what intense anxiety does the stern philosopher await the coming of that day which should crown him with victory, or dash him to the ground in ruin and disgrace. Time to him moves on leaden wings; day after day, and, at last, hour after hour, roll heavily away. The last night is gone; the moon has disappeared from his eagle gaze in her approach to the sun, and the dawn of the eventful day breaks in beauty on a slumbering world.

3. This daring man, stern in his faith, climbs alone to the rocky summit of a mountain, and greets the sun as he rises and mounts the heavens, scattering brightness and glory in his path. Beneath him is spread out the populous city, already teeming with life and activity. The busy morning hum rises on the still air, and reaches the watching place of the solitary astronomer. The thousands below him, unconscious of his intense anxiety, buoyant with life, joyously pursue their rounds of business, their cycles of amusement. No one can witness an eclipse of the sun, even at the present day, when its most minute phenomena are predicted with rigorous exactitude, without an involuntary feeling of dismay. What, then, must have been the effect upon the human mind in those ages of the world, when the cause was unknown, and the terrific exhibition unlooked for.

4. The sun slowly climbs the heaven, round and bright and full-orbed. The lone tenant of the mountain top almost begins to waver in the sternness of his faith as the morning hours roll away. But the time of his triumph, long delayed, at length begins to dawn; a pale and sickly hue creeps over the face of nature. The sun has reached his highest point, but his splendor is dimmed, his light is feeble. At last it comes! Blackness is eating away his round disc; onward, with slow but steady pace, the dark veil moves, blacker than a thousand nights; the gloom deepens; the ghastly hue of death covers the universe; the last ray is gone, and horror reigns!

5. A wail of terror fills the murky air, the clangor of brazen trumpets resounds, an agony of despair dashes the stricken millions to the ground, while that lone man, erect on his rocky summit, with arms outstretched to heaven, pours forth the grateful gushings of his heart to God. Search the records of our race, and point me, if you can, to a scene more grand, more beautiful. It is to me the proudest victory that genius ever won. It was the conquering of nature, of ignorance, of superstition, of terror, all at a single blow, and that blow struck by a single arm.

6. And now do you demand the name of this wonderful man? Alas! what a lesson of the instability of earthly fame are we taught in this simple recital! He who had raised himself immeasurably above his race, who must have been regarded by his fellows as little less than a god, who had inscribed his fame on the very heavens, and had written it in the sun with a "pen of iron and the point of a diamond,"—even this one has perished from the earth; name, age, country, are all swept into oblivion. But his proud achievement stands. The monument reared to his honor stands, and although the touch of time has effaced the lettering of his name, it can not destroy the fruits of his victory.

LANGUAGE WORK.—Express the following sentence without using the italicized words:

V. 4. "The sun slowly *climbs the heavens*."

What phrase of three words in V. 2 is equivalent to "slowly?"

What phrase of six words in V. 4 is equivalent to "astronomer?"

137. SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ—1822-1872. PENNSYLVANIA.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 1. Look at the map of Virginia, and find the town of Winchester.

Words often Mispronounced. Līst′en-er; ho-rī′zon; prĭş′on-erş.

Articulation Drill. The af-fright′ed; com′et; pris′on-ers | as-sault′-ing.

Sheridan's Ride is the most popular of this author's poems. It is especially well adapted to declamation, and is among those most frequently recited in public readings. In addition to a very considerable reputation as a poet, Mr. Read was also somewhat distinguished as a sculptor and painter.

General Philip H. Sheridan is an eminent American general, born in Ohio. He commanded a division of the Federal army at the time of the incident described in this poem, and is now (1886), General in chief of the United States army.

1. Up from the South, at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

2. And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled.
Making the blood of the listener cold,

As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

3. But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight:
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed.
Hill rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

4. Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to foemen the doom of disaster;
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

5. Under his spurning feet, the road,
Like an arrowy Alpine river, flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, with his wild eyes full of fire,
Swept on to the goal of his heart's desire:
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

6. The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.
What was done,—what to do,—a glance told him both,
And, striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course then because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostrils' play
He seemed to the whole great army to say,

"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day!"

7. Hurrah, hurrah, for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah, for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There, with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away."

138. THE SEA AND ITS USES.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 3. How can such statements as those of this verse and others be regarded as true? Explain each one. Can you make sentences in a similar way describing the uses of glass? of iron?

Words often Mispronounced. Ma-lā′ri-â.

Articulation Drill. And | an | in-cum′brance; world's fount′ain.

For Definition. Incumbrance; scavenger; winnowed.

This selection states most of its facts in language suggested by the imagination. It is, therefore, a valuable lesson for the study of language forms in connection with thought. The time of the pupil will be well spent in writing the figurative sentences of this lesson in the language of literal or common statement. Judicious suggestion by the teacher may assist him.

1. The sea is the world's fountain of life and health and beauty, and if it were taken away, the grass would perish from the mountains, the forests would crumble on the hills. Water is as indispensable to all life, vegetable or animal, as the air itself. This element of water is supplied entirely by the sea. The sea is the great inexhaustible fountain

which is continually pouring *up* into the sky precisely as many streams, and as large, as all the rivers of the world are pouring into the sea.

2. The sea is the real birth-place of the clouds and the rivers, and out of it come all the rains and dews of heaven. Instead of being a waste and an incumbrance, therefore, it is a vast fountain of fruitfulness, and the nurse and mother of all the living. Out of its mighty breast come the resources that feed and support the population of the world. We are surrounded by the presence and bounty of the sea.

3. It looks out upon us from every violet in our garden-bed; from every spire of grass that drops upon our passing feet the beaded dew of the morning; from the bending grain that fills the arm of the reaper; from bursting presses, and from barns filled with plenty; from the broad foreheads of our cattle and the rosy faces of our children.

4. It is the sea that feeds us. It is the sea that clothes us. It cools us with the summer cloud, and warms us with the blazing fires of winter. We make wealth for ourselves and for our children out of its rolling waters, though we may live a thousand leagues away from its shore, and never have looked on its crested beauty or listened to its eternal anthem.

5. Thus the sea, though it bears no harvest on its bosom, yet sustains all the harvests of the world. If, like a desert itself, it makes all the other wildernesses of the earth to bud and blossom as the rose. Though its own waters are as salt and wormwood, it makes the clouds of heaven to drop with sweetness, opens springs in the valleys and rivers among the hills.

6. The sea is a perpetual source of health to the world. Without it there could be no drainage for the lands. It is the scavenger of the world. The sea is also set to purify the atmosphere. The winds, whose wings are heavy and whose breath is sick with the malaria of the lands over which they have blown, are sent out to range over these mighty pastures

of the deep, to plunge and play with its rolling billows and dip their pinions over and over in its healing waters.

7. There they rest when they are weary; there they rouse themselves when they are refreshed. Thus their whole substance is drenched, and bathed, and washed, and winnowed, and sifted through and through by this glorious baptism. Thus they fill their mighty lungs once more with the sweet breath of ocean, and, striking their wings for the shore, they go breathing health and vigor.

8. The ocean is not the idle creature that it seems, with its vast and lazy length stretched between the continents, with its huge bulk sleeping along the shore, or tumbling in aimless fury from pole to pole. It is a mighty giant, who, leaving his oozy bed, comes up upon the land to spend his strength in the service of man. Thus the sea keeps all our mills and factories in motion. Thus the sea spins our thread and weaves our cloth.

9. It is the sea that cuts our iron bars like wax, rolls them out into proper thinness, or piles them up in the solid shaft, strong enough to be the pivot of a revolving planet. It is the sea that tunnels the mountain, and bores the mine, and lifts the coal from its sunless depths, and the ore from its rocky bed. It is the sea that lays the iron track, that builds the iron horse, that fills his nostrils with fiery breath, and sends his tireless hoofs thundering across the longitudes. It is the power of the sea that is doing for man all those mightiest works that would else be impossible.

Articulation Drill.

Trim, tricky tramps tracked and trapped the travelers.

The helm of elm from a wintry realm saved a crew from the billows whelm.

139. THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH—1728-1774. IRELAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Words often Mispronounced. Cŏpse; bäde; seŏff.

Articulation Drill. Grows | wild; faults; un-af-fect'ed.

The rhetorical pause plays an important part in the effective reading of this selection. Special attention should, therefore, be given to it.

For Definition. Copse; scan; sway; rustic; plucked; passing; fawn; vagrant.

The personal history of this author is one of the most picturesque in the list of literary men. A clergyman's younger son, a pauper pupil at college, careless and indolent; later, a physician, a wandering singer through the continent of Europe, a student of law; finally emerging into the warmth of a hearty recognition at the hands of the most eminent scholars and men of letters in the empire, but, in the brightest days of his career, impoverished and distressed by his extravagances, always in danger of arrest for debt—Goldsmith led a singular life. There is in its study nothing helpful or inspiring. Notwithstanding this, few writers have left in their works more elevated or elevating thought, or clothed their thought in purer diction. His "Deserted Village," "Traveler," "Vicar of Wakefield,' and some of his plays, once read, will be read again and again. The extract presented here is from the "Deserted Village," and is a description of the author's father, who was a clergyman receiving an income of "forty pounds a year." His biography by William Black, in the *English Men of Letters* series, will repay reading.

1. Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place:
Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour.

2. Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,

Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claim allowed:
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.

3. Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

4. Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last, faltering accents whispered praise.

5. At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.

6. His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:

As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Picture Seeing.

There is a very bright picture in the last four lines of the second verse. Describe what you see in it. Also the picture you see in the last four lines of the sixth verse. [*See pages 58 and 59.*]

140. CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

CHARLES PHILLIPS—1787-1859. IRELAND.

Preparatory Exercises.

Questions. V. 3. Of what nations were Cæsar, Scipio, and Hannibal? V. 5. What is the "last glorious act" here referred to? V. 6. To what is reference made in the sentence, "The lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy?"

Articulation Drill. Vet′e-ran; ab′sence | of | ex-pe′ri-ence.

For Definition. Appropriate; boon; individual; exemplifications; veteran; cabinet; retribution; seduce.

Charles Phillips was an Irish orator of considerable reputation as an effective speaker, though his style has, in general, by no means the vigor and soundness which marks that of Grattan or Emmet. This selection and an extract from a eulogy pronounced on Napoleon Bonaparte, are well suited to declamation, and are often heard from school-room platforms.

1. It matters very little what immediate spot may have been the birth-place of such a man as Washington. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him. The boon of Providence to the human race,—his fame is eternity, and his residence, creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin.

2. If the heavens thundered, and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm had passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared! how bright in the brow of the firmament, was the planet which it revealed to us! In the production of

Washington, it does really appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new.

3. Individual instances, no doubt there were,—splendid exemplifications of some single quality. Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and, like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit, in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master.

4. As a general, he marshaled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience. As a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier and the statesman, he almost added the character of the sage.

5. A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood—a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command—liberty unsheathed his sword—necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might doubt what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers—her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowned his career, and banishes hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having freed a country, resigned her crown, and retired to a cottage rather than reign in a capitol?

6. Immortal man! He took from battle its crime, and from conquest its chains—he left to the victorious the glory of his self-denial, and turned upon the vanquished only the retribution of his mercy. Happy, proud America! The lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism!

141. THE HERMIT.

JAMES BEATTIE—1735–1803. SCOTLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. Read Lesson 98 again and see whether the thought of this poem and of that lesson correspond with each other. Did the two writers live near the same time?

Words often Mispronounced. Crĕs′çent; sym-phō ni-oŭs; Phĭl-o-mē′là; re-lĭn′quish (re-link′wish); per′fumed; Beāt′tie (bā′tў).

Articulation Drill. Dark′ness | and | woe; is | ap-proach′ing.

For Definition. Hamlet; symphonious; hermit; Philomela; enthrall; embryo; urn; effulgence; fain.

James Beattie was the son of an intelligent Scottish farmer, and after graduating at college attained high rank as a schoolmaster. His fame as a writer began with his essay on Truth, a paper designed to refute the skeptical views of Hume's writings. Upon reading this essay the king sent for Beattie to express his gratitude. "I never stole a book but once," said he, "and that was yours. I stole it from the queen to give it to Lord Hertford to read." Beattie was a great favorite with several of our authors in this Reader. Dr. Johnson said, "We all love Beattie," and adds, "Mrs. Thrale says if she ever has another husband, she'll have Beattie." Gray, the author of the "Elegy in a Country Church-yard," pronounced some passages of his poems to be inspired.

1. At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
   And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;
   When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,
   And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove;
   'T was thus by the cave of the mountain afar,
   While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began,
   No more with himself or with nature at war,
   He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

2. "Ah! why all abandon'd to darkness and woe;
   Why lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
   For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
   And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall.
   But if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
   Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
   O soothe him whose pleasures like thine pass away;
   Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

3. "Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays:
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendor again:
But man's faded glory what change shall renew!
Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

4. "'T is night, and the landscape is lovely no more:
I mourn, but ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save:
But when shall spring visit the moldering urn!
O when shall day dawn on the night of the grave!

5. "'T was thus by the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
O pity, Great Father of light, then I cried,
Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee!
Lo! humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.

6. "And darkness and doubt are now flying away;
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn;
So breaks on the traveler, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

Language Work.—What phrase of five words in V. 1 is equivalent to "are asleep?"

What lines in V. 3 contain words equivalent to "grow full orbed again?"

V. 4. Express the following line without using the italicized words:

"O when *shall day dawn on the night of the grave!*"

What line in V. 6 is equivalent to "the dead live again?"

142. THE BOBOLINK.

WASHINGTON IRVING. [See Lesson 116.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 1. See what the "Ettrick Shepherd" has written of the European lark, Lesson 148.

Words often Mispronounced. Ġē′ni-al; flăunt′ing; tĭn̆k′ling; ru̇′ral (rō̄o-).

Articulation Drill. Bob′o-link; fo′li-age.

For Definition. Sensibility; flaunting; rural; mewed; varlet.

1. The happiest bird of our spring, however, and one that rivals the European lark in my estimation, is the boblincoln, or bobolink as he is commonly called. He arrives at that choice portion of our year which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May so often given by the poets. With us it begins about the middle of May, and lasts until nearly the middle of June.

2. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year; and later than this, begin the parching and panting, and dissolving heats of summer. But in this genial interval, Nature is in all her freshness and fragrance: "the rains are over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

3. The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfumed with the sweet-brier and the wild-rose; the meadows are enameled with clover blossoms; while the young apple, peach, and the plum begin to swell, and the cherry to glow among the green leaves.

4. This is the chosen season of revelry of the bobolink.

He comes amid the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows, and is most in song when the clover is in blossom.

5. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long, flaunting weed, and, as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich, tinkling notes, crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the skylark, and possessing the same rapturous character.

6. Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his mate; always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody; and always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight.

7. Of all the birds of our groves and meadows, the bobolink was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather, and the sweetest season of the year, when all nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling throbbed in every bosom; but when I, luckless urchin! was doomed to be mewed up, during the livelong day, in a school-room.

8. It seemed as if the little varlet mocked at me as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. Oh, how I envied him! No lesson, no task, no school; nothing but holiday, frolic, green fields, and fine weather. Had I been then more versed in poetry, I might have addressed him in the words of Logan to the cuckoo:

9. "Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

10. "Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring."

LANGUAGE WORK.—Write the following sentence, expressing the meaning without using the italicized words:

V. 2. "Earlier than this, winter *is apt to return on its traces*, and *to blight the opening beauties of the year*."

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143. ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. [See Lesson 38.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 3. Why is the bobolink's mate called his "Quaker wife?" V. 4. What contrast of character is seen between the bobolink and his mate?

For Definition. Nun; braggart; flecked; humdrum; crone.

1. Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
"Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee."

2. Robert of Lincoln is gaily dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders, and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:
"Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Look what a nice new coat is mine;
Sure, there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee."

3. Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
"Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Brood, kind creatures: you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee."

4. Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note:
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
"Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Never was I afraid of man,
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee."

5. Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
"Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee."

6. Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
"Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee."

7. Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;

Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
"Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee."

8. Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln 's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
"Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee."

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144. LIBERTY AND UNION.

DANIEL WEBSTER. [See Lesson 114.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 3. What words are contrasted in the last three lines?

Words often Mispronounced. Fī-nănçe′ (*not* fī′nance); re-çĕss′; nā′-tion-al (năsh′un-al).

Articulation Drill. Kept stead′i-ly; that | un′ion; great | in′ter-ests; bonds; thoughts should; ac-cus′tomed my-self′; lasts; pros′pects spread; arms | and; fur′ther.

For Definition. Federal; dissevered; discordant; belligerent; feuds; civil; finance; ensign; disordered; sentiment.

Closing sentences of a speech made in the United States Senate January, 1834, in reply to Robert Y. Hayne of South Carolina. Refer to Lessons 123 and 124 for further extracts from this debate.

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1. I profess, sir, in my career, hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole coun-

try, and the preservation of our federal union. It is to that union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union, that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit.

2. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proof of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread further and further, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

3. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of the government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the union might best be preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people, when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

4. While the union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant, that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant, that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on

the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; our land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood.

5. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, *What is all this worth?* nor those other words of delusion and folly, *Liberty first, and Union afterward;* but everywhere, spread all over, in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea, and over the land, and on every wind, and under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—*Liberty* AND *Union, now and forever: one and inseparable!*

LANGUAGE WORK.—V. 1. Write the last sentence, expressing its meaning without using the phrase *disordered finance.*

First Snow Fall.

[Complete the lines below by properly placing the words standing above them.]

below **Mabel** **All-father** **snow**

Up spoke our own little ——,
Saying, "Father, who makes it ——?"
And I told of the good ——
Who cares for us here ——.

high **sky** **sorrow** **snow fall**

Again I looked at the ——,
And thought of the leaden ——
That arched o'er our first great ——,
When that mound was heaped so ——.

145. THE GOUTY MERCHANT.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 1. Do you think the *Public Ledger* spoken of was a book-keeper's account book? If not, what do you think it was? Why? V. 3. What is referred to by the phrase "final drop?"

Articulation Drill. Rolled | up; be-neath′ his; sales | of; left your; door | a-jar′; kind | at-ten′tions; ex-cept′; as | I.

For Definition. Footman; unconscionable; elf; scores; domestic; grubbing.

Newgate was a common jail in London where prisoners were confined for crimes punished by hanging.

1. In Broadstreet building, on a winter night,
Snug by his parlor-fire, a gouty wight
Sat all alone, with one hand rubbing
His feet, rolled up in fleecy hose,
With t' other he 'd beneath his nose
The Public Ledger, in whose columns grubbing,
He noted all the sales of hops,
Ships, shops, and slops;
Gum, galls, and groceries; ginger, gin,
Tar, tallow, turmeric, turpentine, and tin;
When lo! a decent personage in black,
Entered and most politely said:

2. "Your footman, sir, has gone his nightly track
To the King's Head,
And left your door ajar, which I
Observed in passing by;
And thought it neighborly to give you notice."

3. "Ten thousand thanks; how very few do get,
In time of danger,
Such kind attention from a stranger!
Assuredly that fellow's throat is
Doomed to a final drop at Newgate:
He knows, too (the unconscionable elf),
That there's no soul at home except myself."

4. "Indeed," replied the stranger, looking grave,
"Then he 's a double knave;
He knows that rogues and thieves by scores
Nightly beset unguarded doors:
And see, how easily might one
Of these domestic foes,
Even beneath your very nose,
Perform his knavish tricks;
Enter your room, as I have done,
Blow out your candles—thus—and thus—
Pocket your silver candlesticks,
And—walk off—thus."

5. So said, so done; he made no more remark,
Nor waited for replies,
But marched off with his prize,
Leaving the gouty merchant in the dark.

146. THE DAWN.

EDWARD EVERETT. [See Lesson 106.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. In what direction from Providence is Boston, and about how far? What is meant by the moon being in the last quarter? Why were the stars so little affected by her presence? V. 5. What is referred to as "the most glorious work of his hand?"

Words often Mispronounced. Plē′ia-dēs (plē′ya-dēz); An-drŏm′e-dȧ.

Articulation Drill. Had | oc-ca′sion; wrapped (wrapt); hushed (husht); winds | were; hands | of | an′gels; sec′onds; blushed (blusht).

For Definition. Clank; whist; Jupiter; Pleiades; Lyra; Andromeda; Pointers; constellations; transfiguration; celestial; concave.

1. I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston, and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Every thing around was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by

what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene, midsummer's night; the sky was without a cloud, the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral luster but little affected by her presence.

2. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly-discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady Pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign. Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train.

3. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of the night dissolved into the glories of the dawn.

4. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

5. I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient

Magians, who in the morning of the world went up to the hill-tops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of his hand. But I am filled with amazement, when I am told, that, in this enlightened age and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."

LANGUAGE WORK.—In the following statements the writer expresses his facts in the language of imagination. Assist the pupil, if necessary, by question and suggestion, to state the same facts in plain language. Let him write his statements.

V. 3. "*The timid approach of twilight* became more perceptible as we proceeded."

V. 3. "*Hands of angels shifted the scenery of the heavens.*"

V. 4. "*The east began to kindle.*"

V. 4. "*The lord of day * * * began his state.*"

The First Snow Fall.

[Complete the lines below by properly placing the words standing above them.]

woe **patience** **hiding** **snow**

I remembered the gradual ——
That fell from that cloud like ——,
Flake by flake, healing and ——
The scar of our deep-plunged ——.

Father **all** **fall** **whispered**

And again to the child I ——,
"The snow that husheth ——,
Darling, the merciful ——
Alone can make it ——!"

147. ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THOMAS GRAY—1716-1771. ENGLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Questions. V. 16, 17, 18. Name the nine different things forbidden, by their lot, to the people the author is describing, and tell how many of them are right and how many are wrong. V. 20, 21. Have you ever seen what the writer describes in these verses? Go into a country church-yard and see if you can find it. V. 30, 31, 32. Whose epitaph is here supposed to be written? V. 32. Where are his merits and his frailties said to be recorded?

Words often Mispronounced. Mŏck; aīsle (īle); jŏe'und.

Articulation Drill. Flat'ter-y; in-gen'u-ous.

For Definition. Curfew; lea; droning; tinklings; clarion; ply; glebe; annals; heraldry; impute; fretted; bust; pregnant; conscious; ingenuous; tenor; uncouth; tribute; elegy; rustic; precincts; moralist; listless; pore; epitaph.

Thomas Gray was a native of London, the son of a violent and brutal father, and of an excellent mother to whom he owed his opportunities for education. He wrote much, and once declined the office of poet laureate, but with the exception of his Elegy, his writings have not been received with marked favor. Of this poem, however, Byron says it "pleased instantly and eternally. * * * It is the corner-stone of his glory." A few years since the paper on which the original draft was made, was sold at auction in London for $500. The poem was begun in 1742, revised from time to time, and completed in 1749. It is, by many, regarded as the most nearly perfect poem in the language.

John Hampden was a celebrated English patriot of the time of Charles I., who resisted with great determination the payment of unlawful taxes. He was associated with **Oliver Cromwell** in armed resistance to the despotism of the king. The king was beheaded mainly through the influence of Cromwell, who then became the head of the nation under the title of Lord-Protector. [*For an account of John Milton, see Lesson 180.*]

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1. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
   The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
   The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
   And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

2. Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
   And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
   Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
   And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

3. Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

4. Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mold'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

5. The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

6. For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

7. Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.

8. Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

9. The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike, th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

10. Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

11. Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

12. Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

13. But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

14. Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

15. Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

16. Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

17. Their lot forbade: nor, circumscribed alone
Their glowing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

18. The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride,
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

19. Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

20. Yet e'en these bones, from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still, erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

21. Their names, their years, spelled by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
Teaching the rustic moralist to die.

22. For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

23. On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

24. For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate
If, chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

25. Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty step, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn:

26. "There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length, at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

27. "Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now, drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

28. "One morn, I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

29. "The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-yard path, we saw him borne:—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
'Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

30. Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth, to fortune and to fame, unknown:
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

31. Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere:
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear,
He gained from Heav'n ('t was all he wished) a friend.

32. No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father, and his God.

148. THE RESTORATION OF THE UNION.

HON. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS—1812-1883. GEORGIA.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 1. The storm of what war is referred to? V. 2. What phrase in Lesson 143, V. 4, is equivalent to the phrase "*civil wars?*"

Words often Mispronounced. Māin'te-nançe; pā-tri-ŏt'ie; lĕngth (*not* lenth); chās'tiṣe-ment (chās'tiz-ment); ĕp'och; mĕn'açe.

Articulation Drill. Us | all; and hap'pi-ness; their | ash'es; end | in | its; and de-struc'tion; con'test did; fo'rums | of; with | it; best | in'ter-est; old world.

For Definition. Behooves; menace; culminate; catastrophe; vindication; maintenance; forums; arena; Phœnix; subside; issues; fossils; epoch; assumption; compact; exacting.

Alexander Hamilton Stephens was one of the most eminent of American statesmen. At the time of the secession of the Southern States from the Union, Mr. Stephens had announced his intention of retiring from public life. The serious nature of that event, however, again enlisted him, and he opposed the step with great energy. When, notwithstanding his opposition, secession was finally resolved upon, he was elected Vice-President of the Confederacy, and, after the war, was

again sent to the United States Senate by his native State. The extract below is from a speech before the Georgia legislature in 1866, favoring a restoration of the Union.

1. Now that the storm of war has passed it behooves us all to labor for the establishment of good government, with its resulting prosperity and happiness. I need not assure you, if this can be obtained, that our desolated fields, our barns, our villages and cities, now in ruins, will soon, like the Phœnix, rise again from their ashes, and all our waste places will again, at no distant day, blossom as the rose.

2. Wars, and especially civil wars, always menace liberty. They seldom advance it, while they usually end in its entire overthrow and destruction. Fortunately for us, our civil contest did not culminate in such a catastrophe. It is now our duty to retrace our steps and look for the vindication and maintenance of constitutional liberty in the forums of reason and justice, instead of on the arena of arms; in the courts and halls of legislation, instead of on the fields of battle.

3. I have not lost my faith in the virtue, intelligence, and patriotism of the American people, or in their capacity for self-government. But for these great essential qualities of human nature to be brought into active and efficient exercise for the fulfillment of their patriotic hopes, it is necessary that the passions of the day should subside, that the causes of these passions should not now be discussed, that the late strife should not be stirred.

4. The most hopeful prospect of this age is the restoration of the old Union, and with it the speedy return of fraternal feeling throughout its length and breadth. These results depend upon the people themselves, upon the people of the North quite as much as the South. The masses everywhere are alike equally interested in the great object. Let old issues, old questions, old differences, and old feuds be regarded as fossils of another epoch.

5. The old Union was based on the assumption that it was for the best interest of the people of the United States to be united as they were, each State faithfully performing to the people of other States all their obligations under a common compact. I always said that this assumption was founded on broad, correct, and statesmanlike principles. I think so yet.

6. And now, after the severe chastisement of war, if the general sense of the whole country shall come back to the acknowledgment of the original assumption, I can perceive no reason why, under such restoration, we may not enter upon a new career, exacting increased wonder in the old world by grander achievements hereafter to be made, than any heretofore attained, by the peaceful and harmonious workings of our American institutions of self-government.

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149. TO THE SKYLARK.

JAMES HOGG (THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD)—1772-1835. SCOTLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 1. For what reason do you think the lark is called "emblem of happiness?" What wish does the writer express in this verse for the bird? What wish for himself? V. 2. Why does the poet say, "thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth?"

Words often Mispronounced. Blithe'sŏme, hĕath'er.

Articulation Drill. Is | in; is | on; her'alds; cloud'let dim; rain'-bow's | rim.

For Definition. Cumberless; matin; emblem; abide; heralds; heather.

"**The Ettrick Shepherd**" is one of the most interesting characters in literature. For five hundred years his ancestors had raised and tended sheep, and he began his career in a similar way at the age of seven years. No poet ever started with a smaller stock of learning—six months of school, and that before he was eight years of age, comprising all his opportunities in that direction. He was at one time employed

for some years to assist in the herding of the sheep of Sir Walter Scott. Upon one occasion, being invited to Scott's house he found Lady Scott, who was in delicate health, reclining upon a sofa. Thinking he could not go amiss in imitating the manners of so distinguished a lady, he at once stretched himself, reeking from the sheep-yard, in a similar attitude upon a sofa on the opposite side of the room. His writings contain some of the most exquisite poems of the language, and in later years his fame made the shepherd boy a social lion—no attraction in the drawing room surpassing that of the Ettrick Shepherd.

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1. Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er woodland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O, to abide in the desert with thee!

2. Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy—love gave it birth!
Where, on thy dewy wing—
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

3. O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

4. Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and home of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O, to abide in the desert with thee!

SECOND VERSE PARAPHRASED.

[In a similar way paraphrase the rest of the piece.]

Thy lay, far in the downy cloud, is wild and loud. Love gives it energy, love gave it birth. Where art thou journeying on thy dewy wing? Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

150. MY COUNTRY.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

For Definition. Hoary; dells; ween.

1. I love my country's pine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,
Her sunshine and her storms;
Her rough and rugged rocks that rear
Their hoary heads high in the air,
In wild, fantastic forms.

2. I love her rivers deep and wide,
Those mighty streams that seaward glide,
To seek the ocean's breast;
Her smiling fields, her pleasant dales,
Her shady dells, her flowery vales,—
The haunts of peaceful rest.

3. I love her forests dark and lone,
For there the wild bird's merry tone
I hear from morn till night;
And there are lovelier flowers, I ween,
Than e'er in eastern lands were seen,
In varied colors bright.

4. Her forests and her valleys fair,
Her flowers that scent the morning air,
Have all their charms for me;—
But more I love my country's name,
Those words, that echo deathless fame,
The Land of Liberty.

DRILL IN ARTICULATION.

Though thoroughly through he thought to go,
He asks to skip his tasks, I know.

Through thick and thin the thread they pull,
The clean cloth, closely, cleanly seaming.

151. CHARACTER OF THE PURITANS.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY—1800-1859. ENGLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 4. What is referred to as the "Book of Life?"

Words often Mispronounced. As-cribed′; lē′gions (lē′juns); com-mūne′.

Articulation Drill. In-tol′er-a-ble; cer-e-mo′ni-ous; great′est; mean′est.

For Definition. Habitually; ascribed; ceremonious; homage; interval; dignities; oracles; registers; heralds; menials; legions; diadems; imposition; ordained.

Thomas Babington Macaulay was England's most brilliant essayist, her most popular historian, and not without distinction as a poet. One might almost say of him that he never was a boy, so early did he manifest qualities and abilities which belong to mature years. And, on the other hand, it might also be said that he remained a child through all his life, so boyish were his spirits and affections. He is said to have been always a romp in his life at home. Though eminent as a statesman and member of Parliament, he will always be best known as the author of a history of England from the time of James II. to the peace of Riswick, 1697; a work which has been variously described as having the fascination of a romance, and the brilliancy of a great painting. Read Morison's life of Macaulay, in the *English Men of Letters* series.

1. The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence.

2. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to

face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions.

3. The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God.

4. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away!

5. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand.

6. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged—on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account.

7. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist, and the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued by no common deliverer

from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God!

LANGUAGE WORK.—V. 2. What two words in the fourth line refer to the thought expressed by "ceremonious homage" in the first line?

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152. TO A WATERFOWL.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. [See Lesson 38.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Questions. V. 1. What time of day is described in this verse? V. 6. What language in this verse indicates the place of the waterfowl's nest?

Words often Mispronounced. Pur-sūe′; il-lĭm′it-a-ble; a-bўss′.

For Definition. Fowler; plashy; marge; illimitable.

1. Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way!

2. Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky
Thy figure floats along.

3. Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

4. There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

5. All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

6. And soon that toil shall end:
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows: reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy shelter'd nest.

7. Thou 'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallow'd up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

8. He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

LANGUAGE WORK.—V. 1. What language of the imagination, equivalent to "the setting sun," does the author employ?

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153. THE THREE CHERRY-STONES.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Words often Mispronounced. Sur-tout′ (-to͞ot′); com′bat-ants; un′-dress.

Articulation Drill. Im-per′ti-nence; per-cep′ti-ble; passed | over; ir-re-press′i-ble; re-sent′ment; un-war′rant-a-ble.

For Definition. Sedate; surtout; manifestly; plausibly; masticate; elevated; undress; dialect; involuntarily; second.

1. Three young gentlemen who had finished the most substantial part of their repast were lingering over their fruit and wine at a tavern in London, when a man of middle age and stature entered the public-room where they were sitting, seated himself at one end of a small table, and calling the waiter, ordered a simple mutton chop and a glass of ale.

2. His appearance, at first view, was not likely to arrest the attention of any one. His hair was thin and gray; the expression of his countenance was sedate, with a slight touch perhaps of melancholy; and he wore a gray surtout which manifestly had seen service, if the wearer had not—just such a garment as an officer would bestow upon his serving-man. He might have been taken, plausibly enough, for a country magistrate, or an attorney of limited practice.

3. He continued to masticate his chop and sip his ale in silence, without lifting his eyes from the table, until a cherry-stone, sportively snapped from the thumb and finger of one of the gentlemen at the opposite table, struck him upon his right ear. His eye was instantly upon the aggressor, and his ready intelligence gathered from the ill-suppressed merriment of the party that this petty impertinence was intentional.

4. He stooped and picked up the cherry-stone, and a scarcely perceptible smile passed over his features as he carefully enclosed it in a piece of paper and placed it in his pocket. Elevated as the young gentlemen were by the wine they had been taking, this singular procedure on the part of the seedy stranger capsized their gravity entirely, as a burst of irresistible laughter proclaimed.

5. Unmoved by this rudeness, the stranger continued to finish his frugal repast in quiet, until another cherry-stone from the same hand struck him on the right elbow. This, also, to the irrepressible amusement of the other party, he picked up from the floor and carefully deposited with the first. Amid shouts of laughter a third cherry-stone was soon after discharged, which hit him upon the left breast. This, also, he very deliberately took from the floor and deposited with the other two.

6. As he rose, and was engaged in paying for his repast, the gayety of these sportive gentlemen became slightly subdued. It was not easy to account for this. They could not

detect the slightest evidence of irritation or resentment on the features of the stranger. He seemed a little taller, to be sure, and the carriage of his head might have appeared to them rather more erect. Turning, he walked to the table at which they were sitting, and with that air of dignified calmness which is a thousand times more terrible than wrath, drew a card from his pocket and presented it with perfect civility to the offender, who could do no less than offer his own in return.

7. While the stranger unclosed his surtout to take the card from his pocket, they had a glance at the undress coat of a military man. The card disclosed his rank and a brief inquiry at the bar was sufficient for the rest. He was a captain whom ill-health and long service had entitled to half pay. In earlier life he had been engaged in several "affairs of honor," and, in the dialect of the street, was a dead shot. The next morning a note arrived at the aggressor's residence containing a challenge, in form, and one of the cherry-stones.

8. The truth then flashed before the challenged party: it was the challenger's intention to make three bites at this cherry—three separate affairs out of this unwarrantable frolic! The challenge was accepted, and the challenged party, on account of the challenger's reputed skill with the pistol, had half decided upon the small sword; but his friends, who were on the alert, soon discovered that the captain, who had risen by his merit, had, in the earlier days of his necessity, gained his bread as an accomplished instructor in the use of that weapon.

9. The combatants met, and fired alternately, by lot. The young man had selected this mode, thinking he might win the first fire. He did win, fired, and missed his opponent. The captain leveled his pistol and fired; the ball passed through the flap of the right ear and grazed the bone, and, as the wounded man involuntarily put his hand to the

place, he remembered that it was on the right ear of his antagonist that the cherry-stone had fallen.

10. Here ended the first lesson. A month passed. The friends of the young man had begun to cherish the hope that he would hear nothing more from the captain, when another note—a challenge, of course—and another of those ominous cherry-stones, arrived, with the captain's apology, on the score of ill-health, for not sending it before.

11. Again the two met, fired simultaneously, and the captain, who was unhurt, shattered the right elbow of his antagonist—the very point upon which he had been struck with the cherry-stone—and here ended the second lesson. There was something awfully impressive in the formality and exquisite skill of the captain. The third cherry-stone was still in his possession, and the aggressor had not forgotten that it had struck the unoffending gentleman upon the left breast.

12. A month passed, another, and another, of terrible suspense, but nothing was heard from the captain. He was confined to his lodging by illness. At length the gentleman who had been his second in the former duels once more presented himself and tendered another note, which, as the recipient perceived on taking it, contained the last of the cherry-stones.

13. The note was superscribed in the captain's well-known hand, but it was the writing of one who wrote feebly. There was an unusual solemnity also in the manner of him who delivered it. The seal was broken, and there was the cherry-stone in a blank envelope. "And what, sir, am I to understand by this?" inquired the aggressor. "You will understand, sir, that my friend forgives you: he is dead."

LANGUAGE WORK.—In this lesson you find the words *enclosed, unclosed,* and *disclosed.* Construct a sentence which shall contain all of them, properly used.

154. A HOME SCENE.

DONALD G. MITCHELL (Ik Marvel)—1822-* *. CONNECTICUT.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 1. To what is life compared in the first part of this verse? What words in V. 3 compare it to the same thing? Why does "Past" commence with a capital letter? V. 4. "But now, you are"—where? V. 7. Why does the writer say, "Your mother's name looks oddly to you?"

Words often Mispronounced. Ēi′ther; wạn′ton (wŏn′tun).

Articulation Drill. Drifts; or | in; of his; no′where; does he; fond; books | and; and makes; par′ents; pressed | open; as | if.

For Definition. Insensibly; fancied; admonition; ponderous; quaint; incredible; vague; affect.

Donald G. Mitchell is the son of a Connecticut clergyman, and the grandson of a chief justice of the State of Connecticut. He has written a number of volumes whose sale indicates that they give pleasure to many thousands of people. By some critics he has been excessively praised, and by others disparaged. "The Reveries of a Bachelor," "Dream Life," "Fudge Doings," and "Wet Days at Edgewood," are among his most readable books. He is now living on his farm near New Haven, to which he has given the name of Edgewood.

1. Little does the boy know, as the tide of years drifts by, floating him out insensibly from the harbor of his home, upon the great sea of life,—what joys, what opportunities, what affections, are slipping from him into the shades of that inexorable Past, where no man can go, save on the wings of his dreams.

2. Little does he think, as he leans upon the lap of his mother, with his eye turned to her, in some earnest pleading for a fancied pleasure of the hour, or in some important story of his griefs, that such sharing of his sorrows, and such sympathy with his wishes, he will find nowhere again.

3. Little does he imagine that the fond sister Nelly, ever thoughtful of his pleasures, ever smiling away his griefs, will soon be beyond the reach of either; and that the waves

of the years which come rocking so gently under him will soon toss her far away, upon the great swell of life.

4. But *now*, you are there. The fire-light glimmers upon the walls of your cherished home. The big chair of your father is drawn to its wonted corner by the chimney side; his head, just touched with gray, lies back upon its oaken top. Opposite sits your mother: her figure is thin, her look cheerful, yet subdued;—her arm perhaps resting on your shoulder, as she talks to you in tones of tender admonition, of the days that are to come.

5. The cat is purring on the hearth; the clock that ticked so plainly when Charlie died is ticking on the mantel still. The great table in the middle of the room, with its books and work, waits only for the lighting of the evening lamp, to see a return to its stores of embroidery and of story.

6. Upon a little stand under the mirror, which catches now and then a flicker of the fire-light, and makes it play, as if in wanton, upon the ceiling, lies that big book, reverenced of your New England parents—the Family Bible. It is a ponderous, square volume, with heavy silver clasps, that you have often pressed open for a look as its quaint, old pictures, or for a study of those prettily bordered pages, which lie between the Testaments, and which hold the Family Record.

7. There are the Births; your father's and your mother's; it seems as if they were born a long time ago; and even your own date of birth appears an almost incredible distance back. Then, there are the marriages;—only one as yet; and your mother's name looks oddly to you: it is hard to think of her as any one else than your doting parent.

8. Last of all came the Deaths; only one. Poor Charlie! How it looks! "Died, 12 September, 18—, Charles Henry, aged four years." You know just how it looks. You have turned to it often; there you seem to be joined to him though only by the turning of a leaf.

9. And over your thoughts, as you look at that page of the Record, there sometimes wanders a vague, shadowy fear, which *will* come,—that your own name may soon be there. You try to drop the notion, as if it were not fairly your own; you affect to slight it, as you would slight a boy who presumed on your acquaintance, but whom you have no desire to know.

10. Yet your mother—how strange it is!—has no fears of such dark fancies. Even now, as you stand beside her, and as the twilight deepens in the room, her low, silvery voice is stealing upon your ear, telling you that she can not be long with you;—that the time is coming when you must be guided by your own judgment, and struggle with the world unaided by the friends of your boyhood.

11. There is a little pride, and a great deal more of anxiety, in your thoughts now, as you look steadfastly into the home-blaze, while those delicate fingers, so tender of your happiness, play with the locks upon your brow. To struggle with the world—that is a proud thing; to struggle alone, there lies the doubt! Then crowds in swift upon the calm of boyhood the first anxious thought of youth.

12. The hands of the old clock upon the mantel, that ticked off the hours when Charlie sighed, and when Charlie died, draw on toward midnight. The shadows that the fire-flame makes, grow dimmer and dimmer. And thus it is, that Home,—boy-home, passes away forever,—like the swaying of a pendulum,—like the fading of a shadow on the floor.

LANGUAGE WORK.—Let the pupils write the sentences in which the following phrases occur, and express their meaning without using the words italicized:

V. 3. "Will soon be *beyond the reach of either.*" "Upon the *great swell of life.*"

V. 4. "Drawn to its *wonted* corner."

V. 10. "As *the twilight deepens in* the room." "That she *can not be long with* you."

155. BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

CAROLINE NORTON—1808-1877. ENGLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. Can you find, on the map, Algiers? The Rhine? Did you ever hear the story of Bishop Hatto's mouse tower at Bingen? V. 5. Whom did the soldier mean when he said "There 's another—not a sister?" What is referred to as the soul's prison? V. 7. Why does the writer speak of the battle ground as "red sand?"

Words often Mispronounced. Bing′en; co-quĕt′ry (ko-kĕt′ry).

Articulation Drill. Blood | ebbed; friends; broth′ers | and; be-neath′ the; grown | old; breasts; last; life's morn; home | a-gain′; fath′er's sword; there's | an-oth′er; used to; and | up.

For Definition. Dearth; foreign; hoard; decline; coquetry.

Mrs. Caroline Norton was descended from a family of distinguished writers and statesmen. At twelve years of age she wrote "The Dandies' Rout," a juvenile work which became very popular. "The Sorrows of Rosalie," which was highly praised by even severe critics, was written when she was seventeen. In face and form she was a woman of remarkable beauty, and in the passion and tenderness of her poems, and in her forcible expression, she has been called "the Byron of modern poetesses."

1. A Soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
   There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
   But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
   And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
   The dying soldier faltered as he took that comrade's hand,
   And he said: "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
   Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
   For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

2. "Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
   To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
   That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
   Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;
   And, 'mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,—

The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,—
And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

3. "Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
For I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage,
For my father was a soldier, and, even when a child,
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

4. "Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again with glad and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

5. "There's another,—not a sister; in the happy days gone by,
You 'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—
O friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life—(for, ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

6. "I saw the blue Rhine sweep along; I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk;
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,—
But we 'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Rhine."

7. His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse; his grasp was childish weak,
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak.
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strewn;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene, her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

Language Work.—Express the meaning of the following line without using the italicized words in it:

V. 2. "But some were young, and suddenly *beheld life's morn decline*."

What expression in V. 5 is equivalent to the above italicized words? Also, what expression in V. 7?

Can you express the same thought by some other figurative phrase?

The First Snow Fall.

know **sister** **kissed her** **snow**

Then, with eyes that saw not, I ——;
And she, kissing back, could not ——
That *my* kiss was given to her ——
Folded close under deepening ——.

156. APPEAL FOR IRELAND IN 1847.

HENRY CLAY—1777-1852. VIRGINIA.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Făm′ine; ĭs′o-lā-ted; wa′ters (*not* wät′ters); ex-hĭb′it-ed (egs-hĭb′it-ed); Que-bĕc′.

Articulation Drill. Dis′tant | re′gions; flesh | of; has | ev′er; warm′-est; ob′jects | of | his; fam′ished (fam′isht); chil′dren; a-bout′ to; hor′rors | of; scenes | which; hands; find; world's store-house.

For Definition. Vicissitudes; identified; isolated; haggard; depicted; impulses; reflection.

The father of this distinguished American statesman was a Baptist clergyman residing in a swampy region of Virginia known as the Slashes. Henry, when a little fellow, was often seen, with a grist, astride a horse which he guided by a rope bridle, on his way to and from a neighboring mill. Hence he became known as "the mill boy of the Slashes." In a log hut, with the earth for a floor, a hole in the side for entrance, exit, light, and ventilation, the future most dazzling figure in American politics received his elementary school training. Then from a druggist's boy, an under clerk in the High Court of Chancery, and the private secretary of the Chancellor, he went, at the age of twenty, as an attorney, to Lexington, Kentucky. From this State he was elected six times a member of the House of Representatives, and three times a Senator of the United States, serving, also, one term as Secretary of State. In 1814 he rendered to his country important service as one of the Commissioners appointed by the President to negotiate, at Ghent, a treaty of peace with Great Britain, with whom we were then at war. More than by any other man, the legislation of the country on great and vital questions, for thirty years prior to his death, was shaped by him. He was three times the candidate of his party for President of the United States, but was never elected. The charm of his manner was so great that one of his enemies refused to be introduced to him, fearing he could not resist its influence.

The great famine of 1847 in Ireland, still spoken of among the people as "the famine," caused the death of over 500,000 persons, and over 200,000 emigrated from that island to escape from it, most of them coming to America.

1. Mr. President: If we were to hear that large numbers of the inhabitants of Asia, or Africa, or Australia, or the remotest part of the globe, were daily dying with hunger and famine—no matter what their color, what their religion, or what their civilization—we should deeply lament their condition, and be irresistibly prompted to mitigate, if possible, their sufferings.

2. But it is not the distresses of any such distant regions that have summoned us together on this occasion. The appalling and heart-rending distresses of Ireland and Irishmen form the object of our present consultation—that Ireland which has been, in all the vicissitudes of our national existence, our friend, and has ever extended to us her warmest sympathy—those Irishmen, who, in every war in which we have been engaged, on every battle-field, from Quebec to Monterey, have stood by us, shoulder to shoulder, and shared in all the perils and fortunes of the conflict.

3. The imploring appeal comes to us from the Irish nation, which is so identified with our own as to be almost part and parcel of ours, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. Nor is it any ordinary case of human misery, or a few isolated cases of death by starvation, that we are called upon to consider. Famine is stalking abroad throughout Ireland; whole towns, counties—countless human beings, of every age, and of both sexes—at this very moment are starving, or in danger of starving to death.

4. Behold the wretched mother—with haggard looks and streaming eyes—her famished children clinging to her tattered garments, and gazing piteously in her face begging for food! And see the distracted husband and father, with pallid cheeks, standing by, horror and despair depicted in his countenance—tortured with the reflection that he can afford no succor or relief to the dearest objects of his heart, about to be snatched forever from him by the most cruel of all deaths.

5. This is no fancy picture; but, if we are to credit the terrible accounts which reach us from that theater of misery and wretchedness, is one of daily occurrence. Indeed, no imagination can conceive—no tongue express—no pencil paint—the horrors of the scenes which are there daily exhibited.

6. Shall starving Ireland plead in vain?—shall the young

and the old—dying women and children, stretch out their hands to us for bread, and find no relief? Will not this great city, the world's store-house of an exhaustless supply of all kinds of food, borne to its overflowing warehouses by the Father of Waters, act, on this occasion, in a manner worthy of its high destiny, and obey the noble impulses of the generous hearts of its blessed inhabitants?

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157. FATE.

BRET HARTE—1839-**. NEW YORK.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Articulation Drill. Rocks | are; **white** | in | air; winds | are; **tempt** the; **whelps**; swal′lowed | up; earth′**quake shock.**

Francis Bret Harte at fifteen came to California and spent three years in digging for gold, teaching school (his father had been a teacher), and acting as an express messenger. At eighteen he began setting type in the office of the "Golden Era," in San Francisco. He developed a gift of talking with the pen which brought him rapidly into prominence, and at twenty-nine years of age he was selected to edit the "Overland Monthly." At thirty he wrote "The Heathen Chinee," about which time his writings began to attract the notice of an eminent publishing house in Boston, by whom his works have since been issued. Mr. Harte has held several consular positions under the United States government, and his poems and stories have achieved a wide and high popularity. The early conditions of society in California afforded material for new and striking compositions, which his genius wrought into brilliant and attractive forms. "The Luck of Roaring Camp," brought him his first great fame. "Echoes of the Foothills," "Tales of the Argonauts," "Drift from Two Shores," and "The Carquinez Woods," are among his best known writings.

1. "The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare;
   The spray of the tempest is white in air;
   The winds are out with the waves at play,
   And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

2. "The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,
   The panther clings to the arching limb;
   And the lion's whelps are abroad at play,
   And I shall not join in the chase to-day."

3. But the ship sailed safely over the sea,
And the hunters came from the chase in glee;
And the town that was builded upon a rock
Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock.

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158. THE COIN IS SPURIOUS.

CHARLES MACKAY. [See Lesson 122.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. What word would you use to express John Littlejohn's character? V. 5. Did you ever hear a lie called "white?" What do you understand by a *white* lie? Is there any difference between a *white* lie and any other lie?

Words often Mispronounced. Stânch; brâss; pâss.

Articulation Drill. Was stanch; and down'right; for him-self'; is spu'ri-ous; their reach; world's; herds | of.

For Definition. Stanch; spurious; mazes; logic; despite; quacks; nobles; policy; rectitude.

It used to be customary, in this country and Great Britain, when a counterfeit coin was presented in payment, and detected, to nail it to the counter, door frame, or other solid wood-work, that it might never be used again.

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1. John Littlejohn was stanch and strong,
Upright and downright, scorning wrong,
He gave good weight, and paid his way,
He thought for himself, and he said his say;
Whenever a rascal strove to pass,
Instead of silver, a coin of brass,
He took his hammer, and said, with a frown,
"*The coin is spurious, nail it down.*"

2. John Littlejohn was firm and true,
You could not cheat him in "two and two;"
When foolish arguers, might and main,
Darkened and twisted the clear and plain,
He saw, through the mazes of their speech,

The simple truth beyond their reach;
And crushing their logic, said, with a frown,
"*Your coin is spurious, nail it down.*"

3. John Littlejohn maintained the right,
Through storm and shine, in the world's despite;
When fools or quacks desired his vote,
Dosed him with arguments learned by rote,
Or by coaxing, threats, or promise, tried
To gain his support to the wrongful side,
"*Nay, nay,*" said John, with an angry frown,
"*Your coin is spurious, nail it down.*"

4. When told that kings had a right divine,
And that the people were herds of swine,
That nobles alone were fit to rule,
That the poor were unimproved by school,
That ceaseless toil was the proper fate
Of all but the wealthy and the great,
John shook his head, and said, with a frown,
"*The coin is spurious, nail it down.*"

5. When told that events might justify
A false and crooked policy;
That a decent hope of future good
Might excuse departure from rectitude;
That a lie, if white, was a small offense,
To be forgiven by men of sense,
"*Nay, nay,*" said John, with a sigh and a frown,
"*The coin is spurious, nail it down.*"

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

[Write the following lines, restoring the stanza with proper capitals.]

I remember, I remember the house where I was born—the little window where the sun came peeping in at morn. He never came a wink too soon, nor brought too long a day; but now I often wish the night had borne my breath away!

159. WASHINGTON.

DANIEL WEBSTER. [See Lesson 114.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. Can you tell what title is commonly applied to Washington? Can you name any noble traits in his character, or any great actions that he performed?

Articulation Drill. Noth′ing; fur′nished (fur′nisht) to; and | if; would have; hold him; re-flects′; stands | out; most pure; with the; and great.

For Definition. Institutions; sublime; suffrage; misgiving; transcendent; fervid; exaltation; unanimity.

1. America has furnished to the world the character of Washington! And if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind. Washington! "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Washington is all our own!

2. The enthusiastic veneration and regard in which the people of the United States hold him, prove them to be worthy of such a countryman; while his reputation abroad reflects the highest honor on his country and its institutions. I would cheerfully put the question to-day to the intelligence of Europe and the world, what character of the century, upon the whole, stands out in the relief of history, most pure, most respectable, most sublime; and I doubt not that, by a suffrage approaching to unanimity, the answer would be, Washington.

3. I claim him for America. In all the perils, in every darkened moment of the State, in the midst of the reproaches of enemies and the misgiving of friends, I turn to that transcendent name for courage and for consolation. To him who denies, or doubts, whether our fervid liberty can be combined with law, with order, with the security of

property, with the pursuits and advancement of happiness; to him who denies that our institutions are capable of producing exaltation of soul, and the passion of true glory; to him who denies that we have contributed any thing to the stock of great lessons and great examples,—to all these I reply, by pointing to Washington.

160. THE ENGLISH SKYLARK.

ELIHU BURRITT—1810-1879. CONNECTICUT.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 2. Can you tell what axiom is referred to?

Words often Mispronounced. E-lī′hu (*not* Ĕl′i-hu); prī′va-çy; ġȳ-rā′tions; af-flā′tus; rīv′ū-lets; rōōf′-tree; sŏng; răth′er.

Articulation Drill. Take | it; in | ei′ther; heart | or; of | light; old | ax′i-om; thou′sand | a′cres; birds | of; its sweet; life | of; goes up; sun's | rays | a-bove′; dis-tinct′ly.

For Definition. Reversing; axiom; palpitating; gyrations; aspiration; afflatus; rhapsody; ascension; vital; metrical; volume; semitones.

Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith," was the son of a shoemaker, and at sixteen apprenticed to a blacksmith. Anxious to read the Bible in the original, he gave his leisure to the study of the languages, mastering, while still at his trade, the principal ancient and modern tongues. His attention was now given to literary pursuits. He was constantly engaged in writing and lecturing, and devoted himself especially to the abolition of war, of American slavery, the promotion of temperance, and the establishment of cheap ocean postage.

1. Take it all in all, no bird in either hemisphere equals the English lark in heart or voice, for both unite to make it the sweetest, the happiest, the welcomest singer that was ever winged, like the high angels of God's love. It is the living ecstasy of joy when it mounts up into its "glorious privacy of light."

2. On the earth it is timid, silent, and bashful, as if not

at home, and not sure of its right to be there at all. It is rather homely withal, having nothing in feather, feature, or form to attract notice. It is seemingly made to be heard, not seen, reversing the old axiom addressed to children when getting noisy.

3. Its mission is music, and it floods a thousand acres of the blue sky with it several times a day. Out of that palpitating speck of living joy there wells forth a sea of twittering ecstasy upon the morning and evening air. It does not ascend by gyrations, like the eagle and birds of prey. It mounts up like a human aspiration.

4. It seems to spread its wings and to be lifted straight upwards out of sight by the afflatus of its own happy heart. To pour out this in undulating rivulets of rhapsody, is apparently the only motive of its ascension. This it is that has made it so loved of all generations.

5. It is the singing angel of man's nearest heaven, whose vital breath is music. Its sweet warbling is only the metrical palpitation of its life of joy. It goes up over the roof-trees of the rural hamlet on the wings of its song, as if to train the human soul to trial flights heavenward.

6. Never did the Creator put a voice of such volume into so small a living thing. It is a marvel—almost a miracle. In a still hour you can hear it at nearly a mile's distance. When its form is lost in the hazy lace-work of the sun's rays above, it pours down upon you all the thrilling semitones of its song as distinctly as if it were warbling to you in your window.

LANGUAGE WORK.—*The Lark.* Select the groups of words which the writer employs in the first verse to designate the lark.

Select the group used in the third verse for a similar purpose. In the fifth verse.

The Song. Select the group of words employed in the third verse to describe the singing of the lark. In the fourth verse. In the fifth verse.

161. HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. [See Lesson 68.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Questions. V. 1. Of what act is Hamlet discussing the propriety? V. 3. What does he say makes us hesitate?

Words often Mispronounced. Cŏn′tu-me-ly; a-wrȳ′.

Articulation Drill. Wheth′er; slings | and | ar′rows; sleep | of; we have; must give; when he him-self′; qui-e′tus | make; trav′el-er re-turns′; makes | us; those | ills; sick′lied | o'er; cur′rents | turn.

Inflection Drill. "To be′, or not\ to be,—that\ is the question′!"
"To die\,—to sleep\,—no more\."

For Definition. Slings; outrageous; shuffled; respect; contumely; quietus; fardels; bourne; pith; awry; bodkin; regard.

1. To be, or not to be,—that is the question!
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? To die,—to sleep,—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished.

2. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there 's the rub:
For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause! There 's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?

3. Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life,

But that the dread of something after death,—
That undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveler returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?

4. Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Language Work.—Let the pupil express the meaning of the following lines without using the italicized words in them:

V. 1. "To *be*, or *not to be*,—that is the question!"

V. 2. "There's the *respect*
That makes calamity *of so long life*."

V. 2. "When he himself might *his quietus make*
With a bare bodkin?"

162. THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

THOMAS HOOD. [See Lesson 111.]

Preparatory Exercises.

Words often Mispronounced. Răr′i-ty; chăr′i-ty; hŭm′bly; eŏn′-tu-me-ly (in this lesson pronounced con-tū′me-ly).

Articulation Drill. Take **her**; lift **her**; left | on **her**; loop | up; was **her**; death's | mys′ter-y; plunged bold′ly; cold′ly; rough | riv′**er ran**; last | look fixed (fixt) | on; cold | in-hu-man′i-ty; in′to **her rest**; **her hands**; as | if.

For Definition. Importunate; fashioned; cerements; scrutiny; estranged; casement; frigidly; rigidly; futurity.

1. One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly—
Young, and so fair!

2. Look at her garments,
Clinging like cerements,
While the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing!

3. Touch her not scornfully!
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly—
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

4. Make no deep scrutiny,
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

* * * *

5. Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb—
Her fair auburn tresses—
Whilst wonderment guesses,
Where was her home?

6. Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all others?

7. Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

8. Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed—
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

9. Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.

10. The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black, flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere—anywhere
Out of the world!

11. In she plunged boldly—
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran.

* * * *

12. Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair.
Ere her limbs, frigidly,
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

13. Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

14. Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest!
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!
Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving with meekness
Her sins to her Savior!

Language Work.—In the first four lines of V. 1, what word is equivalent to "life?"

Express the meaning of the following lines without using the italicized words:

V. 5. "Loop up her tresses *escaped from the comb.*"

V. 8. "Even God's *providence* seeming estranged."

V. 13. "Perishing gloomily, *spurred by contumely.*"

163. CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

CHARLES PHILLIPS. [See Lesson 140.]

Preparatory Exercises.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 4. Who were Brutus and Cæsar? [*See Shakespeare's play of "Julius Cæsar."*] Can you find Corsica on the map?

Words often Mispronounced. Pro-mŭl′gāte; trĭb′ūne; drä′mâ; Jăc′-o-bĭn; Leĭp′sic (Lĭp′sĭk); ro-mânce′; Brä-gän′ça.

Articulation Drill. And pe-cūl′iar; wrapt | in; and de-cīs′ive; an | en′er-gy; rushed | in′to; and gēn′ius; a-dopt′ed child | of; crowns | crum′bled; wild′est the′o-ries | took; changed pla′ces; E′-gypt; and to; in′tel-lects | his; per′fĕct-ly; marked (markt) their; world saw; out′posts; a-mid′ | all.

Inflection Drill. A royalist\, a republican′, and an emperor\; a Mohammedan\, a Catholic′, and a patron of the synagogue\.

For Definition. Criterion; subsidiary; dynasty; tribune; parricidal; impoverished; theories; novel; development; subaltern; imperial; titular; dignitaries; immutable; incomprehensible; adamant; Braganca; Hapsburg; Jacobin; crescent; cross; inflexible.

Orphan of St. Louis. Napoleon is so called because educated at the public expense at a school founded by one of the kings of the line of Louis IX., commonly called St. Louis.

The adopted child of the Republic. When the kingdom of France was succeeded by the Republic, the new government adopted Napoleon as one of the officers of its army, from which position he rapidly advanced to the head of the government.

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1. He is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered among us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne a sceptered hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality. A mind, bold, independent, and decisive; a will, despotic in its dictates; an energy that distanced expedition; and a conscience, pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outlines of this extraordinary character: the most extraordinary, perhaps, that in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

2. Flung into life, in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity. With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the list where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him, as from the glance of destiny.

3. He knew no motive but interest; acknowledged no criterion but success; he worshiped no God but ambition, and with an eastern devotion, he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate: in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the Republic; and with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and the tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism.

4. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and in the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the color of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory; his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny; ruin itself only elevated him to empire.

5. But if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision flashed upon his councils; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption. The whole continent trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Skepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals.

6. All the visions of antiquity became commonplace in his contemplation: kings were his people; nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chessboard! Amid all these changes, he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field, or in the drawing-room; with the mob, or the levee; wearing the Jacobin bonnet, or the iron crown; banishing a Braganca, or espousing a Hapsburg; dictating peace on a raft to the czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic; he was still the same military despot.

7. Such a medley of contradictions, and, at the same time, such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A royalist, a republican, and an emperor; a Mohammedan, a Catholic, and a patron of the synagogue; a subaltern and a sovereign; a traitor and a tyrant; a Christian and an infidel; he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original; the same mysterious, incomprehensible self; the man without a model, and without a shadow.

LANGUAGE WORK.—Express the meaning of the following lines without using the italicized words:

V. 4. "At his touch *crowns crumbled.*"

V. 7. "The man *without a model* and *without a shadow.*"

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164. THANATOPSIS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. [See Lesson 38.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Questions. V. 1. To whom does "she" refer? V. 2. What is referred to as a "still voice?" As "the narrow house?" V. 6. As "the Oregon?" Can you find Barca on the map?

Words often Mispronounced. Pā′tri-ärch; päst; mā′tron.

Articulation Drill. Love | of; holds; with her; gay′er | hours; stern | ag′o-ny; and pall; list to; cold ground; all | in; poured | round | all; great tomb | of; with thee; sons | of; and beau′ty; pleas′ant dreams.

For Definition. Communion; resolved; elements; swain; mold; patriarch; waste; infinite; matron; unfaltering; drapery; lapse.

Word Using. Use *resolved* and *share* in sentences of your own, with the meaning they have in this lesson, and with one other.

The word "Thanatopsis" is derived from the Greek language, and signifies a view of death.

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1. To him who in the love of Nature, holds
   Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
   A various language; for his gayer hours

She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware.

2. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around,
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,
Comes a still voice:

3. Yet a few days, and thee,
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet, in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

4. Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher.

5. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales,

Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages.

6. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sounds,
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep: the dead reign there alone.

7. So shalt thou rest; and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living; and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee.

8. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

9. So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves

To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

LANGUAGE WORK.—Express the meaning of the following lines without using the italicized words in them:

V. 2. "When thoughts of *the last bitter hour* come."

V. 5. "The hills, *rock-ribbed*, and *ancient as the sun*."

V. 6. "But a handful to the tribes that *slumber in its bosom*."
"The dead *reign there alone*."

V. 9. "To join the *innumerable caravan* which moves
To that *mysterious realm*."

165. CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

ALFRED TENNYSON—1809-* *. ENGLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. How much is half a league? Can you tell what nations were engaged in the Crimean War on either side? [*See "Turkey," in Cyclopedia.*] V. 2. Why does the poet say in the fifth, sixth, and seventh lines, "Theirs not to make reply," etc.? V. 4. Through what "line" did they break? What was "the battery smoke?"

Articulation Drill. Half | a | league | on'ward; sol'diers | knew; theirs | not; and thun'dered; stormed | at; jaws | of; flashed | all; turned | in | air; world | won'dered; wild charge.

For Definition. Volleyed; stormed at; charging.

Tennyson is the son of the rector of an English parish, and the descendant of an ancient and noble English family. In 1851 he was appointed poet laureate, succeeding Wordsworth. In 1883 he was made a peer of the realm with the rank of Baron.

Tennyson needs neither praise nor description. He is everywhere known and read. Critics give him both unstinted praise and qualified approval. Eminent men of letters have written as follows: "He is decidedly the first of our living poets."—*Wordsworth.* "I admire Alfred, and hope that one day he will prove a poet."—*Prof. Wilson.* "The

noblest poet that ever lived."—*Poe.* "His writings have enough intrinsic merit, probably, to secure him a permanent place in the third or fourth rank of English poets."—*Dr. R. W. Griswold.* At a later date Dr. Griswold wrote: "Of the living poets of England, Tennyson, at this time, occupies the highest rank." "In Memoriam," and "Idyls of the King," are his masterpieces, but he has said many things in his shorter poems which have become household quotations.

This poem is based upon an incident that occurred in the Crimean War, in 1854. An ambiguous order to the commander of a small body of British cavalry was interpreted as a command to make an immediate attack upon the enemy. Accordingly, this handful of men, alone and unsupported, made a reckless dash at the entire Russian army, which stood in battle array. Less than one fourth of their number returned from the charge.

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1. Half a league, half a league,
   Half a league onward,
   All in the valley of death
   Rode the six hundred.
   "Forward the light brigade!
   Charge for the guns," he said:
   Into the valley of death
   Rode the six hundred.

2. "Forward the light brigade!"
   Was there a man dismayed?
   Not though the soldiers knew
   Some one had blundered;
   Theirs not to make reply,
   Theirs not to reason why,
   Theirs but to do and die:
   Into the valley of death
   Rode the six hundred.

3. Cannon to right of them,
   Cannon to left of them,
   Cannon in front of them
   Volleyed and thundered.
   Stormed at with shot and shell,
   Boldly they rode and well;
   Into the jaws of death,
   Into the mouth of hell,
   Rode the six hundred.

4. Flashed all their sabers bare,
   Flashed as they turned in air,

Sabering the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered;
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

5. Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well,
Came through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

6. When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the light brigade,
Noble six hundred!

Articulation Drill.

A line of lithe flames, leaping lightly along, lit the long lane of lofty lindens with a lurid light.

When a twister twisting, would twist him a twist,
For twisting a twist three times he will twist;
But if one of the twists untwist from the twist,
The twist untwisting, untwists the twist.

ELEMENTS OF ELOCUTION.

Chapter VII—Stress.

Stress is the manner of applying Force.

When Force is so applied that the sound is begun more or less softly, and swells out strongly toward the middle, the Stress is said to be *Smooth*, or *Median*.

When the force of utterance is placed sharply on the initial part of the sound, the Stress is called *Abrupt*, or *Radical*. Perhaps the most readily comprehended example of this stress is found in hearty laughter; as,

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

The following general principles govern the use of Smooth and Abrupt Stress:

Smooth, or Median Stress—*should be employed to interpret ideas which touch the gentler and more subdued feelings;* as,

1. We invoke peace upon the North. Peace be to the West. Peace be upon the South. In the name of our God, we lift up our banner, and dedicate it to Liberty, Union, and Peace, forevermore.

2. Was it the chime of a tiny bell
   That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,
   Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell
   That he winds on the beach, so mellow and clear?

3. I heard the bells on Christmas Day
   Their old familiar carols play,
   And wild and sweet,
   The words repeat
   Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

4. O Babie, dainty Babie Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes—
What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright,
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise.

Abrupt, or Radical Stress—*should be employed in the expression of ideas which animate us, or rouse the stronger and aggressive side of our natures;* as,

1. Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges;
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the rail!

2. I have set my life upon a cast
And I will stand the hazard of the die.

3. Fight, gentlemen of England! Fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head;
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood.
Advance our standards. Set upon our foes:
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.

4. *Wèlcome* her, thunders of fort and of flèet!
Wèlcome her, thundering cheer of the strèet!
Wèlcome her, all things useful and swèet;
Scatter the *blòssoms* under her fèet!
Brèak, happy lànd, into earlier flòwers!
Make mùsic, O bìrd, in the new budded bòwers!

166. THE FLAG ON SUMTER.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. Where is Fort Sumter? Who was the officer in command there on the fourteenth of April, 1861? [*See School History of the United States.*] To what is allusion made in "the bow planted upon the cloud?"

Words often Mispronounced. Ĭn′dus-try; mŏr′als; ā′re-à; hälf.

Articulation Drill. Tem′pests | of | war; hosts | and; trained | ar′my; on | its | arms | a-wait′ing; first | and | last; world | was | a-mazed′; beasts | of; those | of | old; gov′ern-ment.

For Definition. Dismemberment; skirmish; ooze; weal; anarchy; alienation; prerogative; covenant.

On the fourteenth of April, 1861, the officer in command of Fort Sumter was compelled to lower his flag and evacuate the fort. Four years afterwards, namely, on the fourteenth of April, 1865, the same officer returned, and with his own hands raised the identical flag which he had previously pulled down. The address here given was delivered on that occasion.

1. Hail to the flag of our fathers, and our flag! Glory to the banner that has gone through four years, black with tempests of war, to pilot the nation back to peace without dismemberment! And glory be to God who, above all hosts and banners, hath ordained victory and shall ordain peace!

2. At a cannon shot upon this fort, all the nation, as if it had been a trained army lying on its arms awaiting a signal, rose up and began a war which for awfulness rises into the first rank of bad eminence. The front of battle, going with the sun, was twelve hundred miles long, and the depth, measured along a meridian, was a thousand miles. In this vast area more than two million men, first and last, for four years, have in skirmish, fight, and battle, met in more than a thousand conflicts, while a coast and river line, not less than four thousand miles in length, has swarmed with fleets freighted with artillery.

3. The very industry of the country seemed to have been touched by some infernal wand, and with sudden wheel changed its front from peace to war. The anvils of the land beat like drums. As out of the ooze emerge monsters, so from our mines and foundries uprose new and strange machines of war, ironclad. And so in a nation of peaceful habits, without external provocation, there arose such a storm of war as blackened the whole horizon and hemisphere.

4. Since this flag went down, on that dark day, who shall tell the mighty woes that have made this land a spectacle to angels and men! The soil has drank blood and is glutted; millions mourn for millions slain, or, envying the dead, pray for oblivion; towns and villages have been razed; fruitful fields have turned back to wilderness.

5. It came to pass, as the prophet said: "The sun was turned to darkness and the moon to blood." The course of law was ended. The sword sat chief magistrate in half the nation; industry was paralyzed, morals corrupted; the public weal invaded by rapine and anarchy; whole States were ravaged by avenging armies.

6. The world was amazed. The earth reeled. When the flag sank here, it was as if political night had come, and all beasts of prey had come forth to devour. That long night is now ended, and for this returning day we have come from afar to rejoice and give thanks.

7. We raise our fathers' banner, that it may bring back better blessings than those of old; that it may cast out the devil of discord; that it may restore lawful government and a prosperity purer and more enduring than that which it protected before; that it may win parted friends from their alienation; that it may inspire hope and inaugurate universal liberty; that it may say to the sword, "Return to thy sheath," and to the plow and sickle, "Go forth."

8. We raise our fathers' banner, that it may heal all

jealousies, unite all policies, inspire a new national life, compact our strength, purify our principles, enoble our national ambitions, and make this people great and strong; not for aggression and quarrelsomeness, but for the peace of the world; giving to us the glorious prerogative of leading all nations to juster laws, to more humane policies; to sincerer friendship, to rational instituted civil liberty, and to universal Christian brotherhood.

9. Reverently, piously, in hopeful patriotism, we spread this banner on the sky, as of old the bow was planted on the cloud, and with solemn fervor, beseech God to look upon it, and make it the memorial of an everlasting covenant and decree, that never again on this fair land shall a deluge of blood prevail.

10. To Thee, God of our fathers! we render thanksgiving and praise for that wondrous providence that has brought forth from such a harvest of war the seed of so much liberty and peace. We invoke peace upon the North. Peace be to the West. Peace be upon the South. In the name of our God, we lift up our banner, and dedicate it to Liberty, Union, and Peace, forevermore.

LANGUAGE WORK.—Express the meaning of the following lines without using the italicized words:

V. 2. "The front of battle, *going with the sun*, was twelve hundred miles long, and the depth, *measured along a meridian*, was a thousand miles."

V. 3. "As out of the ooze emerge monsters, so from our mines and foundries uprose *new and strange machines of war*, ironclad." What line in V. 1, Lesson 92, refers to the same thing?

V. 5. "The *course* of law *was ended*. The *sword sat chief magistrate* in half the nation; *industry was paralyzed*."

V. 9. "Never again on this fair land shall a *deluge of blood prevail*."

V. 10. "That wondrous providence that has brought forth from such a *harvest* of war the *seed* of so much liberty and peace."

167. ONLY THREE GRAINS OF CORN.

This poem describes an incident of the famine in Ireland, in 1847.

1. Give me three grains of corn, mother,
   Only three grains of corn;
   It will keep the little life I have
   Till the coming of the morn.

2. I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,
   Dying of hunger and cold,
   And half the agony of such a death
   My lips have never told.

3. It has gnawed like a wolf at my heart, mother,
   A wolf that is fierce for blood,
   All the livelong day, and the night besides,
   Gnawing for lack of food.

4. I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,
   And the sight was heaven to see;
   I woke with an eager, famishing lip,
   But you had no bread for me.

5. How could I look to you, mother,
   How could I look to you,
   For bread to give to your starving boy,
   When you were starving too?

6. For I read the famine in your cheek
   And in your eye so wild,
   And I felt it in your bony hand,
   As you laid it on your child.

7. Come nearer to my side, mother,
   Come nearer to my side,
   And hold me fondly, as you held
   My father when *he* died.

8. Quick, for I can not see you, mother;
   My breath is almost gone;
   Mother, dear mother! ere I die,
   Give me three grains of corn.

168. WARREN'S ADDRESS AT THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT—1785-1866. CONNECTICUT.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Bris'tling; mär'tyred.

Articulation Drill. Ground 's | your; homes | re-tire; they 're | a-fire'; bat'tles | trust.

This selection should be read with Strong Force, and Radical Stress.

For Definition. Bristling; quail.

Rev. John Pierpont, like so many other authors whose writings contribute to this Reader, could claim an ancestry of education and distinction. He was, however, a plant of slow growth, and gave little sign of his real power till after thirty years of age. He first chose the profession of law, but soon discontinued it. Engaging next in mercantile pursuits, the financial stress resulting from our second war with Great Britain compelled an early suspension of business. He now studied divinity, and, as a minister, grew rapidly into influence, and, as a poet, into fame. He remained for twenty-five years pastor of a church in the city of Boston, where he became conspicuous for his uncompromising views on the questions of temperance and slavery, and for the ability with which he maintained them. He is said to have been prepossessing in manner, pleasant in conversation, a capital story teller, and an intolerable punster. At the age of seventy-six he joined a Massachusetts regiment raised for service in the civil war of 1861-5.

General Joseph Warren was a Bostonian of great promise, who lost his life in the battle of Bunker Hill.

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1. Stand! the ground 's your own, my braves
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye hope for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What 's the mercy despots feel!
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it—ye who will.

2. Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! they 're afire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it!—From the vale

On they come!—and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

3. In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must:
But, O, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head
Of his deeds to tell!

LANGUAGE WORK.—Express the meaning of the following line without using the italicized words:

V. 1. "Read it on *yon bristling steel.*"

What line in V. 2 is equivalent to "bullets and cannon balls?"

169. A NOBLE REVENGE.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY—1785-1859. ENGLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Měn′açe; re-dou*bt′*; hī-e-ro-glўph′ic.

For Definition. Retaliation; dignity; redoubt; hieroglyphic; indignity.

Thomas de Quincey, sometimes called "The English Opium Eater," passed his childhood in the solitude of the country. He thanked Providence that "his infant feelings were molded by the gentlest of sisters instead of horrid pugilistic brothers." At the age of nineteen he began the use of opium, and was all his life a victim to that drug. The "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," is one of the most fascinating of recitals. The following summary of his work is given by a writer in the "Quarterly Review:" "We might search in vain for a writer who, with equal powers, has made an equally slight impression on the general public. His style is superb, his powers of reasoning unsurpassed, his imagination is warm and brilliant, and his humor both masculine and delicate. Yet, with this singular combination of gifts, he is comparatively little known outside of that small circle of men who love literature for its own sake."

1. A young officer had so far forgotten himself, in a moment of irritation, as to strike a private soldier, full of per-

sonal dignity and distinguished for his courage. The inexorable laws of military discipline forbade to the injured soldier any practical redress—he could look for no retaliation by acts.

2. Words only were at his command, and, in a tumult of indignation, as he turned away, the soldier said to his officer that he would "make him repent it." This, wearing the shape of a menace, naturally rekindled the officer's anger, and intercepted any disposition which might be rising within him toward a sentiment of remorse; and thus the irritation between the two young men grew hotter than before.

3. Some weeks after this a partial action took place with the enemy. Suppose yourself a spectator, and looking down into a valley occupied by the two armies. They are facing each other, you see, in martial array. But it is no more than a skirmish which is going on; in the course of which, however, an occasion suddenly arises for a desperate service. A redoubt, which has fallen into the enemy's hands, must be recaptured at any price, and under circumstances of all but hopeless difficulty.

4. A strong party has volunteered for the service; there is a cry for somebody to head them; you see a soldier step out from the ranks to assume this dangerous leadership; the party moves rapidly forward; in a few minutes it is swallowed up from your eyes in clouds of smoke; for one half hour, from behind these clouds you receive hieroglyphic reports of bloody strife—fierce repeating signals, flashes from the guns, rolling musketry, and exulting hurrahs advancing or receding, slackening or redoubling.

5. At length all is over; the redoubt has been recovered; that which was lost is found again; the jewel which had been made captive is ransomed with blood. Crimsoned with glorious gore, the wreck of the conquering party is relieved, and at liberty to return. From the river you see it ascending.

6. The plume-crested officer in command rushes forward, with his left hand raising his hat in homage to the blackened fragments of what once was a flag, whilst with his right hand he seizes that of the leader, though no more than a private from the ranks. That perplexes you not; mystery you see none in that. For distinctions of order perish, ranks are confounded; "high and low" are words without a meaning, and to wreck goes every notion or feeling that divides the noble from the noble, or the brave man from the brave.

7. But wherefore is it that now, when suddenly they wheel into mutual recognition, suddenly they pause? This soldier, this officer—who are they? O reader! once before they had stood face to face—the soldier that was struck, the officer that struck him. Once again they are meeting; and the gaze of armies is upon them. If for a moment a doubt divides them, in a moment the doubt has perished. One glance exchanged between them publishes the forgiveness that is sealed forever.

8. As one who recovers a brother whom he has accounted dead, the officer sprang forward, threw his arms around the neck of the soldier, and kissed him, as if he were some martyr glorified by that shadow of death from which he was returning; while, on his part, the soldier, stepping back and carrying his hand through the beautiful motions of the military salute to a superior, makes this immortal answer—that answer which shut up forever the memory of the indignity offered to him, even for the last time alluding to it: "Sir," he said, "I told you before that I would make you repent it."

LANGUAGE WORK.—What phrase of two words in V. 3 is equivalent to "a battle engaging a part of each army?"

What phrase of three words in V. 8 is equivalent to "deadly danger?"

170. THE CLOSING OF THE YEAR.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE—1802-1870. CONNECTICUT.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. In this lesson, Time is described by three names. What is each, and why is each appropriate? V. 4. In what condition are *hope*, and *joy*, and *love* represented in this verse? What two words found in the first two lines of V. 4, 5, are composed of the same letters? V. 8. What well known phenomenon of nature is described by the third sentence of this verse? How many sentences in this verse?

For Definition. Placidly; cadences; erst; pinion.

Mr. Prentice, in his youth, had a marvelous gift in the mastery of languages. In six months from the time of his introduction to English grammar, he had completed the Latin and Greek studies necessary to enter college. Not having the means to continue his course, he then—at the age of fifteen—commenced teaching a village school, where he continued for two years. At college, he exhibited wonderful powers of memory, often committing to it whole volumes. After leaving college he studied law, but immediately engaged himself as editor of a paper published at Hartford. This position he resigned, after two years, to his fellow poet, John G. Whittier, and removed to Kentucky, where he became the founder and editor of the "Louisville Daily Journal," a paper to which he remained attached during his life, and which became, under his management, a journal of commanding influence throughout the country.

1. 'T is midnight's holy hour; and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling; 't is the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest,
Like a pale, spotless shroud.

2. The air is stirred,
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand,—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter with his aged locks,—and breathe,
In mournful cadences that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,

A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever.

3. 'T is a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life.

4. That specter lifts
The coffin-lid of hope, and joy, and love,
And bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness. The year
Has gone, and with it many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on the brow,
Its shadow, in each heart.

5. In its swift course
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful;
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous; and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded.

6. It passed o'er
The battle-plain, where sword, and spear, and shield
Flashed in the light of mid-day; and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and moldering skeleton. It came
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

7. Remorseless Time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe! what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag; but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness;
And Night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion.

8. Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink,
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring, blazing, from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche
Startling the nations.

9. Yet Time,
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all pitiless; and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

Picture Seeing.

What can your imagination picture in the following:

"I see the lights of the village gleam through the rain and the mist, and a feeling of sadness comes o'er me that my soul cannot resist."

[Write the quotation, dividing it into lines of verse, and write, also, the picture you see.]

171. CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

MRS. R. H. THORPE—1850–* *. INDIANA.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. Who was Cromwell? [*See Lesson 147 and Cyclopedia.*] Can you learn what the "curfew" was, and why it was rung? The Cyclopedia will inform you.

Words often Mispronounced. Bāṣ'il; grâsps; Crŭm'well *or* Crōm'well.

Articulation Drill. Pris'on | old; foot'steps slow; damp | and cold; poi'soned dart; must do | it; ceased sway'ing; dark | old | lad'der; hands | all.

1. Slowly England's sun was setting o'er the hill-tops far away,
   Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day.
   And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair,
   He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sunny, floating hair;
   He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips all cold and white,
   Struggling to keep back the murmur—"Curfew must not ring to-night."

2. "Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
   With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark, damp, and cold,
   "I 've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,
   At the ringing of the curfew, and no earthly help is nigh;
   Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her lips grew strangely white
   As she breathed the husky whisper: "Curfew must not ring to-night."

3. "Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton, every word pierced her young heart
   Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly, poisoned dart,
   "Long, long years I 've rung the curfew from that gloomy shadowed tower;
   Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
   I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
   Now I 'm old I still must do it—Curfew must be rung to-night."

4. Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her
thoughtful brow,
And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the curfew, Basil Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large
and bright—
In an undertone she murmured—"Curfew must not ring to-
night."

5. She with quick steps bounded forward, sprung within the old
church door,
Left the old man threading slowly paths so oft he'd trod before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and cheek
aglow,
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro;
And she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell no ray of light,
Up and up—her white lips saying,—"Curfew must not ring to-
night."

6. She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great,
dark bell;
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like a pathway down to hell.
Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of curfew
now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath, and
paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her eyes with sudden
light,
And she springs and grasps it firmly,—"Curfew shall not ring
to-night."

7. Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a speck of light below,
'Twixt heaven and earth her form suspended, as the bell swung
to and fro,—
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell,
But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's funeral
knell.
Still the maiden clung most firmly, and with trembling lips and
white,
Said, to hush her heart's wild beating,—"Curfew shall not ring
to-night."

8. It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped
once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that she
had done
Should be told long ages after, as the rays of setting sun
Should illume the sky with beauty; aged sires with heads of
white,
Long should tell the little children, Curfew did not ring that
night.

9. O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him, and her
brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised and
torn;
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale and
worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eye with misty light:
"Go, your lover lives," said Cromwell; "Curfew shall not ring
to-night!"

10. Wide they flung the massive portal; led the prisoner forth to
die,
All his bright young life before him. 'Neath the darkening
English sky
Bessie comes with flying footsteps, eyes aglow with love-light
sweet;
Kneeling on the turf beside him, lays his pardon at his feet.
In his brave, strong arms he clasped her, kissed the face up-
turned and white,
Whispered, "Darling, you have saved me,—Curfew will not
ring to-night."

Language Work.—Express the meaning of the following lines without using the italicized words:

V. 1. "And the last *rays kissed* the forehead."

V. 5. "The dusty ladder *on which fell no ray of light.*"

V. 8. "The rays of setting sun should *illume* the sky with *beauty.*"

What two phrases tell that she ventured where no one had been for a long time?

172. BUNKER HILL MONUMENT FINISHED.

DANIEL WEBSTER. [See Lesson 114.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. What event does the monument commemorate, and where did it actually take place? [*See School History of the United States.*] V. 1. Why does Webster say the monument "is visible at their homes to three hundred thousand citizens of Massachusetts?" V. 3. To what does he allude, in the sixth sentence? [*See "Memnon," in Cyclopedia.*] What two figurative names does he apply to the monument?

Words often Mispronounced. Lŏft′i-ness; ŏr′a-tor; pā′thos; ĭn′flu-ençe.

Articulation Drill. Stands; en-robes′ | it | with; but | aw′ful | ut′terance; e-vents′ | of.

Inflection Drill. Write the last sentence of the third verse and mark the inflections.

For Definition. Antiquarian; lunar; auditories.

From a speech delivered at a celebration on the seventeenth of June, 1843, in honor of the completion of this monument.

1. The Bunker Hill Monument is finished! Here it stands! Fortunate in the natural eminence on which it is placed, higher, infinitely higher, in its objects and purpose, it rises over the land, and over the sea; and, visible at their homes to three hundred thousand citizens of Massachusetts, it stands, a memorial of the past, and a monitor to the present and all succeeding generations.

2. I have spoken of the loftiness of its purpose. If it had been without any other design than the creation of a work of art, the granite of which it is composed would have slept in its native bed. It has a purpose; and that purpose gives it character. That purpose enrobes it with dignity and moral grandeur. That well-known purpose it is which causes us to look up to it with a feeling of awe.

3. It is itself the orator of this occasion. It is not from

my lips, it is not from any human lips, that that strain of eloquence is this day to flow, most competent to move and excite the vast multitudes around. The potent speaker stands motionless before them. It is a plain shaft. It bears no inscriptions fronting to the rising sun, from which the future antiquarian shall wipe the dust. Nor does the rising sun cause tones of music to issue from its summit. But at the rising of the sun, and at the setting of the sun, in the blaze of noonday, and beneath the milder effulgence of lunar light, it looks, it speaks, it acts, to the full comprehension of every American mind, and the awakening of glowing enthusiasm in every American heart.

4. Its silent but awful utterance, its deep pathos, as it brings to our contemplation the seventeenth of June, 1775, and the consequences which have resulted to us, to our country, and to the world from the events of that day, and which we know must continue to rain influence on the destinies of mankind to the end of time,—the elevation with which it raises us high above the ordinary feelings of life,—surpass all that the study of the closet, or even the inspiration of genius, can produce.

5. To-day it speaks to us. Its future auditories will be through successive generations of men, as they rise up before it, and gather round it. Its speech will be of patriotism and courage; of civil and religious liberty; of free government; of the moral improvement and elevation of mankind, and of the immortal memory of those who, with heroic devotion, have sacrificed their lives for their country.

LANGUAGE WORK.—Write the following lines and express their meaning without using the italicized words:

V. 2. "The granite of which it is composed would have *slept in its native bed.*"

V. 3. "Beneath the milder *effulgence* of *lunar* light."

V. 4. "Surpass all that *the study of the closet*, or even the inspiration of genius, can produce."

173. THE DREAM OF CLARENCE.

WM. SHAKESPEARE. [See Lesson 68.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. Who were Clarence and Gloster? [*See Shakespeare's play of Richard III.*] V. 9. Can you tell what "melancholy flood," and "grim ferryman" are alluded to? [*See "Charon," in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.*]

Articulation Drill. Grace | so; that thought **to**; pain | it | was; **to** yield; **field** by; take **him**.

Inflection Drill. Seize on him\, Furies/, take him to your torments\.

For Definition. Hatches; stay; unvalued; perjury; dabbled; Furies; environed; requites.

The families of **York** and **Lancaster**, for thirty years, contended for the English throne, succeeding alternately, until their rival claims were united by the marriage of their surviving representatives.

The badge of York was a white rose, that of Lancaster a red rose; hence the war was termed the "War of the Roses."

Nevil, Earl of Warwick, was the most powerful baron in England, and from the fact that the different claimants whose cause he espoused were successful, he was called "The King Maker."

[*Clarence, prisoner in the Tower of London. Enter Brakenbury.*]

1. *Brakenbury.* Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?
2. *Clarence.* O, I have passed a miserable night,
   So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
   That, as I am a Christian, faithful man,
   I would not spend another such a night,
   Though 't were to buy a world of happy days,
   So full of dismal terror was the time.
3. *Brak.* What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.
4. *Clar.* Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
   And was embarked to cross to Burgundy;
   And, in my company, my brother Gloster;
   Who, from my cabin, tempted me to walk
   Upon the hatches; whence we looked toward England,
   And cited up a thousand heavy times,
   During the wars of York and Lancaster,
   That had befallen us. As we paced along

Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

5. O then, methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

6. *Brak.* Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

7. *Clar.* Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smothered it within my panting bulk;
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

8. *Brak.* Awaked you not with this sore agony?

9. *Clar.* O no; my dream was lengthened after life!
O, then began the tempest of my soul!
I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferry-man which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud, "What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanished.

10. Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair

Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud:
"Clarence is come! false, fleeting, perjured Clarence!
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury:
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!"
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environed me and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I, trembling, waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

11. *Brak.* No marvel, my lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

12. *Clar.* O Brakenbury, I have done those things,
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers can not appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone;
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children.
—— I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

13. *Brak.* I will, my lord; God give your grace good rest!
[*Clarence reposes himself on a chair.*]

14. Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.

Language Work.—Express the meaning of the following lines without using the italicized words:

V. 4. "Struck me, that *thought to stay* him, overboard."

V. 5. "*Inestimable* stones, *unvalued* jewels."

V. 5. "As 't were in scorn of eyes, *reflecting* gems."

V. 7. What two expressions indicate a desire to die?

V. 9. What expression indicates the continual gloom of the infernal regions?

If the teacher will take the play of Richard III., or the chapter of English history which records the stabbing to which Clarence refers in V. 10, and read to the class the account there given, it will add much to the interest of the lesson. Let the pupils then write, from memory, the story so read.

174. THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

RUFUS DAWES—1803-1859. MASSACHUSETTS.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Questions. V. 1. How does the poet follow the track of the Spirit of Beauty?

Articulation Drill. And whit′en; mounts | a-gain′; maid′en's | lip; dark clouds | for; pur′ple | and gold.

For Definition. Hies; canopy; landscape; flit.

Rufus Dawes is a poet of no great or lasting fame. He is an easy and correct versifier, poetry was his passion, but he has little force or imagination. He is descended from an ancient family of eminent respectability, his father being for ten years one of the associate justices of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

1. The Spirit of Beauty unfurls her light,
   And wheels her course in a joyous flight;
   I know her track through the balmy air,
   By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there;
   She leaves the tops of the mountains green,
   And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

2. At morn, I know where she rested at night,
   For the roses are gushing with dewy delight;
   Then she mounts again, and around her flings
   A shower of light from her purple wings.
   At noon, she hies to a cool retreat,
   Where bowering elms over waters meet;
   She dimples the wave where the green leaves dip,
   As it smilingly curls like a maiden's lip.

3. At eve, she hangs o'er the western sky
   Dark clouds for a glorious canopy;
   And round the skirts of their deepened fold
   She paints a border of purple and gold,
   Where the lingering sunbeams love to stay,
   When their god in his glory has passed away.

4. She hovers around us at twilight hour,
   When her presence is felt with the deepest power;
   She silvers the landscape, and crowds the stream

With shadows that flit like a fairy dream;
Then wheeling her flight through the gladdened air,
The Spirit of Beauty is everywhere!

LANGUAGE WORK.—V. 2. To what does the poet liken the wave?

V. 3. What five words are used to designate the sun?

Of what two scenes does the poet paint the picture in the third and fourth verses?

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175. THE ATMOSPHERE.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. How many things are spoken of in this lesson as if they were persons? Name them. If the weight of the atmosphere is so enormous as to shiver iron, why does it not crush us? V. 5. Write in language, not figurative, the office which, in this verse, the atmosphere is said to perform. Treat V. 6 in the same way.

Words often Mispronounced. Mō′bile; ti′ni-est; nĕst′le (nes′l).

Articulation Drill. For′ests; so | mas′sive | is | it; yet | it | is; exists′ | at | all; through | it; but | it touch′es | us; of his | rays; sends | at.

For Definition. Synonym; mobile; impunity; lavishly; ministers.

1. The atmosphere rises above us, with its cathedral dome arching toward the heavens, to which it is the most familiar synonym and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the apostle John saw in his vision, "a sea of glass like unto crystal." So massive is it, that, when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests to destruction before it.

2. And yet it is so mobile, that we live years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all; and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass; yet a soap-bubble sails

through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it aside with its wing.

3. It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not; but it touches us. Its warm south wind brings back color to the pale face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow, and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even its northern blasts brace into new vigor the hardy children of our rugged clime.

4. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of midday, the chastened radiance of the "gloaming," and the "clouds that cradle near the setting sun." But for it the rainbow would want its "triumphal arch," and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands round the heavens. The cold weather would not shed its snow-feathers on the earth, nor drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall, nor hailstorm nor fog diversify the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things.

5. Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and, without warning, plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays and lets them slip slowly through her fingers; so that the shadows gather by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads, and each creature space to find a place of rest, and nestle to repose.

6. In the morning, the garish sun would at once burst from the bosom of night, and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming, and sends at first one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by and by a handful; and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eyelids open, and, like man, she "goeth forth again to her labor till the evening."

LANGUAGE WORK.—Express the meaning of the following lines without using the italicized words:

V. 2. "That they are *bathed in an ocean* of air."

V. 4. "The *chastened radiance* of the *gloaming*."

V. 4. "The winds would not *send their fleecy messengers on errands* round the heavens."

V. 5. "Without warning, *plunge the earth in darkness*."

Copy V. 5, 6, and underline the figurative expressions.

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176. RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD—1786-1855. ENGLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Words often Mispronounced. Ur-sĭ′ni; rŭf′fian (rŭf′yan); côrse; hōrde; Ri-ĕn′zi (re-ĕn′zee).

Articulation Drill. And | un-dy′ing; shames | are; broth′er | at | once.

This selection should be read with Loud Force and generally in High Pitch and with the Radical Stress. To facilitate a thorough vocal training upon it, words for emphasis and inflection have been marked.

For Definition. Petty; feudal; limners; ruffian.

Mary Russell Mitford was the good and devoted daughter of an improvident father. The first work which brought her reputation was a series of sketches entitled "Our Village." To these she was compelled to give up the months she wished to devote to more ambitious performances, in order to provide the means of support for herself and her father. Her heart, however, was in her tragedies. The tragedy of "Rienzi" was first performed in 1828, and was successful.

Rienzi was a Roman citizen of obscure birth, but well educated and of fine presence, who lived in the thirteenth century, and who in a time of general turmoil throughout the state succeeded in being declared ruler. After a brief career of extravagance and folly he was assassinated.

Ursini, or **Orsini,** was the name of a noble family of Rome.

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1. I come not here to talk′. You know too well
The story of our thralldom. We are—*slaves*`*!*
The bright sun rises to his course and lights
A *race* of—*slaves*`*!* He sets, and his last beams
Fall on a—*slave*`*;* not *such* as, swept along

By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
To crimson glory and undying fame:
But—*base*\—*ignoble*\—slaves; slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants\, *feudal despots*\, *lords*,
Rich′ in some dozen *paltry villages*\;
Strong′ in some *hundred spearmen*\; *only great*′
In that *strange spell;*—a NAME\.

2. Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against\ them. But *this very day*,
An honest man, my neighbor,—there he stands′,—
Was *struck*\—*struck*′ like a *dog*\, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini; because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian!

3. Be we *men*′,
And suffer *such*′ dishonor? *men*′, and wash not
The stain away in *blood*′? Such shames are common.
I have known *deeper*\ wrongs; *I*\ that speak\ to ye,
I had a *brother*\ once′—a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy,—there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple.

4. How I *loved*\
That gracious boy\! Younger by fifteen years\,
Brother at once, and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheek\; a smile
Parting his innocent lips\. *In one short hour*,
That *pretty*, *harmless boy* was *slain**!* I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For *vengeance**!*

5. ROUSE\, ye ROMANS! ROUSE\, ye SLAVES!
Have ye *brave sons*′*?* Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them *die*\. Have ye *fair daughters*′*?* Look
To see them live, *torn from your arms*\, *distained*\,
*Dishonored**;* and if ye *dare call for justice*′,
Be answered by the *lash*\.

6. Yet *this*—is *Rome*,
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty, ruled the *world!* and *we* are *Romans*.
Why, in that elder day, to be a *Roman*,
Was greater than a *king!*

7. And once again,—
Hear me, ye *walls*, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus! *Once again, I swear,*
The eternal city shall be free.
Her sons shall walk with princes.

177. THE GREAT VOICES.

CHARLES T. BROOKS—1813-1883. MASSACHUSETTS.

Rev. Charles T. Brooks was a Unitarian clergyman of Newport, Rhode Island, where he was settled in his first pastorate in 1837 and where he remained till his death. He was distinguished as a German scholar, and has achieved his main reputation, perhaps, as a translator of German poets.

1. A voice from the sea to the mountains,
From the mountains again to the sea;
A call from the deep to the fountains,—
"O spirit! be glad and be free."

2. A cry from the floods to the fountains;
And the torrents repeat the glad song
As they leap from the breast of the mountains,—
"O spirit! be free and be strong."

3. The pine forests thrill with emotion
Of praise, as the spirit sweeps by:
With a voice like the murmur of ocean
To the soul of the listener they cry.

4. Oh! sing, human heart, like the fountains,
With joy reverential and free,
Contented and calm as the mountains,
And deep as the woods and the sea.

178. THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC IN 1759.

Preparatory Exercises.

Questions. During what war was the battle of Quebec fought? What was the result of the war so far as Canada was concerned? V. 13. What is Quebec called in this verse? [*See School History of the United States.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Ĝĕn′ū-īne; hĕr′o-ĭşm; ag-ri-cŭlt′ūr-al; hănd′ker-chief (hăn̲k′er-chĭf).

For Definition. Emergency; incessant.

1. The dawn of that eventful day revealed to the astonished gaze of the French commander the entire British army standing in battle array on the table land above the city. It needed no second glance of his experienced eye to enable him to realize the fact that the enemy must be driven from their position, or Quebec was lost. The heart of the brave Montcalm quailed not, even for an instant, in view of this sudden and appalling emergency.

2. Though certainly outdone in generalship he was not to be surpassed in the exhibition of genuine heroism. His order of battle was steadily and promptly made. He commanded the center column in person. His total force engaged was 7,520, besides Indians. Of this force only 2,000 were regulars, the remainder being undisciplined Canadian farmers, who had been summoned from their agricultural pursuits to save their province from the grasp of the English invader. The army of Wolfe consisted of only 4,828 of all ranks; but every man was a trained soldier.

3. The French attacked. After a spirited advance by a swarm of skirmishers, their main body, in long, unbroken lines, was seen approaching Wolfe's position. Soon a murderous and incessant fire began. The British troops fell fast. Wolfe was struck in the wrist, but was not disabled.

4. Wrapping a handkerchief around the wound, he has-

tened from one rank to another, exhorting the men to be steady, and to reserve their fire. Not an English soldier pulled a trigger; with matchless endurance they sustained the trial. Not a company wavered; their arms shouldered as if on parade, and motionless, save when they closed up the ghastly gaps, they waited the word of command.

5. When the head of the French attack had reached within forty yards, Wolfe gave the order: "Fire." At once the long row of muskets was leveled, and a volley, distinct as a single shot, flashed from the British line. For a moment the advancing columns still pressed on, shivering like pennons in the fatal storm; but a few paces told how terrible had been the force of the long-suspended blow.

6. Montcalm commanded the attack in person. Not fifteen minutes had elapsed since he had first moved on his line of battle, and already all was lost! But the gallant Frenchman, though ruined, was not dismayed. He rode through the broken ranks, cheered them with his voice, encouraged them by his dauntless bearing, and, aided by a small redoubt, even succeeded in once again presenting a front to his enemy.

7. Meanwhile Wolfe's troops had reloaded. He seized the opportunity of the hesitation in the hostile ranks, and ordered the whole British line to advance. At first they moved forward with majestic regularity, receiving and paying back with deadly interest the volleys of the French; but soon the ardor of the soldiers broke through the restraints of discipline—they increased their pace to a run, rushing over the dying and the dead, and sweeping the living enemy from their path.

8. Wolfe was soon wounded in the body; but he concealed his suffering, for his work was not yet accomplished. Again a ball from the redoubt struck him in the breast. He reeled to one side; but at the moment it was not generally observed. "Support me," said he to a grenadier

officer who was close at hand, "that my brave fellows may not see me fall." In a few seconds, however, he sunk to the ground, and was borne a little to the rear.

9. The brief struggle fell heavily upon the British, but was ruinous to the French. They wavered under the carnage; the columns which death had disordered were soon broken and scattered. Montcalm, with a courage that rose above the wreck of hope, galloped through the groups of his stubborn veterans, who still made head against the enemy, and strove to show a front of battle.

10. His efforts were vain. The head of every formation was swept away before that terrible musketry. In a few minutes the French gave way in all directions. Just then their gallant general fell with a mortal wound; from that time all was utter rout.

11. While the British troops were carrying all before them, their young general's life was ebbing fast away. From time to time he tried, with his faint hand, to clear away the death-mist that gathered before his sight; but the efforts seemed vain, for presently he lay back, and gave no signs of life beyond a heavy breathing and an occasional groan.

12. Meantime the French had given way, and were flying in all directions. A grenadier officer seeing this, called out to those around him, "See! they run!" The words caught the ear of the dying man. He raised himself, like one aroused from sleep, and eagerly asked, "Who run?" "The enemy, sir," answered the officer; "they give way everywhere." "Then I die happy," said Wolfe, and falling back upon the ground, he expired.

13. The fate of Montcalm was hardly less glorious. Everywhere present in the thickest of the fight, he was twice wounded, the last time mortally. "Death is certain," said the surgeon, "you have but ten or twelve hours to live." "I am glad to hear it," said Montcalm, "I shall

not live to see the surrender of Quebec." Three days afterwards the city passed into the hands of the English. With the loss of this gateway to the interior of the continent all hopes of founding a French empire in the New World vanished forever.

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179. SONGS OF THE NIGHT.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON—1834-**. ENGLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 6. By what two phrases are the stars described in this verse? V. 7. What phrase similar to "the unpillared arch of heaven" is found in Lesson 63?

Words often Mispronounced. Spûr′geon (Spûr′jun); chânt; couch (*not* cōōch).

Articulation Drill. Seem′eth; shin′eth; com′eth; draw′eth; shut′teth; ap-pear′eth.

For Definition. Chant; spheres.

Mr. Spurgeon's father and grandfather were clergymen. He himself began preaching at the age of nineteen years, and attracted large audiences. An immense chapel was erected for him, which he still fills with hearers. His influence as a preacher and pastor has, perhaps, never been equaled. He has published a number of religious works, besides many volumes of sermons.

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1. The world hath its night. It seemeth necessary that it should have one. The sun shineth by day, and men go forth to their labors; but they grow weary, and nightfall cometh on, like a sweet boon from heaven.

2. The darkness draweth the curtains, and shutteth out the light, which might prevent our eyes from slumber; while the sweet, calm stillness of the night permits us to rest upon the lap of ease, and there forget awhile our cares, until the morning sun appeareth, and an angel puts his hand upon the curtain, and undraws it once again, touches

our eyelids, and bids us rise, and proceed to the labors of the day.

3. Night is one of the greatest blessings men enjoy; we have many reasons to thank God for it. Yet night is to many a gloomy season. There is "the pestilence that walketh in darkness;" there is "the terror by night;" there is the dread of robbers and of fell disease, with all those fears that the timorous know, when they have no light wherewith they can discern objects.

4. It is then they fancy that spiritual creatures walk the earth; though, if they knew rightly, they would find it to be true, that "millions of spiritual creatures walk this earth unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake;" and that at all times they are round about us—not more by night than by day.

5. Night is the season of terror and alarm to most men. Yet even night hath its songs. Have you never stood by the seaside at night, and heard the pebbles sing, and the waves chant God's glories? Or have you never risen from your couch, and thrown up the window of your chamber, and listened there?

6. Listened to what? Silence—save now and then a murmuring sound, which seems sweet music then. And have you not fancied that you heard the harp of God playing in heaven? Did you not conceive, that yon stars, those eyes of God, looking down on you, were also mouths of song—that every star was singing God's glory, singing, as it shone, its mighty Maker, and his lawful, well-deserved praise?

7. Night hath its songs. We need not much poetry in our spirit to catch the song of night, and hear the spheres as they chant praises which are loud to the heart, though they be silent to the ear,—the praises of the mighty God, who bears up the unpillared arch of heaven, and moves the stars in their courses.

180. SATAN, SIN, AND DEATH.

JOHN MILTON—1608-1674. ENGLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson I.*]

Questions. V. 2, 3. Which of the two shapes described is Sin and which is Death? Is the head described as being on the crown, or the crown on the head? V. 8. In what other verse of this lesson is the creature here called "snaky sorceress," referred to?

Words often Mispronounced. Ăd′ver-sa-ry; ăd-a-măn′tīne; Çer-bē′ri-an; ĕx′e-era-ble; con-jūred′; in-çēnsed′; hīd′e-oŭs; Sā′tan.

For Definition. Admired; scours; impaled; voluminous; Cerberian; distinguishable; execrable; miscreated; Ophiuchus; tractate.

Milton is considered, perhaps, the first poet of the imagination. Living in the time of Cromwell's Protectorate, he for many years gave his great abilities to the support, by his writings, of the side of the Puritans against the crown. It was during this period that, from overwork, he entirely lost the sight of his eyes. From this time his writings were dictated to an assistant. For some years he gave considerable attention to the education of a class of boys, and has left an admirable volume, entitled "A Tractate on Education." His great work, "Paradise Lost," is the poem from which this selection is taken, having for its subject the fall of man. In person Milton was tall, erect, and handsome, with a face of remarkable delicacy and refinement. His father was a man of considerable learning, and favorably known in the literature of his time. Milton was three times married, but his domestic relations were unhappy.

1. Meanwhile, the adversary of God and man,
Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,
Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates of hell
Explores his solitary flight: sometimes
He scours the right-hand coast, sometimes the left;
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave towering high.

2. At last, appear
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat,
On either side, a formidable shape;

The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous and vast, a serpent armed
With mortal sting; about her middle round,
A cry of hell hounds never ceasing barked,
With wide Cerberian mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal.

3. The other shape,
If shape it might be called, that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be called, that shadow seemed,
For each seemed either; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart: what seemed his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.

4. Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides; hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted fiend what this might be, admired—
Admired, not feared; God and his Son except,
Created thing naught valued he, nor shunned;
And with disdainful look thus first began:

5. "Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave asked of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly; and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heaven!"

6. To whom the goblin, full of wrath, replied:
"Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in heaven, and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons,
Conjured against the Highest, for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemned
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckonest thou thyself with spirits of heaven,

Hell-doomed! and breathest defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive! and to thy speed add wings;
Lest with a whip of scorpions, I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart,
Strange horrors seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."

7. So spake the grisly terror, and in shape
So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Leveled his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian; then stand front to front,
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air.

8. So frowned the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at the frown; so matched, they stood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe. And now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress, that sat
Fast by hell gate, and kept the fatal key,
Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between.

Language Work.—V. 1. Transpose the words of the phrase, "with thoughts inflamed of highest design," in two ways, preserving the sense.

V. 7. Express the meaning of the following negative statement in an affirmative form:

"Their fatal hands
No second stroke intend."

What phrase in verse 7 is equivalent to "charged with electricity?"

ELEMENTS OF ELOCUTION.

Chapter VIII—Movement.

Movement in Elocution relates to the fast or slow utterance of successive sounds. The pauses, too, will be affected as the movement is quick or slow, quick movement requiring short pauses and slow movement long pauses.

For the purposes of this work, Movement may be divided into:

I. Moderate. II. Slow. III. Fast.

Moderate Movement—*is employed in common narrative or description, and where the style is not animated by feeling;* as,

1. Take it all in all, no bird in either hemisphere equals the English lark in heart or voice, for both unite to make it the sweetest, the happiest, the welcomest singer that was ever winged, like the high angels of God's love. It is the living ecstasy of joy when it mounts up into its "glorious privacy of light."

Slow Movement—*is natural to grief, melancholy, pathos, solemnity, grandeur;* as,

1. To be, or not to be,—that is the question!
   Whether 't is nobler in the mind, to suffer
   The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
   Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
   And, by opposing, end them? To die,—to sleep,—
   No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
   The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
   That flesh is heir to.

2. 'T is midnight's holy hour; and silence now
   Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er

The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling; 't is the knell
Of the departed year.

Fast, or Quick, Movement—*goes (1) with a pleasant degree of liveliness or animation; (2) with gay, exhilarated, and glad emotion; (3) with haste, hurry, alarm, confusion. Different degrees of quickness mark these various emotions;* as,

(1)

1. The Spirit of Beauty unfurls her light,
And wheels her course in a joyous flight;
I know her track through the balmy air,
By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there;
She leaves the tops of the mountains green,
And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

(2)

1. A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

(3)

1. Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The archery appear;
For life! for life! their flight they ply;
While shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in the rear.

RECREATIONS AMONG AUTHORS.

BY A COUNTRY TEACHER.

Good writers are our best society. For a method of pleasant intercourse with these delightful people, on occasional days, exercises like the following have been found full of interest and healthy stimulus. The two friends introduced below are from those who have contributed to this Reader:

Who is he? What did he write? What, of his writings, have you read? Tell all of interest that you can learn about him.

I. American prose writer; born in the city of New York; father, Scotch; mother, English; died within thirty years, at the age of seventy-six; was never married; pure private and public life; wrote under several *noms de plume;* wrote a biography of the man for whom he was named.

Who is she? What did she write? What, of her writings, have you read? Tell all of interest that you can learn about her.

II. English writer of poems; excelled in descriptions of nature; wife of a poet laureate; married late in life; maiden name, Caroline Anne Bowles; died within forty years.

The teacher may select any author, whether contributing to this Reader or not, and place upon the blackboard an outline, as above, of his or her career. Request the pupils to have ready, for the general exercises of Friday afternoon, an answer to the interrogatories proposed, if they, in the meantime, shall have been able to ascertain, by reading or inquiry, who is described. Especially, let them gather anecdotes of authors. To assist them in their research they should be referred, if possible, to some book of general biography. The volumes named below, in addition to some general cyclopedia, have been found exceedingly useful for this purpose:

Handbook of American Authors, 204 pages; brief notices.
Handbook of English Authors, 171 pages; brief notices.
Authors [*in "Little Classics" series*], 262 pages; 151 notices.
Personal Traits of British Authors, 4 vols.

If pupils are referred to the Cyclopedia, or to either of the first three books named above, usually it will be found necessary to state the letter of the alphabet under which the name occurs.

181. THE KEEPER OF THE LIGHT.

FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN—1829-1862. IRELAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 1. What figure of speech similar to that in the first two lines of this verse is employed elsewhere in this lesson? V. 2. What, in the first verse, is referred to by the fourth line of the second verse? Can you find any reference in the fourth verse to a cannon? If so, why would it be used at such a time?

Articulation Drill. Lifts | its | form; curs′es | on; prays | a-loud′; on his | ship; ropes | and grap′pling-hooks; red | eyed; hounds.

For Definition. Imprecations; gallery; unkenneled.

Fitz James O'Brien came to America in 1852, and soon became a well-known contributor to magazine literature. On the breaking out of the civil war in 1861 he enlisted in the Federal army, and died the following year from a wound received in battle. His writings are vigorous and captivating and have been very popular.

1. Like spectral hounds across the sky,
   The white clouds scud before the storm;
   And naked in the howling night
   The red-eyed lighthouse lifts its form.
   The waves with slippery fingers clutch
   The massive tower, and climb and fall,
   And, muttering, growl with baffled rage
   Their curses on the sturdy wall.

2. Up in the lonely tower he sits,
   The keeper of the crimson light:
   Silent and awe-struck does he hear
   The imprecations of the night.
   The white spray beats against the panes
   Like some wet ghost that down the air
   Is hunted by a troop of fiends,
   And seeks a shelter anywhere.

3. He prays aloud, the lonely man,
   For every soul that night at sea,
   But more than all for that brave boy

Who used to gayly climb his knee,—
Young Charlie, with his chestnut hair,
And hazel eyes, and laughing lip.
"May Heaven look down," the old man cries,
"Upon my son, and on his ship!"

4. While thus with pious heart he prays,
Far in the distance sounds a boom:
He pauses; and again there rings
That sullen thunder through the room.
A ship upon the shoals to-night!
She can not hold for one half-hour,
But clear the ropes and grappling-hooks,
And trust in the Almighty Power!

5. On the drenched gallery he stands,
Striving to pierce the solid night:
Across the sea the red eye throws
A steady crimson wake of light;
And, where it falls upon the waves,
He sees a human head float by,
With long drenched curls of chestnut hair,
And wild but fearless hazel eye.

6. Out with the hooks! One mighty fling!
Adown the wind the long rope curls.
Oh! will it catch? Ah, dread suspense!
While the wild ocean wilder whirls.
A steady pull; it tightens now:
Oh! his old heart will burst with joy,
As on the slippery rocks he pulls
The breathing body of his boy.

7. Still sweep the specters through the sky;
Still scud the clouds before the storm;
Still naked in the howling night
The red-eyed lighthouse lifts its form.
Without, the world is wild with rage;
Unkenneled demons are abroad;
But with the father and the son
Within, there is the peace of God.

182. NICHOLAS NICKLEBY AT SQUEERS'S SCHOOL.

CHARLES DICKENS. [See Lesson 62.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 5. What "bowl" was taken in at a gasp?

Articulation Drill. Inked (inkt) | and dam'aged; stood | at | one; spe'cies | of; he has | learned.

For Definition. Detached; dogged; grotesque; corporeal; commodity; coppers; forms; usher; treacle; fustian.

1. "Come," said Squeers, "let 's go to the school room; and lend me a hand with my school coat, will you?"

Nicholas assisted his master to put on an old fustian shooting jacket, which he took down from a peg in the passage; and Squeers, arming himself with his cane, led the way across a yard to a door in the rear of the house.

"There," said the school-master, as they stepped in together; "this is our shop, Nickleby."

2. It was such a crowded scene, and there were so many objects to attract attention, that at first Nicholas stared about him, really without seeing anything at all. By degrees, however, the place resolved itself into a bare and dirty room with a couple of windows, whereof a tenth part might be of glass, the remainder being stopped up with old copy-books and paper.

3. There were a couple of long, old, rickety desks, cut and notched, and inked and damaged in every possible way; two or three forms, a detached desk for Squeers, and another for his assistant. The ceiling was supported like that of a barn, by cross-beams and rafters, and the walls were so stained and discolored that it was impossible to tell whether they had ever been touched by paint or whitewash.

4. Pale and haggard faces, lank and bony figures, children with the countenances of old men, deformities with

irons upon their limbs, boys of stunted growth, and others whose long, meager legs would hardly bear their stooping bodies, all crowded on the view together. There were little faces which should have been handsome, darkened with the scowl of sullen, dogged suffering: there was childhood with the light of its eye quenched, its beauty gone, and its helplessness alone remaining.

5. And yet this scene, painful as it was, had its grotesque features, which, in a less interested observer than Nicholas, might have provoked a smile. Mrs. Squeers stood at one of the desks, presiding over an immense basin of brimstone and treacle, of which delicious compound she administered a large installment to each boy in succession, using for the purpose a common wooden spoon, which might have been originally manufactured for some gigantic top, and which widened every young gentleman's mouth considerably, they being all obliged, under heavy corporeal penalties, to take in the whole bowl at a gasp.

6. "Now," said Squeers, giving the desk a great rap with his cane, which made half the little boys nearly jump out of their boots, "is that physicking over?"

"Just over," said Mrs. Squeers, choking the last boy in her hurry, and tapping the crown of his head with the wooden spoon to restore him. "Here, you Smike: take away now. Look sharp!"

7. Smike shuffled out with the basin, and Mrs. Squeers hurried out after him into a species of wash-house, where there was a small fire, and a large kettle, together with a number of little wooden bowls which were arranged upon a board. Into these bowls Mrs. Squeers, assisted by the hungry servant, poured a brown composition which looked like diluted pincushions without the covers, and was called porridge. A minute wedge of brown bread was inserted in each bowl, and when they had eaten their porridge by means of the bread, the boys eat the bread itself, and had finished

their breakfast, whereupon Mr. Squeers went away to his own.

8. After some half-hour's delay Mr. Squeers reappeared, and the boys took their places and their books, of which latter commodity the average might be about one to eight learners. A few minutes having elapsed, during which Mr. Squeers looked very profound, as if he had a perfect apprehension of what was inside all the books, and could say every word of their contents by heart, if he only chose to take the trouble, that gentleman called up the first class.

9. Obedient to this summons there ranged themselves in front of the school-master's desk, half a dozen scarecrows, out at knees and elbows, one of whom placed a torn and filthy book beneath his learned eye.

"This is the first class in English spelling and philosophy, Nickleby," said Squeers, beckoning Nicholas to stand beside him. "We 'll get up a Latin one, and hand that over to you. Now, then, where 's the first boy?"

10. "Please, sir, he 's cleaning the back parlor window," said the temporary head of the philosophical class.

"So he is, to be sure," rejoined Squeers. "We go upon the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby; the regular education system. C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. W-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, winder, a casement. When the boy knows this out of book, he goes and does it. It 's just the same principle as the use of the globes. Where 's the second boy?"

11. "Please, sir, he is weeding the garden," replied a small voice.

"To be sure," said Squeers, by no means disconcerted, "so he is. B-o-t, bot, t-i-n, tin, n-e-y, ney, bottinney, noun substantive, a knowledge of plants. When he has learned that bottinney means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em. That 's our system, Nickleby: what do you think of it?"

"It 's a very *useful* one, at any rate," answered Nicholas, significantly.

12. "I believe you," rejoined Squeers, not remarking the emphasis of his usher. "Third boy, what 's a horse?"

"A beast, sir," replied the boy.

"So it is," said Squeers. "Ain't it, Nickleby?"

"I believe there is no doubt of that, sir," answered Nicholas.

"Of course there is n't," said Squeers. "A horse is a quadruped, and quadruped 's Latin for beast, as every body that 's gone through the grammar knows, or else where 's the use of having grammars at all?"

"Where, indeed!" said Nicholas, abstractedly.

13. "As you 're perfect in that," resumed Squeers, turning to the boy, "go and look after my horse, and rub him down well, or I 'll rub you down. The rest of the class go and draw water up till somebody tells you to leave off, for it 's washing-day to-morrow, and they want the coppers filled."

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183. FALL OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

SHAKESPEARE. [See Lesson 65.]

Preparatory Exercises.

Questions. Who was Lucifer? [*See Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.*] Was the Cromwell of this lesson the same spoken of in Lesson 147? Whose fate was eventually most melancholy, his or Wolsey's? [*See Cyclopedia, "Thomas Cromwell" and "Wolsey."*] V. 4. What "sun" does he pray may never set? Can you learn what king they both served and for what he was noted?

Words often Mispronounced. Wo͝ol'sey (Wo͝ol'zĭ); ĭn'ven-to-ry.

Articulation Drill. Puts | forth; pomp | and glo'ry | of; shall | ev'er | ush'er; neg-lect'; depths | and shoals | of | hon'or.

For Definition. Wanton; shoals; corruption; inventory.

1. *Wolsey.* Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth

The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow, blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good, easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do.

2. I have ventured,
Like little, wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers, in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye
I feel my heart new opened.

3. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There are betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That aspect sweet of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

4. No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor, fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art; he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish, too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

5. *Cromwell.* O my lord,
Must I, then, leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.

The king shall have my service, but my prayers
Forever and forever shall be yours.

6. *Wolsey.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.

7. Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee,
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues.

8. Be just and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And,—prithee, lead me in!
There, take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call my own.

9. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my King, He would not, in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Cromwell. Good sir, have patience.

Wolsey. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

184. THE INFINITUDE OF CREATION.

THOMAS DICK—1772-1857. SCOTLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. For what was Dr. Herschel famous? [*See Cyclopedia.*] What is the "milky way," and of what is it composed? Have you ever seen it at night? What is meant by the term, "the naked eye?"

Articulation Drill. Re'gions | of | im-men'si-ty; bod'ies | of; worlds | were; fields | of | view; pause | and | won'der.

For Definition. Resplendent; retinue; refulgent; planetary; luminaries; optical; complicated; fiat.

Though greatly inferior to them in literary merit, yet, with the exception of Scott and Burns, perhaps no Scottish author has been so familiar to American readers in the past, as Thomas Dick. At an early age he entered the ministry, but soon exchanged this vocation for that of a school teacher, which he followed for ten years. He wrote many religious, and popular scientific works, which met with a large sale in this country. Among those best known are "The Christian Philosopher," "The Philosophy of Religion," "Celestial Scenery," and "Telescope and Microscope." Of late years his writings have been little read.

1. If we extend our views from the solar system to the starry heavens, we have to penetrate, in our imagination, a space which the swiftest ball that was ever projected, though in perpetual motion, would not traverse in ten hundred thousand years. In those trackless regions of immensity we behold an assemblage of resplendent globes, similar to the sun in size and in glory, and doubtless accompanied with a retinue of worlds, revolving, like our own, around their attractive influence.

2. The immense distance at which the nearest stars are known to be placed proves that they are bodies of a prodigious size, not inferior to our own sun; and that they shine, not by reflected rays, but by their own native light. But bodies encircled with such refulgent splendor would be of little use in the economy of Jehovah's empire, unless surrounding worlds were cheered by their benign influence.

Every star is therefore concluded to be a sun, no less spacious than ours, surrounded by a host of planetary globes, which revolve around it as a center, and derive from it light, and heat, and comfort.

3. Nearly a thousand of these luminaries may be seen in a clear winter night by the naked eye; so that a mass of matter equal to a thousand solar systems, or to thirteen hundred and twenty millions of globes of the size of the earth, may be perceived, by every common observer, in the canopy of heaven. But all the celestial orbs which are perceived by the unassisted sight do not form the eighty-thousandth part of those which may be descried by the help of optical instruments.

4. Dr. Herschel has informed us that, when exploring the most crowded parts of the milky-way, with his best glasses, he has had fields of view which contained no less than five hundred and eighty-eight stars, and these, too, continued for many minutes; so that "in one quarter of an hour's time there passed no less than one hundred and sixteen thousand stars through the field of view of his telescope."

5. It has been computed that nearly one hundred millions of stars might be perceived by the most perfect instruments, were all the regions of the sky thoroughly explored. And yet all this vast assemblage of suns and worlds, when compared with what lies beyond the utmost boundaries of human vision, in the immeasurable spaces of creation, may be no more than the smallest particle of vapor to the immense ocean.

6. Here, then, with reverence, let us pause and wonder! Over all this vast assemblage of material existence God presides. Amidst the diversified objects and intelligences it contains, he is eternally and essentially present. At his Almighty fiat it emerged from nothing into existence; and by his unerring wisdom all its complicated movements are perpetually directed. Surely that man is little to be envied

who is not impressed, by such contemplations, with a venerable and overwhelming sense of Creative Power.

LANGUAGE WORK.—Express the meaning of the following quotations without using the italicized words:

V. 1. "We behold *an assemblage* of resplendent globes."

V. 1. "Doubtless accompanied with a *retinue of worlds*."

V. 2. "Bodies *encircled* with such *refulgent splendor* would be of little use in the *economy of Jehovah's empire*."

185. THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

JOHN BYROM—1691-1763. ENGLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Articulation Drill. 'T is | an | odd; but | it 's | re′al-ly; found | him | out; and begged to | know.

For Definition. Strand; 'Change; virtuoso; propagate; whip; curious; moral.

John Byrom, an English poet, was educated at Trinity College, and became a member of the Royal Society. Marrying against the wishes of his family, he maintained himself by teaching a system of short-hand writing, which he had invented, until, on the death of his elder brother, he succeeded to the family estate. His reputation rests mainly on his pastoral poem, "Colin and Phoebe," which appeared in the "Spectator," No. 603; but it is said of him that he always found it easier to express his thoughts in verse than in prose.

1. Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,
One took the other briskly by the hand:
"Hark ye," said he, "'t is an odd story this,
About the crows!" "I don't know what it is,"
Replied his friend. "No? I 'm surprised at that;
Where I come from, it is the common chat.

2. "But you shall hear: an odd affair indeed!
And that it happened, they are all agreed:
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
A gentleman, that lives not far from 'Change,

This week, in short, as all the alley knows,
Taking a puke, has thrown up three black crows."

3. "Impossible!" "Nay, but it 's really true;
I had it from good hands, and so may you."
"From whose, I pray?" So, having named the man,
Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.
"Sir, did you tell"—relating the affair—
"Yes, sir, I did; and if it 's worth your care,
Ask Mr. Such-a-one; he told it me;
But, by-the-by, 't was two black crows, not three."

4. Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,
Whip to the third the virtuoso went.
"Sir"—and so forth—"Why, yes; the thing is fact,
Though in regard to number not exact;
It was not two black crows; 't was only one;
The truth of that you may depend upon;
The gentleman himself told me the case."
"Where may I find him?" "Why, in such a place."

5. Away he goes, and having found him out—
"Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."
Then to his last informant he referred,
And begged to know if true what he had heard.
"Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?" "Not I!"
"Bless me! how people propagate a lie!
Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and one,
And here I find at last all comes to none!

6. "Did you say nothing of a crow at all?"
"Crow—crow—perhaps I might, now I recall
The matter over." "And pray, sir, what was 't?"
"Why, I was horrid sick, and, at the last,
I did throw up, and told my neighbor so,
Something that was as black, sir, as a crow."

Language Work.—Explain the meaning of the following phrases in V. 3, 4: "Mr. Such-a-one;" "and so forth;" "in such a place;" "relating the affair."

Write the moral that you see in this lesson.

186. THE SOURCE OF THE NILE DISCOVERED.

SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER—1821-* *. ENGLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 1, 4. What is the body of water here likened to "a sea of quicksilver?" V. 2. By what phrase is the lake designated in this verse? Why is England said to have "won" these sources? V. 4. Learn, if you can, why the lake is called the "vast reservoir which nourished Egypt," and "that source of bounty and of blessings." [*See "The Nile," in Cyclopedia and School Geography.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Brôught (brạwt)· Nȳ-ăn′za; Çey-lōn′; pa-shạ′; Khe-dīve′ (ke-dēv′).

Articulation Drill. Crossed (crost) | a | deep; felt too; nour′ished (nour′isht | E′gypt | and; great′est | ob′jects | in na′ture; and | wait; rushed (rusht) | into; that | it | was.

For Definition. Tenacity; interspersed; bound; pasha; Khedive.

Word Using. Use *were persuaded* in sentences of your own, with the meaning it has in this lesson, and with one other.

Sir Samuel White Baker ranks among the most noted and successful English explorers. In 1848 he, with his brother, established a coffee estate in Ceylon, and his "Rifle and Hound in Ceylon," and "Eight Years Wanderings in Ceylon," are narratives of great interest, and popular books in school libraries. In 1861 he organized an expedition to discover the sources of the Nile, and in 1862 discovered the Albert Nyanza. In recognition of these services the title of knighthood was conferred upon him in 1866. In 1869 he was created pasha by the Khedive of Egypt, and placed at the head of an expedition for the suppression of the slave trade.

1. The day broke beautifully clear, and having crossed a deep valley between two hills, we toiled up the opposite slope. I hurried to the summit. The glory of our prize burst suddenly upon me! There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay far beneath me the grand expanse of water—a boundless sea—horizon on the south and southwest, glittering in the noonday sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about 7,000 feet above its level.

2. It is impossible to describe the triumph of that mo-

ment. Here was the reward for all our labor—for the years of tenacity with which we had toiled through Africa. England had won the sources of the Nile! Long before I reached this spot, I had arranged to give three cheers with all our men in English style in honor of the discovery, but now that I looked down upon the great inland sea lying nestled in the very heart of Africa, my emotions were too deep for utterance.

3. When I thought how vainly mankind had sought these sources throughout so many ages, and reflected that I had been the humble instrument permitted to unravel this portion of the great mystery, while so many greater than I had failed, I felt too serious to vent my feelings in vain cheers for victory, and I sincerely thanked God for having guided and supported us through all dangers to the good end.

4. I was about 1,500 feet above the lake, and I looked down from the steep granite cliff upon those welcome waters—upon that vast reservoir which nourished Egypt and brought fertility where all was wilderness—upon that great source so long hidden from mankind; that source of bounty and of blessings to millions of human beings; and, as one of the greatest objects in nature, I determined to honor it with a great name. Accordingly I called this great lake "the Albert Nyanza." The Victoria and the Albert lakes are the two sources of the Nile.

5. The zigzag path to descend to the lake was so steep and dangerous that we were forced to leave our oxen with a guide, who was to take them to Magimgo and wait for our arrival. We commenced the descent of the steep pass on foot. I led the way, grasping a stout bamboo. After a toilsome descent of about two hours, weak with years of fever, but for the moment strengthened by success, we gained the level plain below the cliff.

6. A walk of about a mile through flat, sandy meadows of fine turf, interspersed with trees and bush, brought us to

the water's edge. The waves were rolling upon a white pebbly beach: I rushed into the lake, and thirsty with heat and fatigue, with a heart full of gratitude, I drank deeply from the sources of the Nile.

7. My men were perfectly astounded at the appearance of the lake. The journey had been so long, and "hope deferred" had so completely sickened their hearts, that they had long since disbelieved in the existence of the lake, and they were persuaded that I was leading them to the sea. They now looked at the lake with amazement—two of them had already seen the sea at Alexandria, and they unhesitatingly declared that this was the sea, but that it was not salt.

8. It was a grand sight to look upon this vast reservoir of the mighty Nile, and to watch the heavy swell tumbling upon the beach, while far to the southwest the eye searched as vainly for a bound as though upon the Atlantic. No European foot had ever trod upon its sand, nor had the eyes of a white man ever scanned its vast expanse of water.

9. We were the first; and this was the key to the great secret that even Julius Cæsar yearned to unravel, but in vain. There was the great basin of the Nile that received every drop of water, even from the passing shower to the roaring mountain torrent that drained from Central Africa toward the north. This was the great reservoir of the Nile!

LANGUAGE WORK.—Express the meaning of the following lines without using the italicized words:

V. 8. "To watch the heavy *swell tumbling* on the beach."

"Ever *scanned* its *vast expanse* of water."

OUTLINE OF THE LESSON.

V. 1. Day clear; crossed the valley; mounted slope opposite to hillside left behind; lake suddenly appeared; boundless sea; horizon to south and southwest unbroken; blue mountains rising fifty or sixty miles to the west; 7,000 feet above level of the lake.

[Make similar outline for V. 2, 3, 4.]

187. MAUD MULLER.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER—1808–* *. MASSACHUSETTS.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Questions. V. 13, 14. Is it true, in reality, that she often "saw a rider draw his rein?" That the kitchen walls expanded? That the wheel changed to a spinet? That the candle turned to an astral, etc.? What, then, is meant? V. 15. To what is allusion made in the last four lines? [*See St. Matthew, XXVIII.*] Can you trace the resemblance of thought between the two?

Articulation Drill. Glanced (glanct) to; grace′ful | an′kles; praise | and toast; my | lot to | meet; and qui′et; proud | and cold; hazel | eyes, pleased | eyes.

For Definition. Wrought; quaffed; toast; dower; garnished; spinet; astral; repiner; lug.

John Greenleaf Whittier, our Quaker poet, spent the first twenty years of his life upon his father's farm near Haverhill, Mass. Leaving it for two years, he succeeded Geo. D. Prentice in the editorship of the "New England Review," published at Hartford. Subsequently returning to his old home, he twice represented his native town in the legislature. We are informed that he "first ventured into print" in the "Newburyport Free Press," in 1826. Whittier is more distinctively an American poet than any other of equal fame. His poems have been largely inspired by current events. He has never married, and lives at Amesbury, Mass. "Snow Bound, a Winter Idyl," "Tent on the Beach," "Mabel Martin," and "Songs of Labor," are favorite poems.

1. Maud Muller, on a summer's day
   Raked the meadow sweet with hay.
   Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
   Of simple beauty and rustic health.
   Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
   The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

2. But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
   White from its hill-slope looking down,
   The sweet song died, and a vague unrest,
   And a nameless longing filled her breast;
   A wish that she hardly dared to own,
   For something better than she had known.

3. The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
   Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane;

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees to greet the maid;
And ask a draught from the spring that flowed,
Through the meadow, across the road.

4. She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,
And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.
"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

5. He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;
Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.
And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown,
And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

6. At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.
Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah, me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!
He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

7. "My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat;
I 'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day;
And I 'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

8. The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.
"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er has it been my lot to meet;
And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

9. "Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:
No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues;
But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

10. But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold;
So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone:
But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court, an old love-tune;
And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

11. He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power;
Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;
And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes,
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

12. Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;
And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.
And the proud man sighed, with secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!
Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

13. She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door;
But care and sorrow and wasting pain
Left their traces on heart and brain.
And oft, when the summer sun shone hot,
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,
And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,
In the shade of the apple-tree again,
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

14. Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;
The weary wheel to a spinet turned;
The tallow candle an astral burned;
And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,
A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law:
Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been!"

15. Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!
God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"
Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

LANGUAGE WORK.—Express the meaning of the following lines without using the italicized words:

V. 1. "Beneath her torn hat *glowed the wealth*
Of simple beauty and rustic health."

V. 6. "*That* I the Judge's bride *might be.*"

V. 10. "So, *closing his heart,* the Judge rode on."

V. 11. "He *wedded* a wife of *richest dower.*"

V. 14. "The tallow candle *an astral* burned."
"Then she *took up the burden of life* again."

FIRST VERSE PARAPHRASED.

[Paraphrase V. 2, 3, in the same manner.]

On a summer's day, Maud Muller raked the meadow sweet with hay. The wealth of simple beauty and rural health glowed beneath her torn hat. She sang as she worked, and the mock-bird echoed, from the tree, her merry notes.

188. ONWARD, ONWARD!

LINNÆUS BANKS.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 1. How can such statements as those in this verse and the second be regarded as true? Explain each one. Why is Time called a "hoary-headed potentate?"

Words often Mispronounced. Cĕnt′ū-ry; wĕap′ons (*not* weep′ons).

Articulation Drill. Stars | whis′per | it | in; roars | it | out; small′-est | riv′u-let; fore-fath′ers | es-cape.

For Definition. Potentate; prejudices; divert; invisible; watch-word; altitude.

1. Onward! Onward is the language of creation. The stars whisper it in their courses; the seasons breathe it as they succeed each other; the night wind whistles it; the water of the deep roars it out; the mountains lift up their heads, and tell it to the clouds; and Time, the hoary-headed potentate, proclaims it with an iron tongue! From clime to clime, from ocean to ocean, from century to century, and from planet to planet, all is onward.

2. From the smallest rivulet down to the unfathomable sea, every thing is onward. Cities hear its voice, and rise up in magnificence; nations hear it, and sink into the dust; monarchs learn it, and tremble on their thrones; continents feel it, and are convulsed as with an earthquake.

3. Men, customs, fashions, tastes, opinions, and prejudices, are all onward. States, counties, towns, districts, cities, and villages, are all onward. That word never ceases to influence the destinies of men. Science can not arrest it, nor philosophy divert it from its purpose. It flows with the very blood in our veins, and every second of time chronicles its progress.

4. From one stage of civilization to another, from one towering landmark to another, from one altitude of glory to

another, we still move upward and onward. Thus did our forefathers escape the barbarisms of past ages; thus do we conquer the errors of our time, and draw nearer to the invisible.

5. So must we move onward, with our armor bright, our weapons keen, and our hearts firm as the "everlasting hills." Every muscle must be braced, every nerve strung, every energy roused, and every thought watchful. Onward is the watchword!

189. THE CORONACH.

SIR WALTER SCOTT. [See Lesson 84.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 1. What Roderick is referred to? [*See "Lady of the Lake."*] V. 2. Is the time day or night? What words show it? Who is described in the fifth verse, and by what three titles? Explain them.

Words often Mispronounced. Mā′trons; cŏr′reĭ; fŏr′ay *or* fo-ray′.

Articulation Drill. Ac′cents; at | Rod′er-ick's side; wid′ow's | tear; knows | not; is | lost to.

For Definition. Coronach; stripling; correi; cumber; foray; searest.

1. What woful accents load the gale?
The funeral yell, the female wail!—
A gallant hunter's sport is o'er,
A valiant warrior fights no more.
Who, in the battle or the chase,
At Roderick's side shall fill his place?

2. Within the hall where torches' ray
Supplies the excluded beams of day,
Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,
And o'er him streams his widow's tear.
His stripling son stands mournful by,
His youngest weeps, but knows not why;
The village maids and matrons round
The dismal coronach resound.

CORONACH.

3. He is gone on the mountain,
   He is lost to the forest,
   Like a summer-dried fountain,
   When our need was the sorest.
   The font reappearing,
   From the raindrops shall borrow,
   But to us comes no cheering,
   To Duncan no morrow!

4. The hand of the reaper
   Takes the ears that are hoary,
   But the voice of the weeper
   Wails manhood in glory;
   The autumn winds rushing
   Waft the leaves that are searest,
   But our flower was in flushing
   When blighting was nearest.

5. Fleet foot on the correi,
   Sage counsel in cumber,
   Red hand in the foray,
   How sound is thy slumber!
   Like the dew on the mountain,
   Like the foam on the river,
   Like the bubble on the fountain,
   Thou art gone—and for ever!

LANGUAGE WORK.—Write the meaning of the following line without using the italicized words:

V. 1. "What *woful accents load the gale?*"

Picture Seeing.

The second verse affords good opportunity for picture seeing. Seven elements clearly enter into the picture. Let pupils write these and number them, thus:

1. Place; 2. Torches, etc.

After the list is completed, let each pupil arrange the objects according to the suggestion of his own imagination, following the second method on page 59.

190. RETURN OF BRITISH REFUGEES.

PATRICK HENRY. [See Lesson 100.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. Do you think Patrick Henry's prophecies in V. 3 and 5 have been fulfilled? V. 3. Who is alluded to as "the proudest oppressor of the world?" V. 7. What is meant, in the first sentence, by "vast riches?" V. 9. What is "the horn of abundance?" [*See "Cornucopia" in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.*] To what is peace compared?

Words often Mispronounced. Prŏç'ess.

Articulation Drill. For'ests; na'tions | of; this | ex-ten'sive; as | it | were; proud'est | op-press'or | of; for'eign | aid; af'fect to | rule; do you; coasts | with; see her; in'ter-ests | most.

For Definition. Obvious; authorize; salubrity; refugees; antipathies; inimical; tributary; accession.

When the British troops left America at the close of the Revolutionary struggle they were accompanied by persons who sympathized with the royal cause. Subsequently a portion of these people wished to return, and the speech here given was in favor of granting the desired permission.

1. We have, Mr. Chairman, an extensive country without population. What can be a more obvious policy, than that this country ought to be peopled? People form the strength and constitute the wealth of a nation. I want to see our vast forests filled up by some process a little more speedy than the ordinary course of nature. I wish to see these states rapidly ascending to that rank which their natural advantages authorize them to hold among the nations of the earth.

2. Cast your eyes over this extensive country. Observe the salubrity of your climate; the variety and fertility of your soil; and see that soil intersected in every quarter by bold, navigable streams, flowing to the east and to the west, as if the finger of heaven were marking out the course of your settlements, inviting you to enterprise, and pointing the way to wealth.

3. Sir, you are destined, at some period or other, to become a great agricultural and commercial people: the only question is, whether you choose to reach this point by slow gradations, and at some distant period, or whether you choose rather to rush at once, as it were, to the full enjoyment of those high destinies, and be able to cope, single-handed, with the proudest oppressor of the world.

4. If you prefer the latter course, as I trust you do, encourage emigration; encourage the husbandman, the mechanics, the merchants of the old world, to come and settle in the land of promise. Make it the home of the skillful, the fortunate, and the happy, as well as the asylum of the distressed. Fill up the measure of your population as speedily as you can, by the means which Heaven has placed in your power.

5. If this be done, I venture to prophesy there are now those living who will see this favored land among the most powerful on earth; able to take care of herself, without resorting to that policy so dangerous, though sometimes unavoidable, of calling in foreign aid. Yes, they will see her great in arts and in arms; her golden harvests waving over fields of immeasurable extent; her commerce penetrating the most distant seas; and her cannon silencing the vain boast of those who now proudly affect to rule the waves.

6. Instead of refusing permission to the refugees to return, it is your true policy to encourage emigration to this country, by every means in your power. Sir, you must have men. You can not get along without them. Those heavy forests of timber, under which your lands are groaning, must be cleared away.

7. Those vast riches which cover the face of your soil, as well as those which lie hid in its bosom, are to be developed and gathered only by the skill and enterprise of men. Your timber must be worked up into ships, to transport the

productions of the soil, and find the best markets for them abroad. Your great want is the want of men; and these you must have, and will have speedily, if you are wise.

8. Do you ask, how you are to get them? Open your doors, sir, and they will come. The population of the old world is full to overflowing. That population is ground, too, by the oppressions of the governments under which they live. They are already standing on tiptoe upon their native shores, and looking to your coasts with a wishful and longing eye.

9. They see here a land blessed with natural and political advantages, which are not equaled by those of any other country on earth; a land on which a gracious Providence hath emptied the horn of abundance; a land over which peace hath now stretched forth her white wings, and where content and plenty lie down at every door.

10. They see something still more attractive than this. They see a land in which Liberty has taken up her abode; that Liberty whom they had considered a fabled goddess, existing only in the fancies of the poet. They see her here, a real divinity; her altars rising on every hand, throughout these happy states; her glories chanted by three millions of tongues; and the whole region smiling under her blessed influence.

11. Let but this celestial goddess, Liberty, stretch forth her fair hand toward the people of the old world, tell them to come and bid them welcome; and you will see them pouring in from the north, from the south, from the east, and from the west. Your wilderness will be cleared and settled; your deserts will smile; your ranks will be filled; and you will soon be in a condition to defy the powers of any adversary.

12. But gentlemen object to any accession from Great Britain, and particularly to the return of the British refugees. Sir, I feel no objection to the return of those deluded

people. They have, to be sure, mistaken their own interests most wonderfully, and most wofully have they suffered the punishment due to their offenses. But the relations which we bear to them and to their native country, are now changed. Their king has acknowledged our independence. The quarrel is over. Peace has returned, and found us a free people.

13. Let us have the magnanimity to lay aside our antipathies and prejudices, and consider the subject in a political light. They are an enterprising, moneyed people. They will be serviceable in taking off the surplus produce of our lands, and supplying us with necessaries during the infant state of our manufactures. Even if they be inimical to us, in point of feeling and principle, I can see no objection, in a political view, to making them tributary to our advantage.

LANGUAGE WORK.—Express the meaning of the following lines without using the italicized words:

V. 8. "*Open your doors,* sir, and they will come."

"That population is *ground*, too, by the oppressions of the governments under which they live."

SUMMARY OF V. 1, 2.—We have a great country but few people. People make a state. I wish a speedy settlement, a rapid rise in rank and power. Look abroad. See healthful climate, variety and fertility of soil, great streams marking out the course of settlements and indicating wealth.

[Let the pupil make a summary of the remainder of the extract.]

Who is he?

American poet and novelist; still living, though at great age; genial and obliging in disposition; in early life followed the practice of a physician; once a professor of anatomy in a college; humorous writer; wrote many poems for anniversary meetings of his college class; has contributed to this Reader.

191. THE TRAILED BANNER.

REV. J. A. RYAN—1840-1886. VIRGINIA.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Words often Mispronounced. Văl'iant (văl'yant); wrēathed.

For Definition. Lave; trailing; furl.

Word Using. Use each of the following words in sentences of your own: *trail, trailing, trailed; furl, furling, furled, unfurled.*

Rev. J. A. Ryan, "the poet priest of the South," has written a number of poems distinguished by grace, fervor, and passion, but it is not known that any collection of them has been made in a single volume. His death occurred April 22, 1886, at Mobile, Alabama, where he was buried with military honors.

1. Take that banner down, 't is weary,
Round its staff 't is drooping dreary.
Furl it, fold it, let it rest;
For there 's not a man to wave it,
For there 's not a sword to save it,
And there 's not a hand to lave it
In the blood that heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it.
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

2. Take that banner down, 't is tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it fluttered high.
Oh, 't is hard for us to fold it!
Hard to think there 's none to hold it;
Hard, for those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

3. Furl that banner—furl it sadly;
Once six millions hailed it gladly,
And ten thousand wildly, madly
Swore it should forever wave.
Swore that foeman's swords should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
And that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave.

4. Furl that banner softly, slowly
Furl it gently; it is holy,
For it droops above the dead;
Touch it not—unfurl it never,
Let it droop there—furled forever,
For its people's hopes are fled.
Furl it, for the hands that grasped it
And the hearts that fondly clasped it
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that banner, it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

5. For though conquered they adore it,
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it;
Oh, how wildly they deplore it
Now to furl and fold it so.

6. Furl that banner! True, 't is gory,
But 't is wreathed around with glory,
And 't will live in song and story
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame, on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages.
Furl its folds, for now we must.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

[Write the following lines, restoring the stanza, with proper punctuation and capitals.]

Flag of the free heart's only home by angel hands to valor given thy stars have lit the welkin dome and all thy hues were born in heaven.

Forever float that standard sheet! where breathes the foe but falls before us with Freedom's soil beneath our feet and Freedom's banner floating o'er us!

192. AFAR IN THE DESERT.

THOMAS PRINGLE—1789-1834. SCOTLAND.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. V. 1. What animal is referred to as the "river horse?" Who are the Bushmen, and in what country do they live? [*See Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.*] V. 4. Who was Elijah, and to what incident does this verse refer? [*See I Kings, XIX, 9, 13.*]

Words often Mispronounced. *Gnū* (nū); jăck′ăl; drou*ght* (drout); wräth; häunt; kar-rōō′; ġĕm̧′bok; ō′ṡiered (ō′zherd).

Articulation Drill. And | e′land; brows′es | at; sounds; shriek′ing; scent | and to; and | round; nat′ure's sol′i-tude; winds | round.

For Definition. Bush-boy; karroo; browses; osiered.

Pringle was a Scottish poet of considerable merit. In 1816 a poem which he had written secured him the friendship of Sir Walter Scott, and the next year, together with Lockhart, Scott's distinguished biographer, and Prof. John Wilson, he founded what afterwards became "Blackwood's Magazine." He subsequently went to the Cape of Good Hope, where he conducted a journal, and established an academy. Returning, later, he published a very interesting "Narrative of a residence in South Africa."

The oribi, gnu, hartbeest, gemsbok, eland, springbok, and gazelle are all animals of South Africa, more or less similar to deer and antelope.

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1. Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away—away—from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt and buffalo's glen,
By valleys remote, where the oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartbeest graze,
And the gemsbok and eland, unhunted, recline
By the skirts of gray forests o'erhung with wild vine,
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river horse gambols unscared in the flood.

2. Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,

With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
And the grisly wolf, and the shrieking jackal,
Howl for their prey at the evening fall;
While the vulture in circles wheels high overhead,
Greedy to scent and to gorge on the dead.

3. Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away—away—in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed—
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides
Appears to refresh the aching eye;
But the barren earth, and the burning sky,
And the black horizon round and round,
Without a living sight or sound,
Tell to the heart, in its pensive mood,
That this is—Nature's solitude.

4. And here, while the night winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone,
"A still small voice" comes through the wild,
Like a father consoling his fretful child,
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying—Man is distant, but God is near!

LANGUAGE WORK.—What expression in V. 2 is equivalent to "running in freedom?" To "nightfall?"

What expression in V. 3 is equivalent to "a rainless country?" What to "no living thing being within sight or hearing?"

EXERCISE IN SLOW AND FAST MOVEMENT.

Break, break, break on thy cold gray stones, O sea!
* * * * * * * * *

Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe.

193. LABOR AND ITS RESULTS.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. How can labor be said to "possess a secret;" to "transmute the most worthless substances into the most precious;" to "laugh at difficulties;" to "span majestic rivers," etc.? What was the "philosopher's stone" and what was it supposed to do? [*See "Philosopher," in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Mo-răss′; stăff; cŏl′umn (kol′ŭm, *not* kŏl′yum); dis-trĭb′ūtes; o-pāque′ (o-pāk′); rĕf′use; frā′grant; ā-ē′ri-al.

Articulation Drill. Wields and grinds; brings | up | its; and builds; and | lux′u-ries | of; molds; an | un-err′ing; of | its | po′tent; ex-tracts.

For Definition. Morass; gossamer; smelts; ramifications; opaque; minuteness; transmutes; crucible; chemistry; spans; viaducts; undeviating; verifies; refuse.

1. Labor wields the axe and the spade, clears the forest and drains the morass, and makes the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose. Labor drives the plow, and scatters the seed, and reaps the harvest, and grinds the corn, and converts it into bread, the staff of life. Labor, tending the pastures and sweeping the waters, as well as cultivating the soil, provides with daily sustenance the one thousand millions of the family of man.

2. Labor gathers the gossamer web of the caterpillar, the cotton from the field and the fleece from the flock, and weaves them into raiment soft, and warm, and beautiful—the purple robe of the prince and the gray gown of the peasant being alike its handiwork. Labor molds the brick, and splits the slate, and quarries the stone, and shapes the column, and rears not only the humble cottage, but the gorgeous palace, and the tapering spire, and the stately dome.

3. Labor, diving deep into the solid earth, brings up its long hidden stores of coal, to feed ten thousand furnaces,

and in millions of habitations to defy the winter's cold. Labor explores the rich veins of deeply buried rocks, extracting the gold, the silver, the copper, and the tin. Labor smelts the iron, and molds it into a thousand shapes for use and ornament, from the massive pillar to the tiniest needle, from the ponderous anchor to the wire gauze, from the mighty fly-wheel of the steam engine to the polished purse ring or the glittering bead.

4. Labor hews down the gnarled oak, and shapes the timber, and builds the ship, and guides it over the deep, plunging through the billows and wrestling with the tempest, to bear to our shores the produce of every clime. Labor, by the universally spread ramifications of trade, distributes its own treasures from country to country, from city to city, from house to house, conveying, to the doors of all, the necessaries and luxuries of life.

5. Labor, fusing opaque particles of rock, produces transparent glass, which it molds, and polishes, and combines so wondrously that sight is restored to the blind; while worlds before invisible from distance are brought so near as to be weighed and measured with an unerring exactness, and atoms which, from minuteness, had escaped all detection, reveal a world of wonder and beauty in themselves.

6. Labor possessing a secret far more important than the philosopher's stone, transmutes the most worthless substances into the most precious, and placing in the crucible of its potent chemistry the putrid refuse of the sea and land, extracts fragrant essences, and healing medicines, and materials of priceless importance in the arts.

7. Labor, laughing at difficulties, spans majestic rivers, carries viaducts over marshy swamps, suspends aerial bridges above deep ravines, pierces the solid mountain with its dark undeviating tunnel, blasting rocks and filling hollows, and while linking together with its iron but loving grasp all nations of the earth, verifies, in a literal sense, the

ancient prophecy: "Every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill shall be brought low." And who, contemplating such achievements, will deny that there is dignity in Labor?

194. THE SCHOOL DISMISSED.

CHARLES M. DICKINSON—1842-* *. NEW YORK.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Questions. V. 4. Why are children called "truants from home and from heaven?" What other two titles are given them in this verse? V. 5. Do you understand that the writer will or will not pray for the children? And what reason does he give? V. 6. What "old house" is referred to?

For Definition. Halos; traverse.

It is stated that this poem was found in the desk of Charles Dickens after his death. It has, therefore, sometimes been credited to him, but more probably it was written by the author named above.

1. When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
   And the school for the day is dismissed,
   The little ones gather around me,
   To bid me good-night and be kissed;
   Oh, the little white arms that encircle
   My neck in their tender embrace!
   Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
   Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

2. And when they are gone I sit dreaming
   Of my childhood too lovely to last;
   Of joy that my heart will remember,
   While it wakes to the pulse of the past,
   Ere the world and its wickedness made me
   A partner of sorrow and sin,
   When the glory of God was about me,
   And the glory of gladness within.

3. All my heart grows as weak as a woman's,
   And the fountains of feeling will flow,

When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild;
Oh! there 's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

4. They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Those truants from home and from heaven—
They have made me more manly and mild;
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child!

5. I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun.
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

6. I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones,
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

7. I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tread of their delicate feet.
When the lessons of life are all ended,
And death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed!

195. OUR HONORED DEAD.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Questions. V. 1. How is it that those called dead can be said to speak louder than we, to act, to move upon society, to inspire people?

Words often Mispronounced. Năr′rōwed; ĕp′au-lĕt; buoy′ant (bwo͝y *or* bwôy̆); vī′tal.

Articulation Drill. Dis-fig′ure-ment; marks | of | wounds.

For Definition. Augmented; covet; hobbling; buoyant.

1. Oh, tell me not that they are dead—that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes! They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

2. Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears. He was your son; but now he is the nation's. He made your household bright: now his example inspires a thousand households. Dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth in the land. Before, he was narrowed, unappropriated, shut up to you. Now he is augmented, set free, and given to all. He has died from the family, that he might live to the nation. Not one name shall be forgotten or neglected; and it shall by-and-by be confessed, as of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.

3. Neither are they less honored who shall bear through life the marks of wounds and sufferings. Neither epaulet nor badge is so honorable as wounds received in a good cause. Many a man shall envy him who henceforth limps. So strange is the transforming power of patriotic ardor, that men shall almost covet disfigurement. Crowds will give way to hobbling cripples, and uncover in the presence of

feebleness and helplessness. And buoyant children shall pause in their noisy games, and with loving reverence honor them whose hands can work no more, and whose feet are no longer able to march except upon that journey which brings good men to honor and immortality.

4. O mother of lost children! set not in darkness nor sorrow whom a nation honors. O mourners of the early dead! they shall live again, and live forever. Your sorrows are our gladness. The nation lives, because you gave it men that loved it better than their own lives. And when a few more days shall have cleared the perils from around the nation's brow, and she shall sit in unsullied garments of liberty, with justice upon her forehead, love in her eyes, and truth upon her lips, she shall not forget those whose blood gave vital currents to her heart, and whose life, given to her, shall live with her life till time shall be no more.

LANGUAGE WORK.—Write the following lines, substituting other words for those in italics:

V. 1. "That *airy army* of invisible heroes."

V. 1. "A *more universal* language."

196. HENRY V. TO HIS TROOPS.

SHAKESPEARE. [See Lesson 63.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Words often Mispronounced. Dis-guīse'; shēathed; sīn'ewş (*not* sīn'ōōs).

For Definition. Breach; portage; galled; jutty; swilled; fet; yeomen; mettle.

1. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there 's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:

But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage;

2. Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.

3. Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To its full height! On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even, fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument;
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war.

4. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not,
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble luster in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game 's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry—"*God* for *Harry, England,* and *St. George!*"

Language Work.—Express the meaning of the following lines, employing other language than the words in italics:

V. 1. "Or *close the wall up with our English dead.*"

V. 2. "Let it *pry through the portage of the head.*"

V. 3. "And sheathed their swords *for lack of argument.*"

What phrase in V. 3 is equivalent to "the peasantry," or "the yeomen?"

197. A PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

JOHN J. AUDUBON—1780-1851. LOUISIANA.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Questions. Have you ever seen, in California, any fire of which this one reminds you? V. 6. Why did the grove of oaks not burn? To what totally unlike things are the flames compared, in V. 6 and V. 8? What is spoken of in verse 8 as "the element?" Can you find out what four things are sometimes called "the four elements?"

Words often Mispronounced. Vī′o-lençe; wrôught (rawt); fôr′ward; brânch′es; scathed (skāthd) *or* skāthd); pȳre; whīs′tling (hwīs′sling); shrīēk′ing (*not* sreek-); py-răm′i-dal.

Articulation Drill. Wild | voic′es; gazed | a-round′ | in | ev′e-ry; an | armed | In′dian | start; seemed to | flick′er; shrubs | and; wild′ly; swept | o′ver; di-rect′ly | in; grove | of | oaks; dark cloud | of; cin′-ders | and | ash′es.

For Definition. Ornithologist; superstitious; flicker; saplings; meteors; vistas; pyramidal; scathed; pyre; garb.

Word Using. Use *blast*, *sheet*, and *rage* in sentences of your own, with the meaning they have in this lesson, and with one other.

John James Audubon was the son of an admiral in the French navy, settled on a plantation in Louisiana, which at that time belonged to France. His distinction is that of an ornithologist. In this department, his great work, "Birds of America," cost him twenty years of labor. It consists of five large volumes, in which one thousand and sixty-five species of birds, life size and color, are represented. Accompanying these volumes are five other volumes, minutely describing these birds and their habits. The complete work has a place in the California State Library, at a cost of fifteen hundred dollars—the only copy extant in the State. In conducting his observations, Audubon made extended excursions through the forests and prairies of the United States east of the Mississippi River, making his own drawings, for which his early training in the studio of a French artist had prepared him. When he had completed his work, copies were published for one hundred and seventy subscribers at $1,000 each. They were subsequently sold at a much higher price.

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1. After toiling for an hour through a wide bottom of tall weeds and matted grass, I reached a grove, erected a small shed of boughs, after the manner of the Indians, and lying down was soon asleep before a fire which I had kindled against the trunk of a fallen tree. I was awakened by the

increasing violence of a gale. At times it sank into low wailings, and then would swell again, howling and whistling through the trees. After sitting by the fire for a short time, I again threw myself upon my pallet of dried grass, but could not sleep.

2. There was something dismal and thrilling in the sound of the wind. At times, wild voices seemed shrieking through the woodland. It was in vain that I closed my eyes; a kind of superstitious feeling came over me, and though I saw nothing, my ears drank in every sound. I gazed around in every direction, and sat with my hand on my gun-trigger, for my feelings were so wrought up, that I every moment expected to see an armed Indian start from behind each bush. At last I rose up, and sat by the fire.

3. Suddenly, a swift gust swept through the grove, and whirled off sparks and cinders in every direction. In an instant, fifty little fires shot their forked tongues in the air, and seemed to flicker with a momentary struggle for existence. There was scarcely time to note their birth before they were creeping up in a tall, tapering blaze, and leaping lightly along the tops of the scattered clumps of dry grass. In another moment they leaped forward into the prairie, and a waving line of brilliant flame quivered high up in the dark atmosphere.

4. Another gust came rushing along the ravine. It was announced by a distant moan. As it came nearer, a cloud of dry leaves filled the air; the slender shrubs and saplings bent like weeds; dry branches snapped and crackled. The lofty forest-trees writhed, and creaked, and groaned. The next instant, the furious blast reached the flaming prairie. Myriads and myriads of bright embers were flung wildly into the air; flakes of blazing grass whirled like meteors through the sky.

5. The flames spread into a vast sheet that swept over the prairie, bending forward, illumining the black waste

which it had passed, and shedding a red light far down the deep vistas of the forest; though all beyond the blaze was of a pitchy blackness. The roaring flames drowned even the howling of the wind. At each succeeding blast, they threw long pyramidal streams upward in the black sky, then flared horizontally, and seemed to bound forward, lighting at each bound a new conflagration. Leap succeeded leap; the flames rushed on with a race-horse speed.

6. The noise sounded like the roar of a stormy ocean, and the wild tumultuous billows of the flame were tossed about like a sea of fire. Directly in their course, and some distance out in the prairie, stood a large grove of oaks, the dry leaves still clinging to the branches. There was a red glare thrown upon them from the blazing flood. A moment passed, and a black smoke oozed from the nearest tree; the blaze roared among their branches, and shot up for one hundred feet in the air, waving as if in triumph. The effect was fleeting.

7. In a moment the fire had swept through a grove covering several acres. It sank again into the prairie, leaving the limbs of every tree scathed and scorched to an inky blackness, and shining with a bright crimson light between their branches. In this way, the light conflagration swept over the landscape; every hill seemed to burn its own funeral pyre, and the scorching heat licked every blade in the hollows. A dark cloud of gray smoke, filled with burning embers, spread over the course of the flames, occasionally forming not ungraceful columns, which were almost instantly shattered by the wind, and driven in a thousand different directions.

8. For several hours the blaze continued to rage, and the whole horizon became girdled with a belt of living fire. As the circle extended, the flames appeared smaller and smaller, until they looked like a slight golden thread drawn around the hills. They then must have been nearly ten

miles distant. At length the blaze disappeared, although the purple light, that for hours illuminated the night-sky, told that the element was extending into other regions of the prairies.

9. It was sunrise when I rose from my resting-place, and resumed my journey. What a change! All was waste. The sun had set upon a prairie still clothed in its natural garb of herbage. It rose upon a scene of desolation. Not a single weed, not a blade of grass, was left. The tall grove, which at sunset was covered with withered foliage, now spread out its gaunt, scorched, and naked branches, the very type of ruin. A thin covering of gray ashes was sprinkled upon the ground beneath, and several large dead trees, whose dried branches had caught and nourished the flame, were still blazing, or sending up streams of smoke.

10. In every direction, barrenness marked the track of the flames. It had even worked its course against the blast, hugging the roots of tall grass. The wind was still raging; cinders and ashes were drifting and whirling about in almost suffocating clouds, sometimes rendering it impossible to see for more than one or two hundred yards.

LANGUAGE WORK.—Express the meaning of the following lines without using the italicized words:

V. 2. "My ears *drank in* every sound."

V. 3. "Fifty little fires *shot their forked tongues* into the air."

V. 4. "It *was announced* by a distant moan."

V. 5. "Shedding a red light far down the deep *vistas* of the forest."

Picture Seeing.

In the fifth, ninth, and tenth verses are hung three very distinct pictures. Between what hours of the day are they all to be seen? Write a description of each in the order in which it appeared to the writer of this piece.

198. MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

ROBERT SOUTHEY. [See Lesson 30.]

Preparatory Exercises.

Questions. V. 5. What day had Richard "settled?" V. 9. Why does he speak of a white cow, more than one of any other color? V. 14–20. Was Mary crazed by fright; or, if not, by what was her mind unsettled?

Articulation Drill. Wild′ly; si′lence | im-plies; cold | and hun′ger; guests | with; idle | and | worth′less; dark | aisle; wind | roar; hoarse | i′vy; right | it; hol′low-ly howl′ing | it; frag′ments still; rushed (rusht) | in | at.

For Definition. Implies; Abbey; Abbot; fearfully; curdle; gibbet; common.

1. Where is she, the poor maniac, whose wildly-fixed eyes
   Seem a heart overcharged to express?
   She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs,
   She never complains, but her silence implies
   The composure of settled distress.

2. No aid, no compassion, the maniac will seek;
   Cold and hunger awake not her care;
   Through the rags, do the winds of the winter blow bleak
   On her poor withered bosom, half bare; and her cheek
   Has the deadly pale hue of despair.

3. Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,
   Poor Mary, the maniac, has been:
   The traveler remembers, who journeyed this way,
   No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
   As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

4. Her cheerful address filled the guests with delight,
   As she welcomed them in with a smile;
   Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
   And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night,
   When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

5. She loved, and young Richard had settled the day;
   And she hoped to be happy for life;

But Richard was idle and worthless; and they
Who knew him, would pity poor Mary, and say,
That she was too good for his wife.

6. 'T was in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
And fast were the windows and door;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burned bright
And, smoking in silence, with tranquil delight,
They listened to hear the wind roar.

7. "'T is pleasant," cried one, "seated by the fireside,
To hear the wind whistle without."
"A fine night for the Abbey!" his comrade replied;
"Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried,
Who would wander the ruins about.

8. "I myself, like a school-boy, should tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old Abbot's grim spirit appear;
For this wind might awaken the dead!"

9. "I 'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,
"That Mary would venture there now!"
"Then wager, and lose:" with a sneer he replied;
"I 'll warrant she 'd fancy a ghost by her side,
And faint if she saw a white cow!"

10. "Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?"
His companion exclaimed with a smile;
"I shall win, for I know she will venture there now,
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
From the alder that grows in the aisle."

11. With fearless good-humor did Mary comply,
And her way to the Abbey she bent;
The night it was gloomy, the wind it was high;
And, as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,
She shivered with cold as she went.

12. O'er the path so well known, still proceeded the maid,
Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight;

Through the gate-way, she entered, she felt not afraid;
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seemed to deepen the gloom of the night.

13. All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howled dismally round the old pile;
Over weed-covered fragments still fearless she passed,
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the alder-tree grew in the aisle.

14. Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
And hastily gathered the bough;
When the sound of a voice seemed to rise on her ear;
She paused, and she listened, all eager to hear,
And her heart panted fearfully now!

15. The wind blew; the hoarse ivy shook over her head;
She listened; naught else could she hear;
The wind ceased; her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
For she heard in the ruins—distinctly—the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near.

16. Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,
She crept, to conceal herself there;
That instant, the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear,
And between them a corpse they did bear.

17. Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdle cold;
Again the rough wind hurried by;
It blew off the hat of the one, and, behold,
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it rolled;
She fell; and expected to die!

18. "Stop! the hat!" he exclaims. "Nay, come on, and fast hide
The dead body!" his comrade replies.
She beheld them in safety pass on by her side;
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,
And fast through the Abbey she flies.

19. She ran with wild speed; she rushed in at the door;
She looked horribly eager around:

Her limbs could support their faint burden no more;
But exhausted and breathless, she sank on the floor,
Unable to utter a sound.

20. Ere yet her pale lips could her story impart,
For a moment, the hat met her view:
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
For, O Heaven! what cold horror thrilled through her heart,
When the name of her Richard she knew!

21. Where the old Abbey stands, on the common hard by,
His gibbet is now to be seen;
Not far from the inn, it engages the eye;
The traveler beholds it, and thinks with a sigh,
Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Language Work.—What phrase in V. 12 is equivalent to "make darker?"

What word in V. 18 is equivalent to "securely?"

What phrase in V. 20 is equivalent to "before she could tell?"

What phrase in V. 21 is equivalent to "close to it?" To "attracts?"

199. CORN BETTER THAN GOLD.

HON. EDWARD EVERETT. [See Lesson 106.]

Preparatory Exercises.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Ō-ce(she)-ăn′ic; chā′os; ăl-ter-nā′tion; pla-çers′ (pla-sârs′); Căl-i-fôr′nī-a (*not* Cal-i-fôr′ny); stąlk; skeins; flŏss; e-grē′gious (-jŭs); con-sūm′a-ble; grăn′a-ries; stąl′wart.

Articulation Drill. Grav′el; mys-te′ri-ous-ly.

For Definition. Inorganic; elemental; auriferous; Titanic; placers; chaos; alternation; germ; surcharged; pig-iron; ballast; distending; purveys.

1. The grains of the California gold are dead, inorganic masses. How they got into the gravel; between what

mountain mill-stones, whirled by elemental storm-winds on the bosom of oceanic torrents, the auriferous ledges were ground to powder; by what Titanic hands the coveted grains were sown broadcast in the placers, human science can but faintly conjecture. We only know that those grains have within them no principle of growth or reproduction, and that when that crop was put in, Chaos must have broken up the soil.

2. How different the grains of our Atlantic gold, sown by the prudent hand of man, in the kindly alternation of seed-time and harvest; each curiously, mysteriously organized; hard, horny, seeming lifeless on the outside, but wrapping up in the interior a wonderful germ, a living principle! Drop a grain of California gold into the ground, and there it will lie unchanged to the end of time, the clods on which it falls not more cold and lifeless. Drop a grain of our gold, of our blessed gold, into the ground, and lo! a mystery. In a few days it softens, it swells, it shoots upward, it is a living thing.

3. It is yellow itself, but it sends up a delicate spire, which comes peeping, emerald green, through the soil; it expands to a vigorous stalk; revels in the air and sunshine; arrays itself, more glorious than Solomon, in its broad, fluttering, leafy robes, whose sound, as the west wind whispers through them, falls as pleasantly on the husbandman's ear as the rustle of his sweetheart's garment; still towers aloft, spins its verdant skeins of vegetable floss, displays its dancing tassels, surcharged with fertilizing dust, and at last ripens into two or three magnificent ears of corn, each of which is studded with hundreds of grains of gold.

4. But it will be urged, perhaps, sir, in behalf of the California gold, that, though one crop only of gold can be gathered from the same spot, yet, once gathered, it lasts to the end of time; while our vegetable gold is produced only to be consumed, and, when consumed, is gone forever.

5. It is true the California gold will last forever unchanged if its owner chooses; but, while it so lasts, it is of no use; no, not as much as its value in pig-iron, which makes the best of ballast; whereas gold, while it is gold, is good for little or nothing. You can neither eat it, nor drink it, nor smoke it. You can neither wear it, nor burn it as fuel, nor build a house with it: it is really useless till you exchange it for consumable, perishable goods; and the more plentiful it is, the less its exchangeable value.

6. Far different the case with our Atlantic gold; it does not perish when consumed, but, by a noble alchemy, is transmuted in consumption to a higher life. "Perish in consumption," did the old miser say? "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." To-day a senseless plant, to-morrow it is human bone and muscle, vein and artery, sinew and nerve; beating pulse, heaving lungs, toiling, ah, sometimes, overtoiling brain.

7. Last June, it sucked from the cold breast of the earth the watery nourishment of its distending sap-vessels; and now it clothes the manly form with warm, cordial flesh; quivers and thrills with the five-fold mystery of sense; purveys and ministers to the higher mystery of thought.

8. Heaped up in your granaries this week, the next it will strike in the stalwart arm, and glow in the blushing cheek, and flash in the beaming eye; till we learn at last to realize that the slender stalk, which we have seen shaken by the summer breeze, bending in the corn-field under the yellow burden of harvest, is indeed the "staff of life," which, since the world began, has supported the toiling and struggling myriads of humanity on the mighty pilgrimage of being.

LANGUAGE WORK.—*First:* Copy the sixth, seventh, and eighth verses, and underline all the figurative expressions in them.

Second: Rewrite the verses, using literal, or common, language in place of the phrases underlined.

200. WORDS OF STRENGTH.

JOHANN C. F. SCHILLER—1759-1805. GERMANY.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

For Definition. Tracings; environ; grave.

Schiller is regarded as the great national poet of Germany. His father held office under the Duke of Würtemberg, and young Schiller was invited by the Duke to enroll himself in the free academy which he had established for certain branches of professional education. Here he spent two years at law and four at medicine. The discipline was so irksome that he attacked the management in a tragedy entitled "The Robbers," for which he was arrested and ordered to confine himself to medical studies and to write no more poetry. He then fled to a neighboring government, where he commenced his literary career. Carlyle says his "History of the Thirty Years War" is the best historical performance Germany can boast of. "Wallenstein" is his greatest work. "The Song of the Bell" has the first place among his minor poems. "William Tell" is the most popular of his dramas. He has, also, celebrated, in a poem of great beauty, the incident described in this Reader under the title of "The Glove and the Lion."

1. There are three lessons I would write,
   Three words as with a burning pen,
   In tracings of eternal light,
   Upon the hearts of men.

2. Have hope! Though clouds environ now,
   And gladness hides her face in scorn,
   Put thou the shadow from thy brow,
   No night but hath its morn.

3. Have faith! Where'er thy bark is driven—
   The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth;—
   Know this—God rules the hosts of heaven,
   The inhabitants of earth.

4. Have love! Not love alone for one,
   But, man as man thy brother call,
   And scatter like the circling sun,
   Thy charities on all.

5. Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
   Hope, Faith, and Love—and thou shalt find
   Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
   Light when thou else wert blind.

201. THE BELLS.

EDGAR A. POE. [See Lesson 129.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

Words often Mispronounced. Crȳs′tal-līne; Ru̇′nic; mōlt′en; jin̲′gling.

Articulation Drill. Mer′ri-ment; mu′sic-al-ly; jin′gling; tink′ling.

For Definition. Crystalline; Runic; tintinnabulation; molten-golden; euphony; voluminously; turbulency; palpitating; jangling.

1. Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle.
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

2. Hear the mellow wedding-bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!

3. Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells

Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

4. Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.

5. Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the air, it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

202. BATTLE IN HEAVEN.

MILTON. [See Lesson 180.]

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

[*See explanation on page opposite Lesson 1.*]

Words often Mispronounced. Ĭm′pi-oŭs; re-sound′ed; ärch-ăn′gel; in-tĕs′tīne.

Articulation Drill. Be-hests′ | o-bey′; arms | on | ar′mor.

For Definition. Behests; crest; intercept; cope; encountering; archangel; intestine; malign; aspect; vaulted.

1. To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern replied:
Reign thou in hell, thy kingdom; let me serve
In heaven God ever blest, and his divine
Behests obey, worthiest to be obeyed;
Yet chains in hell, not realms, expect: meanwhile,
From me, returned, as erst thou saidst, from flight
This greeting on thy impious crest receive.

2. So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,
Such ruin intercept. Ten paces huge
He back recoiled; the tenth, on bended knee
His massy spear upstayed: as if on earth
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
Sidelong had pushed a mountain from his seat,
Half sunk with all his pines.

3. Now storming fury rose
And clamor such as heard in heaven till now
Was never; arms on armor clashing, brayed
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots raged: dire was the noise
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And flying vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rushed
Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage. All heaven

Resounded; and had earth been then, all earth
Had to her center shook. What wonder where
Millions of fierce encountering angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions!

4. Long time in even scale
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting seraphim confused, at length
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and felled
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway,
Brandished aloft, the horrid edge came down
Wide-wasting; such destruction to withstand,
He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield
Of vast circumference. At his approach,
The great archangel from his warlike toil
Surceased, and glad, as hoping here to end
Intestine war in heaven, the arch-foe subdued.

5. Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad suns, their shields,
Blazed opposite, while expectation stood
In horror: from each hand with speed retired,
Where erst was thickest fight, the angelic throng,
And left large fields, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion; such as, to set forth
Great things by small, if, nature's concord broke,
Among the constellations war were sprung,
Two planets, rushing from aspect malign
Of fiercest opposition, in mid-sky
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.

Language Work.—Express the meaning of the following lines without using the italicized words:

V. 3. "Together rushed *both battles main.*"

V. 4. "Long time *in even scale* the battle *hung.*"

V. 5. "Two broad suns, their shields, *blazed opposite.*"

203. THE BRIGHT SIDE.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

PREPARATORY EXERCISES.

For Definition. Querulous; rifted.

1. There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it!
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

2. Better to hope though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

3. There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure.
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayers to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

4. Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, slender threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve, and wonder.

AUTHORS CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED.

(*Noms de plume are in parenthesis.*)

Name.	Lesson.	Nativity.	Born.	Died.
Shakespeare, Wm.	68, 96, 161, 173, 183, 196	England	1564	1616
Milton, John	180, 202	England	1608	1674
Addison, Joseph (C. L. I. O. "Clio.")	90	England	1672	1719
Byrom, John (John Shadow.)	185	England	1691	1763
Pitt, William	110	England	1708	1778
Johnson, Dr. Samuel (Malakoff.)	91, 119	England	1709	1784
Gray, Thomas	147	England	1716	1771
Goldsmith, Oliver	139	Ireland	1728	1774
Beattie, James	141	Scotland	1735	1803
Henry, Patrick	100, 190	Virginia	1736	1799
Macpherson, James	93	Scotland	1738	1796
Thrale, Mrs.	95	England	1740	1821
Barbauld, Mrs. A. L.	98	England	1743	1825
Grattan, Henry	130	Ireland	1746	1820
Aikin, Dr. John	49	England	1747	1822
Schiller, Johann C. F.	200	Germany	1759	1805
Weems, Rev. M. L.	43	Virginia	1760	1825
Scott, Sir Walter (Waverly, and others.)	84, 101, 109, 189	Scotland	1771	1832
Hogg, James (Ettrick Shepherd.)	149	Scotland	1772	1835
Dick, Thomas	184	Scotland	1772	1857
Southey, Robert (Abe Shufflebottom; Espriella.)	30, 40, 65, 66, 198	England	1774	1843
Campbell, Thomas	28	Scotland	1777	1844
Clay, Henry	156	Virginia	1777	1852
Story, Joseph (Judge)	79	Massachusetts	1779	1845
Moore, Thomas (Little Thomas; Thomas Brown the Younger.)	107	Ireland	1779	1852
Dimond, William	42	England	1780	1837
Webster, Daniel	114, 124, 128, 144, 159, 172	New Hampshire	1782	1852
Heber, Reginald (Bishop)	2	England	1783	1826
Irving, Washington	116, 142	New York	1783	1859
Taylor, Jane	54, 125	England	1783	1824
Hunt, Leigh	115	England	1784	1859

Name.	Lesson.	Nativity.	Born.	Died.
De Quincey, Thomas	169	England	1785	1859
Pierpont, Rev. John	168	Connecticut	1785	1866
Woodworth, Samuel	22, 32	Massachusetts	1785	1842
White, Henry Kirke	118	England	1785	1806
Mitford, Mary Russell	176	England	1786	1855
Grimke, Thomas S.	70, 134	South Carolina	1786	1834
Phillips, Charles	140, 163	Ireland	1787	1859
Southey, Caroline (C.)	36	England	1787	1854
Byron, Geo. Gordon (Lord) (Horace Horneu.)	55, 105, 120	England	1788	1824
Pringle, Thomas	192	Scotland	1789	1834
Gould, Miss H. F.	26, 45, 78	Vermont	1789	1865
Halleck, Fitz-Greene	127	Connecticut	1790	1867
Sigourney, Mrs. Lydia Huntley	60	Connecticut	1791	1865
Wolfe, Rev. Charles	18	Ireland	1791	1823
Sprague, Charles	121	Massachusetts	1791	1875
Hayne, Robert Y.	123	South Carolina	1791	1840
Tonna, Mrs. C. E. (Charlotte Elizabeth.)	9	Connecticut	1792	1846
Hemans, Mrs. F. D.	8, 16, 34, 57, 99	England	1793	1835
Goodrich, S. G. (Peter Parley.)	83	Connecticut	1793	1860
Everett, Hon. Edward	106, 146, 199	Massachusetts	1794	1865
Bryant, William Cullen	38, 77, 143, 152, 164	Massachusetts	1794	1878
Hale, Mrs. Sarah J.	76	New Hampshire	1795	1879
Colton, Rev. Walter	24	Vermont	1797	1851
Hood, Thomas	111, 162	England	1798	1845
Macaulay, Thomas Babington	151	England	1800	1859
Todd, Rev. John	6, 35	Vermont	1800	1873
Bancroft, George	104	Massachusetts	1800	——
Prentice, George D.	170	Connecticut	1802	1870
Morris, George P.	89	Pennsylvania	1802	1864
Jerrold, Douglas (Mrs. Margaret Caudle.)	69, 126	England	1803	1857
Dawes, Rufus	174	Massachusetts	1803	1859
Hawthorne, Nathaniel	82	Massachusetts	1804	1864
Howitt, Mary	20, 81	England	1804	1862
Andersen, Hans Christian	86	Denmark	1805	1875
Willis, N. P.	103	Maine	1806	1867
Embury, Mrs. E. C. (Ianthe.)	4	New York	1806	1863
Longfellow, H. W. (Joshua Coffin.)	12, 17, 117, 133	Maine	1807	1882
Whittier, John Greenleaf	187	Massachusetts	1808	——
Norton, Caroline	155	England	1808	1877

Name.	Lesson.	Nativity.	Born.	Died.
Prentiss, Sargent S.	112	Maine	1808	1850
Smith, S. F.	1	Massachusetts	1808	——
Tennyson, Alfred	165	England	1809	——
Holmes, Oliver Wendell	97	Massachusetts	1809	——
Poe, Edgar A.	129, 201	Massachusetts	1809	1849
Benjamin, Park	94	Guiana	1809	1864
Burritt, Elihu	160	Connecticut	1810	1879
Mitchel, Prof. O. M.	136	Kentucky	1810	1862
Pabodie, William Jewett	80	Rhode Island	1812	1870
Stephens, Hon. Alexander H.	148	Georgia	1812	1883
Dickens, Charles (Boz.)	62, 182	England	1812	1870
Brooks, Charles T.	177	Massachusetts	1813	1883
Mackay, Charles	122, 158	Scotland	1814	——
Gerard, Jules Basile	37	France	1817	1864
Lowell, James Russell (Hosea Biglow.)	135	Massachusetts	1819	——
Holland, Dr. J. G. (Timothy Titcomb.)	88	Massachusetts	1819	1881
Baker, Sir Samuel W.	186	England	1821	——
Read, Thomas Buchanan	137	Pennsylvania	1822	1872
Mitchell, Donald G. (Ik Marvel; John Timon.)	154	Connecticut	1822	——
Finch, F. M.	92	New York	1827	——
Warner, Charles Dudley	15	Massachusetts	1829	——
O'Brien, Fitz James	181	Ireland	1829	1862
Allen, Elizabeth Akers (Florence Percy.)	53	Maine	1832	——
Spurgeon, Rev. C. H.	179	England	1834	——
Priest, Miss Nancy W. A.	74	America	1834	1870
Arnold, George	113	New York	1834	1865
Clemens, S. L. (Mark Twain.)	64	Missouri	1835	——
Harte, Francis Bret	157	New York	1839	——
Ryan, Rev. J. A. (Moina.)	191	Virginia	1840	1886
Dickinson, Chas. M.	194	New York	1842	——
Simpson, S. L.	131	Missouri	1845	——
Thorpe, Mrs. R. H.	171	Indiana	1850	——

DEFINITIONS.

In preparing this list, exact *definition* has not been specially sought. Perhaps the term *explanation* would more accurately express what is intended. The object has been to give to the pupil the means of better comprehending the meaning of his reading lesson. Hence, frequently only special meanings will be found. Figurative as well as literal terms are also sometimes employed in the explanations. The pupil should, therefore, not be required to commit these definitions to memory. Finding them, on some future occasion, so stored up, he will be in danger of applying them in explanation of the same terms employed in a different sense. Such danger should be avoided. Let the definitions, therefore, be read in order to help to a clearer understanding of the text, but not memorized.

The figures included in parenthesis refer to the number of the lesson in which the word is found.

A

a-bāsed′, (78), *humbled.*
a-băshed′, (78), *confused.*
a-bāte′, (124), *to take away.*
Ăb′bey, (198), *a church belonging to a society of monks or nuns.*
Ăb′bot, (198), *the governor of a society of monks.*
a-bĕt′ted, (110), *encouraged; aided.*
ab-hŏr′rent, (110), *revolting; contrary; hateful.*
a-bīde′, (149), *live.*
ab-sôrbed′, (7), *wholly engaged.*
a-bўss′, (77), *boundless space.*
ac-çĕl-er-ā′tion, (104), *increase.*
ac-çĕs′sion, (190), *addition (of population).*
ac-cla-mā′tions, (116), *shouts of approbation.*
ac-cū′mu-lā-ted, (58), *heaped up; more than was necessary.*
a-chiēve′, (110), *accomplish.*
ăd′a-mant, (163), *stone of impenetrable hardness.*
ad-dĭct′ed, (73), *devoted.*
ad-dūçed′, (58), *brought forward.*
ăd′e-quāte, (91), *satisfying.*
ad-hēred′, (123), *been faithful to.*
ad-join′ing, (6), *lying next to.*
ad-mīred′, (180), *wondered.* [Obs.]
ăd-mo-nĭ′tion, (154), *caution; counsel.*
ăd-ū-lā′tion, (110), *slavish flattery.*
ad-vĕnt′ūre, (73), *a remarkable occurrence.*
ad-vĕnt′ūr-ers, (106), *persons braving danger; taking risk.*
ad-vĕnt′ūr-oŭs, (106), *daring.*
ăd′ver-sa-ry, (67), *antagonist.*
ăd′ver-tīsed, (47), *published inquiry for.*
aē′rie, (101), *nest (of a bird of prey).*
af-fĕct′, (154), *pretend.*
af-fĕct′ed, (19), *acted upon.*

af-fĕe′tion, (95), *love of life.*

af-flā′tus, (160), *inspiration; upward impulse.*

ăf′ter-deck, (21), *that part of the deck between the stern and the middle of a ship.*

ăg′gra-vā-ted, (64), *provoked; irritated.*

ag-grĕss′ors, (43), *first to commence a quarrel.*

a-ğil′i-ty, (11), *activity; nimbleness.*

Āi′denn, (129), *celestial paradise.*

ăl′che-my, (125), *the chemist's art.*

āl-ien-ā′tion, (167), *estrangement.*

ăl′le-go-ry, (64), *figurative description:* (85), *figure; picture.*

al-lī′ançe, (110), *league; treaty.*

al-lōt′, (119), *set apart; assign.*

al-lūred′, (102), *tempted.*

a-lōōf′, (111), *at a distance.*

ăl-ter-nā′tion, (199), *following and being followed, by turns.*

ăl′ti-tūde, (188), *height.*

am-bĭ′tioŭs, (68), *too greatly desirous of power.*

ăn, (30), *if.*

ăn′arch-y, (166), *want of government.*

an-çĕs′tral, (112), *derived from ancestors or forefathers.*

ān′cient (-shĕnt), (62), *very old.*

An-drŏm′e-dȧ, (146), *a constellation a little more than half way from the northern horizon to the zenith.*

ăn′gu-lar, (88), *four cornered (taking form from the diamond shaped opening).*

ăn′i-mā-ted, (29), *full of spirit.*

ăn′nalş, (147), *histories.*

an-nī′hi-lātes, (104), *reduces to nothing.*

an-nounçed′, (29), *gave notice.*

a-noint′ed, (121), *consecrated as rulers.*

a-nŏn′, (66), *quickly.*

ăn′them, (63), *hymn of praise.*

an-tīp′a-thieş, (190), *dislikes.*

an-tĭ-quā′ri-an, (172), *one devoted to the study of ancient things.*

ap-palled′, (73), *terrified.*

ap-pâr′ent-ly, (108), *seemingly.*

ap-pre-hĕn′sion, (60), *power of thought.*

ap-prĕn′tiçe-shĭp, (71), *time as an apprentice.*

ăp-pro-bā′tion, (71), *praise.*

ap-prō′pri-āte, (140), *take wholly as its own.*

är′bi-ter, (120), *controller.*

ärch′erş, (101), *bowmen; those who used bows in war.*

ärch′er-y, (101), *band of archers.*

är′dent, (22), *eagerly.*

är′dor, (91), *eagerness.*

ärd′ū-oŭs, (100), *trying.*

a-rē′nâ, (148), *battle-ground.*

är′ma-ments, (120), *armed fleets.*

ăr-o-măt′ie, (116), *pertaining to spicy odors.*

ar-rāy′, (100), *preparation.*

ar-rĕst′, (100), *hold back.*

är′ti-fiç-eş, (119), *tricks; intrigues.*

är′ti-şan, (132), *mechanic.*

ärt′less, (62), *simple; child-like.*

as-çĕnd′ing, (59), *rising.*

as-çĕn′sion, (160), *upward flight.*

as-crībed′, (151), *attributed.*

a-slōpe′, (82), *slanting* ("scarcely aslope," *nearly perpendicular*).

ăs′peet, (41), *form.*

ăsp′en, (60), *a kind of poplar whose leaves quiver at the slightest motion of the air.*

ăs-pi-rā′tion, (160), *longing.*

as-pīre′, (104), *pant; long for.*

as-sāiled′, (44), *attacked violently.*

as-săs′sin, (49), *one who kills by secret assault.*

as-sīgn′, (54), *give; specify.*

as-sīz′es, (58), *the sittings, or sessions, of the court.*

as-sō-ci-ā′tionş (-shĭ-ā-), (112), *memories connected with childhood and history.*

as-suā′ğeş, (88), *softens.*

as-sūmed′, (21), *put on for the occasion.*

as-sŭmp′tion, (148), *supposition; something taken for granted.*

as-tound′ing, (65), *astonishing.*

ăs′tral, (187), *a lamp giving a strong, steady light.*

a-sŭn′der, (112), *into parts.*

a-sȳ′lum, (104), *a place of refuge.*

a-thwąrt′, (17), *across.*

a-trŏç′i-tieș, (79), *terrible cruelties.*

at-tĕst′, (58), *bear witness; swear to.*

ąu′di-to-rieș, (172), *assemblies of hearers.*

ąug-mĕnt′ed, (195), *enlarged.*

ąu-gŭst′, (78), *majestic; grand.*

ąu-rĭf′er-oŭs, (199), *gold-bearing.*

ąu-then-tiç′i-ty, (134), *worthiness of belief.*

ąu′thor-īze, (190), *empower.*

a-vĕr′sion, (21), *dislike; repugnance.*

a-vĕrt′ed, (7), *turned away.*

a-vow′al, (110), *open declaration.*

a-wrȳ′, (161), *aside.*

ăx′i-om, (104), *self-evident truth:* (160), *proverb; maxim.*

āye, (74), *ever.*

ăz′ure, (77), *sky; blue vault above:* (80), *blue.*

B

băf′fled, (106), *defeated; frustrated.*

băl′ançed, (4), *compared; weighed:* (6), *brought to an equal weight on either side.*

băl′lad, (121), *a popular song in simple language.*

bàl′last, (199), *something placed in the bottom of a ship to steady it in the water.*

bälm′y, (14), *mild; refreshing.*

bam-bōō′, (11), *made from the bamboo, a plant having a woody, hollow stem.*

băr, (71), *court-room:* (109), *prevent.*

băr′ba-roŭs-ly, (43), *cruelly; savagely.*

bärdș, (87), *poets.*

bat-tāl′iȧ, (101), *order of battle.*

bāy, (67), *barking.*

bĕck′on, (74), *call by a motion of the hand, or a nod.*

be-fąll′, (7), *happen to.*

be-guīl′ing, (5), *stealing away unnoticed.*

be-hōōveș′, (148), *is incumbent upon.*

bel-lĭg′er-ent, (144), *waging war.*

bĕn-e-fāc′tress, (108), *a woman who confers a benefit.*

be-nīgn′, (135), *salutary; wholesome.*

be-tīmeș′, (30), *in good time or season.*

be-trāyș′, (79), *leads.*

bĕv′īeș, (26), *flocks.*

bīt′tern, (84), *a bird of the heron family. Its note is hollow, like a drum.*

blāst, (55), *high wind.*

blēak, (81), *desolate.*

bŏd′ing, (83), *foreshowing events.*

bŏd′kin, (161), *dagger.* [Obs.]

bōōm′ing, (16), *deep and hollow sounding.*

bōōn, (140), *gift.*

bōōts, (95), *matters.*

bound, (186), *limit.*

boun′te-oŭs, (80), *generous in production.*

bōurne, (161), *boundary; limits.*

bow′erș, (42), *arbor scenes.*

bōwled, (125), *rolled.*

bowș, (102), *the fore part of ships.*

Brä-gän′çä, (163), *one of the reigning family of Portugal.*

brăg′gart, (143), *boaster.*

brăid′ed, (97), *woven in stripes.*

brāke, (65), *a kind of fern.*

brąwn′y, (12), *muscular; strong.*

brä′zen, (136), *made of brass.*

brēach, (196), *opening; break.*

brĭn̲k, (67), *edge.*

brĭst′ling, (169), *standing thick and erect, like bristles.*

brōōd′ing, (111), *sitting on eggs to hatch them.*

brōōdș, (83), *sits quietly.*

brōōm, (101), *a kind of plant, the stems growing thickly together.*

browș′eș, (192), *feeds on the tender shoots of plants or trees.*

bruised reed, (103), *crushed stalk of grass.*

buoy'ant, (195), *light-hearted.*

bûr'nished, (32), *made bright and smooth.*

bŭst, (147), *a piece of statuary representing the human figure from the waist up.*

bŭst'le, (26), *tumult; stir:* (85), *stir quickly.*

C

căb, (126), *a kind of one-horse covered carriage.*

căb'in-et, (140), *council of statesmen selected by the President to advise and assist him.*

cā'den-çes, (170), *modulations of sound.*

cā'dĭ, (24), *judge of a town or village* (Turkish).

ca-lăm'i-ty, (7), *misfortune.*

cā'liphs, (119), *among the Persians the acknowledged successors of Mahommed in religious and civil power.*

căn'ker, (79) *eating, or ulcerous sore.*

căn'ni-bals, (43), *people who eat human flesh.*

căn'ny, (75), *gentle; pretty.*

ca-noe', (51), *boat made from bark—used by Indians.*

căn'o-py, (174), *covering elevated above the head.*

cā'pa-ble, (39), *has the ability.*

căp'tioŭs, (95), *fault-finding.*

căr, (105), *chariot of war.*

căr-a-văn'sa-ry, (91), *inn; hotel for caravans.*

căr'bīne, (33), *short rifle for horsemen.*

ca-reer', (73), *race; course.*

car-nĭv'o-roŭs, (37), *flesh-eating.*

Car-rā'ra, (103), *a white marble found at Carrara, Italy.*

cas-cāde', (91), *small waterfall.*

cāse'ment, (162), *a window sash opening on hinges.*

căt'a-răct, (65), *great waterfall.*

ca-tăs'tro-phe, (148), *final misfortune.*

cā'ter-ing, (41), *providing.*

căv'al-cāde, (116), *procession on horseback.*

căv'erns, (65), *caves.*

çēase'less-ly, (14), *never stopping.*

çe-lĕs'tial, (146), *of the sky.*

çĕns'er, (129), *pan in which incense is burned.*

çĕn'ti-ped, (15), (hundred-footed) *a worm-shaped animal having many feet.*

çer-bē'ri-an, (180), *like Cerberus, the dog-shaped monster guarding the infernal regions.*

çēre'ments, (162), *wax-like grave clothes.*

çĕr-e-mō'ni-oŭs, (151), *consisting of outward forms.*

chāfes, (80), *rubs.*

'Chānge (Exchange), (185), *a place where merchants, of a city, and others meet to transact business at certain hours.*

chănt, (179), *utter in musical tones.*

chā'os, (199), *disorder; confusion.*

chärġ'ing, (165), *riding down upon.*

chăr'i-ot, (56), *vehicle for great occasions.*

chăr'tered, (114), *bestowed by solemn gift of government.*

chăt'tels, (75), *movable property.*

chăt'ter-ing, (83), *uttering sounds resembling language, but indistinct.*

chĕm'is-try, (193), *process of extracting products by the combination and separation of other substances.*

chĕr'ished, (60), *loved; nourished.*

çhi-cān'er-y, (130), *trickery.*

chīme, (111), *sounding of hour bells;* ("chime to chime," *hour to hour*).

chĭ-mĕr'ic-al, (125), *fanciful.*

çhĭv'al-ry, (28), *cavalry; mounted soldiery:* (105), *brave men.*

çir-cū'i-toŭs, (106), *roundabout.*

çĭr'cum-scrĭbed, (124), *confined.*

çĭv'il feŭds, (144), *quarrels between classes, or parties, of citizens.*

clăm'or-oŭs, (6), *noisy.*

clăn, (84). [*See note, Lesson 109.*]

clănk, (146), *noise made by the wheels upon the rails.*

clăr'i-on, (101), *a kind of trumpet:* (147), *trumpet tone.*

clăs'sĭe, (112), *of the first rank in literature and art:* (134), *a literary work of acknowledged excellence and authority.*

clăt'ter-ing, (105), *rattling.*

clēav'ing, (36), *opening.*

clŭb, (126), *an organization for social enjoyment.*

cŏf'fers, (68), *treasure boxes.*

cōg'nae, (82), *French brandy.*

cō'horts, (55), *a band of warriors.*

cŏme'ly, (41), *well-proportioned.*

com-mŏd'i-ty, (182), *article of commerce and convenience.*

cŏm'mon, (198), *a tract of land used by the public.*

com-mūned', (75), *partaken of the Lord's Supper.* [*A religious rite.*]

com-mūn'ion, (164), *fellowship.*

cŏm'pact, (148), *agreement.*

cŏm'passed, (61), *encircled.*

com-plī'ançe, (91), *act of yielding.*

com-pli-cāt'ed, (184), *confused; intermixed.*

cŏm-pli-cā'tion, (108), *addition.*

com-pōrts', (100), *agrees.*

com-pōsed', (103), *arranged.*

com-pōs'ure, (44), *calmness.*

cŏn'cāve, (146), *arched vault.*

con-çēd'ed, (104), *admitted; agreed to.*

con-çēive', (39), *imagine; think.*

cŏn'çen-trāt-ed, (64), *bent on one point.*

cŏn'cōurse, (104), *gathering; assembly.*

con-dĭ'tions, (95), *terms; provisions.*

con-fĕd'er-ate, (82), *ally; helper.*

con-frŏnts', (42), *stands facing.*

con-jĕct'ūred, (33), *guessed.*

con-nū'bi-al, (119), *pertaining to marriage.*

cŏn'quests, (76), *social triumphs.*

cŏn'scioŭs, (147), *known; felt.*

con-so-lā'tion, (75), *comfort.*

con-spĭe'ū-oŭs, (116), *prominent; easy to be seen.*

con-stel-lā'tions, (146), *definite and named groups of stars.*

con-strŭct', (51), *build.*

cŏn-sum-mā'tion, (82), *achievement.*

con-tĕm'pla-tĭve, (119), *employed in thought.*

con-tĕm'po-ra-ry, (8), *living at the same time.*

cŏn'tu-me-ly, (161), *haughty contempt.*

cŏn'verse, (119), *companionship.*

con-vērts', (71), *turns the conduct.*

con-vŭlsed', (104), *shaken.*

con-vŭl'sĭve-ly, (103), *with a violent contraction of the muscles.*

cōpe, (100), *maintain a contest.*

cō'pi-oŭs, (114), *plentiful.*

cŏp'pers, (182), *wash boilers.*

cŏpse, (139), *a field of brush wood.*

co-quĕt'ry, (155), *trifling.*

cŏr'o-năch, (189), *Scottish Highland term meaning a dirge.*

cŏr'o-nets, (116), *ornamental head dress.*

côr'po-ral, (37), *the lowest officer in a company of soldiers.*

cor-pō're-al, (182), *bodily.*

cŏr'reĭ, (189), *hollow in the hillside where game is found.*

cor-rŭp'tion, (183), *dishonest practices; bribery.*

côrse, (18), *corpse.*

couch, (84), *bed.*

coun'sel, (58), *lawyer.*

coun'sel-or, (20), *adviser.*

cōurt, (115), *habitual companions of a sovereign or prince.*

cōurt'iers, (116), *members of a princely court.*

cōv'e-nant, (166), *promise; agreement.*

cōv'et, (195), *desire.*

cow'er-ing, (86), *bent together.*

crăgs, (65), *rough points of broken rocks.*

crā'ven, (109), *cowardly.*

crāv'ing, (116), *eager.*

crĕs′çent, (112), *shaped like the new moon:* (164), *Mahometanism.*

crĕst, (20), *a natural ornament which grows on the head of some animals.*

crĭsp, (12), *curled in ringlets.*

crī-tē′ri-on, (163), *standard of judging.*

crōne, (143), *old woman.*

crō′nieş, (113), *familiar friends.*

crŏpped (81), *bitten off.*

crŏss, (163), *Christianity.*

crouched, (19), *stooped low; lay close.*

crọup, (109), *place behind the saddle on a horse.*

crụ′çi-ble, (193), *a melting pot.*

crў′tal-līne, (201), *pure; transparent.*

cŭl′mi-nāte, (148), *result.*

cŭm′ber, (189), *trouble.*

cŭm′ber-er, (78), *a burden.*

cŭm′ber-less, (149), *without trouble.*

cū′mu-la-tĭve, (104), *gaining by additions.*

cûr′dle, (198), *turn thick with.*

cûr′few, (147), *ringing of a bell at nightfall.*

cū′ri-oŭs, (185), *eager for knowledge.*

çў′eleş, (136), *rounds.*

çўm′bal, (101), *a musical instrument of brass, consisting of two saucer-shaped pieces which are struck together.*

D

dăb′bled, (173), *wet.*

dăleş, (81), *low places between hills.*

dăm′şel, (41), *a young, unmarried woman.*

därt, (95), *short lance; javelin.*

dăs-tard, (67), (109), *a coward.*

däunt′ed, (60), *checked by fear.*

däunt′less, (109), *fearless.*

dĕad lĕt′ter, (104), *that which has lost its force or power.*

dĕarth, (155), *want; scarcity.*

de-elīne′, (91), *to turn aside:* (155), *to draw to a close.*

de-crĕp′it, (62), *broken; wasted.*

deep, (56), *ocean.*

de-ġĕn′er-a-çy, (130), *falling off in the standard of honesty.*

deịgn, (49), *condescend.*

de-lĭb′er-ate, (62), *well considered.*

de-lĭn̲′quent, (95), *transgressor.*

de-lĭv′er-er, (51), *one who saves from death or danger.*

dĕlls, (150), *small hidden valleys; ravines.*

dĕm-on-strā′tions, (58), *proofs.*

dĕns′er, (64), *more compact; heavier.*

de-pĭct′ed, (156), *pictured.*

de-pōsed′, (58), *testified.*

de-prĕssed′, (2), *saddened.*

dēr′vĭse, (24), *a poor Persian or Turkish monk.*

de-sçĕnd′ing, (59), *coming down.*

dĕs′o-late, (94), *lonely.*

dĕs′per-ate, (64), *frantic; furious:* (106), *hopeless.*

dĕs-per-ā′tion, (43), *despair.*

de-spīte′, (158), *in spite of* ("in the world's despite," *despite, or in spite of, the world.*)

dĕs′tĭned, (79), *decreed; fated.*

de-tăched′ (182), *separated from the rest.*

dē′tāils, (71), *particulars.*

de-vĕl′op-ment, (163), *unfolding.*

dē′vi-āte, (119), *depart; wander.*

dē-vi-ā′tions, (91), *changes of direction.*

de-vīçe′, (117), *motto.*

dē′vi-oŭs, (88), *winding.*

de-vŏlveş′, (112), *falls; turns.*

dĕx′troŭs, (58), *adroit; handy.*

dĭ′a-dems, (151), *bands worn on the head as a sign of royalty; crowns.*

dĭ′a-lect, (153), *peculiar language.*

dĭf-fūsed′, (41), *gave out; spread.*

dĭg′ni-ta-ries, (163), *persons of high rank; refers here to the pieces in playing chess—kings, queens, etc.*

dĭg′ni-ties, (151), *honors.*

dĭg′ni-ty, (9), *grandeur:* (169), *nobility of character.*

dĭ-mĭn′ū-tĭve, (19), *small.*

dĭnt, (68), *force; power.*

dĭp-lo-mat′ie, (104), *treaty.*

dĭre, (42), *dreadful.*

dĭrġe, (94), *music designed to be sung at funerals.*

dĭrġ′eş, (83), *sad songs.*

dĭse, (136), *flat circular surface.*

dĭs′çi-plĭne, (49), *obedience to law.*

dis-cŏn′so-late, (75), *deeply dispirited.*

dis-côrd′ant, (144), *jarring.*

dĭs′cōurse, (58), *speech.*

dĭs-en-gāġed′, (9), *set free.*

dis-māyed′, (45), *disheartened:* (165) *daunted; depressed by fear.*

dis-mĕm′ber-ment, (166), *separation of the States.*

dis-ôr′dered, (144), *disturbed; unsettled.*

dis-pătch′, (15), *speed; promptness.*

dis-pătch′ing, (7), *killing.*

dis-pĕrsed′, (6), *separated and went away.*

dis-sĕv′ered, (144), *divided; cut apart.*

dĭs′si-pāte, (108), *drive away.*

dis-tĕnd′ing, (199), *expanding; enlarging.*

dis-tĭn̄e′tion, (85), *mark of honor.*

dis-tĭn̄′guish-a-ble, (180), *that could be perceived.*

dis-tôrt′ed, (55), *twisted out of natural shape.*

dis-trăet′ed, (7), *agitated with grief.*

dĭt′ty, (32), *song; sonnet.*

di-vĕr′si-fied, (33), *varied.*

dĭ-vĕrt′, (188), *turn.*

dĭ-vĭn′ing, (129), *thinking out.*

dĭ-vĭn′i-ty, (114), *supreme power.*

do-çil′ity, (119), *teachableness.*

dŏg′ġed, (182), *surlily obstinate.*

dŏl′or-oŭs, (111), *sorrowful.*

do-mäin̄′, (99), *empire.*

dōmeş, (60), *palaces.*

do-mĕs′tie, (145), *of the household.*

dōōm, (63), *unhappy fate.*

dow′dy, (126), *ill dressed woman.*

dow′er, (187), *property which a woman brings to her husband on her marriage.*

dra-măt′ie, (71), *suitable for the composition of pieces for the stage.*

drā′per-y, (164), *covering.*

drĭv′el-ing, (78), *gentle; drizzling.*

drōn′ing, (147), *humming; dull sounding.*

dŭn, (28), *dark.*

dȳ′nas-ty, (163), *permanent sovereignty for himself and his successors.*

E

ĕbbş, (109), *flows back.*

ĕb′on-y, (129), *glossy black.*

ĕe′sta-sy, (19), *excessive joy; rapture.*

ĕe′stät-ie, (19), *joyous.*

ĕd′dy-ing, (38), *whirling.*

ef-fĕet′ed, (33), *produced.*

ef-feet′ū-al, (100), *successful.*

ef-fŭl′ġence, (141), *splendor.*

e-lĕe′tion, (100), *choice.*

ĕl′e-ġy, (147), *a poem commemorative of the dead.*

ĕl-e-mĕnt′al, (199), *pertaining to the four supposed elements—earth, air, fire, and water.*

ĕl′e-ments, (164), *substances from which bodies are originally made.*

el-e-vā′ted, (153), *slightly intoxicated.*

ĕlf, (145), *one who delights in mischievous tricks.*

em-bĕl′lish-eş, (121), *adorns.*

ĕm′bers, (197), *pieces of burning wood.*

ĕm′blem, (149), *type; sign, as, a* crown *is the* emblem *of royalty.*

ĕm′bry-o, (141), *undeveloped.*

ĕm′e-rald, (98), *a precious stone of a rich green color.*

e-mĕrġe′, (67), *come forth from.*

e-mĕr′ġen-çy, (178), *event calling for immediate action.*

ĕm′i-nençe, (13), *rise of ground.*

ĕm′ū-lāte, (87), *strive to equal.*

en-ăm′eled, (80), *painted.*

en-chânt'ed, (48), *bewitched.*

en-eō'mi-ŭm, (124). [See "eulogium."]

en-cŭm'ber, (61), *burden; impede.*

en-dow'ment, (124), *gift; talent bestowed.*

en-hânçe', (48), *augment; add to.*

ĕn'sīgn, (144), *flag.*

en-sū'ing, (119), *following.*

en-tăn'gled, (9), *caught in a way not to be easily loosened.*

ĕn'ter-prīse, (82), *undertaking.*

en-thrall', (141), *hold in bondage.*

en-vī'ron, (200), *shut you in.*

en-vī'roned, (173), *surrounded.*

ĕp'i-tăph, (147), *verse or verses inscribed on a tombstone.*

ĕp'och, (148), *period of time; age.*

e-răd'i-eāt-ed, (114), *rooted out.*

ēr'mīne, (110), *official character; judicial office, of which the white fur of the ermine is an emblem.*

ērne, (101), *sea-eagle.*

ērst, (170), *formerly.*

es-sĕn'tial, (104), *necessary to the existence of.*

es-trānged', (163), *withdrawn; turned away.*

e-thē're-al, (90), *existing in the air, the air giving the sky its blue color.*

eū-lō'gi-ŭm, (124), *speech of praise.*

eū'pho-ny, (192), *pleasing sound.*

e-văn'gĕl-ist, (134), *refers to the writers of the sacred history of Christ—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.*

ĕv'er ănd a-nŏn', (62), *now and then.*

ĕv'i-dençe, (58), *testimony of witnesses.*

e-vīnced', (58), *made clear.*

ĕv-o-lū'tion, (73), *movement to gain advantage.*

ex-ăct'ing, (148), *compelling; extorting.*

ex-al-tā'tion, (159), *elevation; dignity.*

ex-çĕl'si-or, (117), *higher.*

ex-çĕpt'ed, (58), *objected.*

ex-çĕss'ĕs, (43), *transgressions of right; wrongs.*

ĕx'e-era-ble, (180), *detestable.*

ĕx'e-eūte, (54), *perform.*

ĕx-e-eū'tion, (75), *an order of court to sell property for debt.*

ex-ĕm-pli-fi-eā'tions, (140), *examples.*

ex-pĕet'ant, (40), *expecting to hear.*

ex-ploits', (49), *daring deeds.*

ex-prĕss, (60), *full of expression.*

ĕx'qui-site, (22), *delightful; delicate; keen.*

ex-tĕm'po-ra-ry, (71), *performed without continued thought; offhand.*

ex-tĕn'ū-āte, (100), *make appear of little consequence.*

ex-tinc'tion, (79), *passing out of existence; destruction.*

ĕx'tir-pate, (110), *destroy wholly.*

ex-tŏlled', (60), *praised.*

ex-trĕm'i-ty, (47), *greatest need, or peril.*

F

fā'ble, (54), *fictitious story, designed to enforce some truth.*

făc-tō'tum, (15), *person employed to do all kinds of work.*

făe'ul-ties, (60), *abilities to perform.*

făgged, (64), *tired.*

făg'ots, (108), *sticks or twigs used for fuel.*

fāin, (141), *gladly.*

fal'chion, (117), *a short broadsword slightly curved at the point, used in the middle ages.*

fal'eon (faw-kn), (121), *a bird of prey noted for its keen sight.*

făl'lōw, (84), *untilled ground.*

fal'ter-ing, (67), *uttering brokenly.*

făn'çied, (154), *desired; wished for.*

fānes, (99), *temples.*

fāngs, (98), *teeth by which animals seize their prey.*

fan-tăs'tie, (129), *fanciful.*

făr'çes, (71), *low comedies acted on the stage.*

făr'dels, (161), *bundles.* [Obs.]

fär′thing, (86), *a small coin, four of which make a penny* (meaning, in this lesson, *the least thing*).

făsh′ioned, (162), *formed.*

făth′om, (136), *measure.*

făth′om-less, (120), *too deep to be measured.*

fa-tĭgueş, (62), *exhaustions; wearinesses.*

fạwn, (139), *cringe for gain.*

fēar′fụl-ly, (198), *with fear or fright.*

fēd′er-al, (144), *by league or agreement between states.*

fee, (135), *full control.*

fe-lĭç′i-ty, (119), *happiness.*

fĕll, (65), *a ridge of mountains.*

fĕl′on, (48), *convict; criminal.*

fẽrn, (101), *a slender plant.*

fẽr′vid, (159), *zealous; ardent.*

fĕs′tal, (34), *gay; mirthful; pertaining to a feast.*

fĕt, (196), *brought, or fetched.*

feŭd′al, (176), *having the right to require military service for rents.*

feŭdş, (104), *deadly strifes.*

fī′at, (184), *command; decree.*

fī′ber, (67), *thread-like portions of the body.*

fī-dĕl′i-ty, (7), *faithfulness.*

fī-năn̈ç′, (144), *public revenue; money in general circulation.*

fīr′ma-ment, (77), *the sky.*

flăgş, (111), *loses vigor.*

flăg′-shĭp, (16), *the ship which carries the commander and displays his flag.*

flăn̈k, (101), *side of the army.*

flăunt′ing, (142), *fluttering; waving.*

flĕcked, (73), (143), *spotted.*

flĕx′i-ble, (132), *capable of being bent and twisted without breaking.*

flĭck′er, (197), waver.

flĭt, (174), *fly quickly.*

floun′der-ing, (65), *rolling; tossing.*

flŭsh′ing, (36), *springing brightly.*

fo͝ot′man, (145), *a male waiter about the house.*

fo͝ot′sto͝ol, (59), *stool for the feet* (*used figuratively*).

fôr′āy, (189), *a sudden attack for war or plunder; a raid.*

fōre′cās-tle, (21), *forward part of the ship between the decks, where the sailors live.*

fôr′eign, (155), *not native.*

for-lôrn′, (108), *forsaken; lonely.*

fôrm′al, (54), *regular; systematic.*

fôr′mi-da-ble, (100), *to be dreaded.*

fôrmş, (182), *benches.*

fôr′ti-tūde, (75), *resolute endurance.*

fō′rumş, (148), *courts.*

fŏs′silş, (148), *things dead and buried and turned to stone.*

fowl′er, (152), *bird hunter.*

frăn′tic, (19), *distracted; wild.*

frạud′fụl, (64), *full of deceit.*

frēaks, (88), *whims; caprices.*

frĕn′zy, (64), *excitement.*

frĕt′ted, (147), *ornamented with raised work.*

frĭğ′id-ly, (162), *with cold.*

frĭt′ter-ing, (65), *breaking into small fragments.*

fūmeş, (82), *vapors* (*ill smelling*).

Fū′rieş, (173), *goddesses of rage.*

fûr′tive, (64), *sly; stealthy.*

fûrl, (191), *roll up.*

fŭs′tian (fŭst′yan), (183), *velveteen; corduroy.*

fu-tū′ri-ty, (162), *the future.*

G

găl′lant, (16), *brave; heroic.*

găl-lănts′, (101), *gay, courtly men, attentive to ladies.*

gạlled, (196), *worn away by friction.*

găl′ler-y, (181), *projecting platform built round the upper part of a lighthouse.*

găl′liard, (109), *a brisk, lively dance.*

găn̈′grēned, (124), *deadened; rotted.*

gärb, (197), *dress.*

gär′land-ed, (48), *wreathed with flowers.*

gär′nered, (36), *gathered; stored up.*

gär′nished, (188), *adorned; highly finished.*

ḡēar, (75), *goods; property.*

ġē′ni-al, (116), *cheering.*

ġen-teel′, (47), *fashionable.*

ġērm, (199), *something with the power of growth.*

ġĕst′ūreş, (19), *actions.*

ghâst′ly, (129), (136), *dreadful.*

ġĭb′bet, (198), *gallows.*

ḡĭllş, (65), *a woody glen.*

glāde, (38), *an open space in the forest.*

glēam, **n.**, (74), *shine; light.*

glēamş, **v.**, (57), *shines.*

glēbe, (147), *turf; sod.*

glĕn, (38), *a narrow, hidden valley.*

glīde, (74), *move smoothly.*

glōat′ed, (129), *looked with evil-eyed satisfaction.*

glōw′ing, (98), *ruddy.*

gôrġ′es, (131), *narrow passages (in this case, between frozen banks of snow or ice).*

gōr′y, (18), *bloody.*

gŏs′sa-mer, (193), *of fine, filmy substance, like cobwebs.*

gout, (82), *a painful disease of the small joints.*

grāve, (200), *write deeply.*

grăv′i-ty, (54), *dignity; composure.*

grĕn′a-diērş, (133), *a selected body of large soldiers, who in battle lead the attack.*

griēv′oŭs, (68), *odious.*

grĭm, (129), *sullen; fierce.*

gro-tĕsque′, (182), *ludicrous.*

grŭb′bing, (145), *digging—that is, closely studying.*

ḡrŭff, (4), *stern; surly.*

gŭst, (38), *a sudden blast of wind.*

ġў-rā′tions, (160), *flying round and round in a circle, as along the threads of a screw.*

H

hăb′i-tăt, (33), *native home of a plant or animal.*

ha-bĭt′ū-al-ly, (151), *by habit, or custom.*

hăg′gard, (156), *of one wasted by want.*

hälf-quēnched, (48), *half obliterated.*

hăl′lōwed, (63), *made holy.*

hā′lōş, (194), *glories; circles of light.*

hăm′let, (141), *village.*

hăm′mock, (11), *a hanging bed made of netting or strong cloth.*

Häps′būrg, (163), *one of the reigning House of Austria.*

ha-rāngue, (54), *public speech of complaint.*

hăr′assed, (61), *wearied; careworn.*

hăr′bin-ġer, (63), *forerunner.*

hăr′mo-ny, (60), *sounds pleasing to the ear.*

hătch′es, (173), *the lid or cover over the opening in a ship's deck.*

hā′ven, (75), *harbor; port.*

hąwk, (124), *strike like a hawk.*

hąw′thōrn, (113), *a shrub used for hedges.*

hāy′rīck, (88), *a stack, or pile, of hay.*

hăz′ard, (37), *random.*

heärt′y, (115), *honest and simple in manner.*

hĕath′er, (149), *an evergreen shrub used in Scotland for brooms, thatch, and beds for the poor.*

hêir′lōōm, (75), *any piece of movable property which has been in the family several generations.*

hĕlm, (16), *the apparatus by which a ship is steered.*

hĕmmed in, (124), *confined; bounded.*

hĕr′ald-ry, (147), *records of family descent, together with the family coat of arms engraved or printed.*

hĕr′aldş, (149), *announcers:* (151), *those whose business it was to record the family descent and coat of arms.*

hĕr′it-aġe, (135), *something inherited.*

hēr′mit, (141), *one living in solitude remote from society.*

hēr′o-ĭne, (67), *principal female character or personage.*

hī-e-ro-glўph'ic, (169), *made by signs or pictures having a special meaning.*

hīeş, (174), *runs with haste.*

hīndş, (135), *those engaged in tilling the soil.*

hīre'ling, (80), *fighting for pay.*

hōard, (155), *savings; means.*

hōard'ed, (61), *secretly stored.*

hōar'y, (150), *gray with age.*

hŏb'bling, (195), *limping.*

Hŏl'landş, (82), *a kind of gin.*

hŏm'aġe, (151), *reverence, or worship.*

hōst, (55), *army.*

hour'iş, (119), *maids of Paradise.*

hūeş, (97), *colors.*

hŭm'drŭm, (143), *dull; stupid.*

hŭ'mor-ĭst, (15), *one who employs an odd or playful style in writing.*

I

ī-dĕn'ti-fied, (156), *made the same.*

ī-dĕn'ti-ty, (47), *being the person sought.*

ig-nō'ble, (64), *mean.*

ĭg-no-mĭn'i-oŭs-ly, (114), *in a shameful way; with reproach.*

il-lĭm'it-a-ble, (152), *boundless in extent.*

ĭl-lū'şionş, (100), *false promises.*

ĭm'aġed, (62), *pictured; reflected.*

ĭm'be-çīle, (76), *invalid.*

im-mērġe', (91), *plunge; bury.*

ĭm-mū'ni-tieş, (114), *freedom from an obligation, as a duty, or tax.*

im-mūred', (119), *shut up closely.*

im-mūt'ă-ble, (163), *unchangeable.*

im-pāled', (180), *inclosed.*

im-pā'tient, (11), *eager.*

im-pēarled', (42), *bedewed.*

im-pēd'ed, (116), *obstructed; hindered.*

im-pĕlled', (110), *driven.*

im-pĕn'e-tra-ble, (123), *that can not be entered.*

im-pē'ri-al, (163), *betokening sovereignty, or the power of an emperor.*

im-pĕt'ū-oŭs, (105), *furious.*

im-plīeġ', (198), *denotes; means.*

im-pōşed', (82), *laid.*

im-po-şĭ'tion, (151), *the laying on.*

im-pôrt'ū-nate, (162), *urgent for relief.*

ĭm-pŏs'tor, (47), *pretender.*

ĭm'po-tent, (110), *without power.*

im-pŏv'er-ĭshed, (163), *made poor; reduced to poverty.*

ĭm-prē-cā'tionş, (181), *prayers that evil may befall; curses.*

im-prĕs'sion, (15), *belief.*

ĭm'pŭls-eş, (156), *promptings.*

im-pū'ni-ty, (175), *freedom from harm.*

im-pūte', (147), *charge in thought.*

in-ăd'e-quate, (15), *unequal.*

in-ăn'i-mate, (105), *without life.*

ĭn'çense, (59), *offerings of worship.*

in-çĕs'sant, (178), *continual; unceasing.*

in-çīt-ed, (91), *spurred on.*

ĭn-eŏm-pre-hĕn'si-ble, (163), *that could not be understood.*

in-crĕd'i-ble, (154), *beyond belief.*

in-eŭm'brançe, (138), *burden.*

in-dĕl'i-ble, (110), *that can not be erased.*

In'dian Sŭm'mer, (17), *a short season of mild smoky weather occurring in the Eastern States in October or November.*

in-dīg'ni-ty, (169), *wrong with insult.*

in-dis-pĕn'sa-ble, (15), *that can not be omitted.*

ĭn-dĭ-vĭd'ŭ-ăl, (140), *separate.*

in-dūçe', (19), *to prevail upon.*

in-ĕs'ti-ma-ble, (100), *too great to be measured.*

in-ĕv'i-ta-ble, (100), *unavoidable.*

in-ĕx'o-ra-ble, (75), *unyielding.*

in-fēr'nal, (73), *of a fiend.*

ĭn'fi-nīte, (60), *boundless:* (164), *numberless.*

Ĭn'fi-nīte and Etēr'nal, (2), *Jehovah.*

in-flĭet'ed, (67), *made.*

in-ġĕn′ū-oŭs, (147), *free from disguise or reserve.*

in-grāt′i-tūde, (7), *unthankfulness.*

in-īm′i-cal, (190), *opposed; unfriendly.*

ĭn-no-vā′tions, (104), *unwise changes.*

ĭn-or-găn′ic, (199), *without the power of increasing by growth.*

in-sā′ti-(-shĭ-)a-ble, (49), *that could not be satisfied.*

ĭn′seet-trāin, (14), *a collection of coral insects.*

in-sĕn′si-bly, (154), *without perceiving it.*

in-sĭd′i-oŭs, (100), *intended to entrap.*

in-sĭn′ū-ātes, (71), *enters smoothly.*

in-spīr′ing, (75), *stimulating.*

ĭn′sti-tūte, (36), *establish.*

ĭn-sti-tū′tions, (159), *established forms of society.*

in-tĕnse′, (73), *extreme; severe.*

in-tĕnt′, (7), *with mind eagerly.*

ĭn-ter-po-ṣi′tion, (100), *coming between.*

in-tĕr′pret-er, (71), *explainer.*

ĭn-ter-sĕct′ing, (104), *cutting into sections.*

ĭn-ter-spĕrsed′, (186), *scattered here and there; dotted.*

ĭn′ter-val, (151), *limited space.*

in-ter-vēned′, (76), *came between.*

ĭn′tri-eā-cy, (60), *thing difficult to understand.*

in-trīgues′, (104), *secret evil schemes.*

in-tru′sīve-ly, (22), *coming against our wish.*

in-vāde′, (91), *take possession.*

in′ven-to-ry, (183), *a list with values attached.*

ĭn-vĕrt′ed, (131), *upside down.*

in-vĕt′er-ate, (110), *obstinate; who will not be won.*

in-vĭd′i-oŭs, (70), *provoking envy or hatred.*

in-vīn′çi-ble, (100), *unconquerable.*

in-vī′o-lāte, (100), *uninjured.*

in-vīṣ′i-ble, (188), *that which can not be seen.*

in-vōk′ing, (37), *calling down; asking.*

in-vōl′un-ta-ri-ly, (153), *without thinking; without an act of the will.*

ĭs-o-la′ted, (156), *separate; here and there.*

ĭs′sue (ĭsh′shu), (91), *place of egress:* (128), *final result:* (148), *points in dispute.*

J

Jăc′o-bĭn, (163), *belonging to a society of violent revolutionists in France.*

Ja-māie′a, (82), *West India rum.*

jān′gling, (201), *harsh sounding.*

jāy, (83), *a bird with a noisy, harsh cry.*

jĕl′ly-fĭsh, (82), *a fish resembling jelly, which seems to melt away in the air.*

jŏe′und, (95), *merry; gay:* (147), *gaily.*

jū′bi-lee, (70), *day of rejoicing.*

Jū′pi-ter, (146), *ruler of the gods.*

jūr′ist, (79), *one versed in the law.*

jŭt′ty, (196), *project beyond.*

K

ka-roo′, (192), *nearly barren table lands of South Africa.*

keel, (2), *bottom beam of a ship.*

Khe-dīve′, (186), *the ruler of Egypt, appointed by the Sultan of Turkey.*

kĭn′dred, (70), *those of the same blood.*

knăck, (71), *facility; dexterity.*

knĕll, (42), *funeral bell.*

L

lā′bor-ing, (106), *struggling with the storm.*

lăb′y-rĭnths, (91), *windings.*

lāg′gard, (109), *one who is always behind.*

lâirs, (79), *beds (of wild beasts).*

lăm-en-tā′tion, (45), *expression of sorrow.*

la-mĕnt′ed, (7), *grieved; sorrowed.*
lănd′scāpe, (174), *a stretch of country that can be taken in at one view.*
lăn̲′guid, (62) *weak; feeble.*
lärch, (99), *a kind of tree—in America called the tamarack.*
'lăr′ums, (42), *alarms; startles.*
lăt′tĭçe, (129), *a net-work of thin, flat bars used as blinds for the window.*
laụ′reled, (92), *covered with wreaths of laurel.*
lāve, (191), *bathe.*
lăv′ish-ly, (175), *with extreme liberality.*
lāy, (99), *song.*
lēa, (147), *meadow or pasture land.*
lēa̲g̲ueş, (76), *a league is three miles.*
lēap frŏg, (15), *a game in which one boy stoops down and another leaps over him by placing his hands on the shoulders of the first. To play at leap-frog.*
lē′gal, (47), *about the lawfulness.*
lē′gions, (151), *great multitudes.*
le-vi′a-than, (56), *name given to a large sea animal.*
lĭb′er-al ĕd-ū-eā′tion, (15), *large, or extensive, training.*
lī′cheneş, (81), *a plant like moss, which grows on trees and rocks.*
lĭght′some, (101), *admitting light.*
lĭm′nerş, (176), *painters.*
lĭm′pid, (131), *clear; transparent.*
lĭn′e-aġe, (104), *descent; ancestry.*
lĭnn, (101), *a rushing brook.*
lĭst′less, (147), *inattentive; heedless.*
lĭt′i-gāte, (113), *bring suits at law.*
lō-co-mō′tion, (15), *travel; getting on.*
lŏġ′ic, (158), *method of reasoning.*
lo͞omed up, (37), *stood out distinctly.*
lōre, (129), *learning.*
lōw′ing, (36), *bellowing (of cattle).*
lŭg, (187), *projecting corner.*
lū′mi-na-rieş, (184), *heavenly bodies giving light.*
lū′mi-noŭs, (37), (77), *of light.*
lū′nar, (172), *of the moon.*
lū′rid, (28), *pale yellow.*
lŭst, (49), *desire.*
lŭs′ter, (94), *brightness.*
lŭs′ty, (105), *healthy; vigorous.*
Lȳ′rà, (146), *a bright constellation of stars.*
lȳre, (99), *a kind of harp.*
lȳr′ieş, (92), *poetry fitted for song.*

M

măġ′ie-al, (42), *possessing the power of spirits.*
māil, (55), *armor.*
māin, (99), *sea.*
māin′te-nançe, (148), *support.*
māin′tŏp, (21), *the top of the mainmast of a ship.*
măl′a-dy, (106), *disease.*
ma-lĭ′cioŭs, (21), *evil-minded.*
mā′ni-ăe, (48), *crazy; of one insane.*
măn′i-fĕst-ly, (153), *plainly.*
măn′i-fōld, (56), *various in number and kind.*
măn-of-wạr′, (19), *a vessel built for war.*
măn′tle, (68), *cloak.*
măn′tling, (103), *rising; spreading.*
märġe, (152), *border; edge.*
mär′shal-ing, (105), *setting in order.*
märt, (112), *an established place for buying and selling.*
mär′tial, (18), *military.*
mär′tyr, (134), *one destroyed for maintaining his opinions.*
mär′vel-oŭs, (56), *wonderful.*
măs′ti-cāte, (153), *chew.*
măt′in, (149), *morning song.*
mā′tron, (164), *a married woman.*
măz′eş, (158), *windings; twistings.*
mā′zy, (73), *winding in and out.*
me-ăn′derş, (91), *turns.*
mĕaş′ūre, (109), *a short dance:* (114), *step; proceeding.*
me-mĕn′to, (75), *reminder.*
mĕm′o-ra-ble, (116), *deserving of remembrance.*

mĕn′açe, (148), *threaten.*
mĕr′çe-na-ry, (110), *fighting for hire.*
mē′te-orş, (197), *fiery bodies in the air, sometimes called shooting stars.*
mĕt′ric-al, (160), *regular; measured.*
mĕt′tle, (196), *quality.*
mewed up, (142), *shut up; confined.*
miēn, (129), *manner.*
mĭn′i-a-tūre, (82), *on a small scale.*
mĭn′ĭs-terş, (175), *contributes.*
mĭn′ĭs-try, (100), *officers composing government.*
mĭn′strel-sy, (94), *singers and songs.*
mĭn′ute, (29), *sixtieth part of an hour.*
mĭ-nūte′, (29), *careful; close.*
mĭ-nūte′ness, (193), *exceeding smallness.*
mĭs-ere-ät′ed, (180), *unnaturally formed.* [Obs.]
mis-gĭv′ing, (159), *doubts.*
mit-i-gā′tion, (91), *softening.*
mītes, (125), *the smallest coin known to the Hebrews.*
mō′bĭle, (175), *easily moved.*
mŏck′ing, (21), *taunting; jeering.*
mōld, (73), *form; shape:* (164), *decayed body.*
mōld′er-ing, (63), *crumbling in decay.*
mŏl-es-tā′tion, (75), *disturbance.*
mōlt′en-gōld′en, (201), *like melted gold.*
mo-mĕn′tum, (71), *the force of motion.*
mŏn′as-tĕr-y, (28), *a house occupied by a society of monks.*
mŏn′i-tor, (5), *one who reminds of duty.*
mo-nŏp′o-līze, (82), *control entirely.*
mo͝or, (85), *tract of waste land.*
mo͝ored, (118), *anchored; securely held.*
mŏr′al-ĭst, (147), *moral philosopher.*
mo-răss′, (193), *a tract of soft wet ground.*
môr′tal, (74), *human.*
môrt′gaġe, (75), *a claim upon the farm.*
mŭn′dāne, (78), *earthly.*
mu-nĭç-i-păl′i-ty, (82), *town government.*
mûrk′y, (136), *dark; gloomy.*
mŭs′çleş, (12), *cords of flesh.*
mūşe, (95), *the goddess who inspires the poet.*
mūş′ing, (95), *thinking; pondering.*
mŭs′ter-day, (82), *day for gathering and drilling the militia.*
mŭs′ter-ing, (84), *gathering.*
mū′ti-ny, (68), *rebellion.*
mŷr′i-adş, (77), *great multitudes.*

N

năr′row-ly, (58), *very closely.*
nĕc′tar, (22), *drink of the gods.*
neigh, (84), *the natural cry of a horse.*
ne-pĕn′the, (129), *drug which relieves from pain and sorrow.*
neū′tral-ĭzeş, (104), *counteracts.*
nĭm′bly, (62), *briskly; with quick movement.*
nō′bleş, (158), *privileged classes; persons of high rank.*
nŏm′ de plume, (9), *an author's assumed name; pen name.*
North′ern Lights, (17), *brilliant display of light in the northern sky, seen only at night.*
nō′tion-al, (39), *full of whims.*
nŏv′el, (67,) *fictitious story:* (163), *new.*
nŏv′el wrī′ter, (41), *a writer of novels.*
nŭn, (143), *a woman living in a convent and devoted to a religious life.*
nûrt′ûred, (80), *supported; nourished.*

O

ŏb-li-gā′tion, (58), *contract.*
ob-līv′ĭ-on, (136), *forgetfulness.*
ob-seū′ri-ty, (119), *privacy; withdrawal from the public.*
ob-trụd′ĕd, (110), *thrust forward.*
ŏb′vi-oŭs, (190), *clearly seen; evident.*

ō′ceaned (-shand), (63), *made by the ocean, which separates them from home.*

ō′dor-oŭs, (113), *fragrant.*

ŏf′fal, (88), *waste matter.*

of-fĭ′cioŭs (-shŭs), (119), *obstinately industrious.*

ŏm′i-noŭs, (102), *with a foreboding of evil.*

ŏn′set, (101), *fierce attack.*

o͞oze, (166), *slime.*

o͞oz′ing, (88), *slowly flowing.*

o-pāque, (193), *not permitting the passage of light.*

Ō-phi-ū′chus, (180), *a serpent-shaped constellation.*

ŏp-por-tū′ni-ty, (47), *fitting time.*

ŏp′tie-al, (184), *to aid the sight.*

ŏp′ū-lent, (104), *wealthy.*

ŏr′a-cles (151), *Sacred Scriptures; the Bible.*

ôrbs, (77), *globes.*

or-dāin′, (166), *decree.*

or-dāined′, (151), *decreed; established.*

ôr-ni-thŏl′o-gist (197), *one versed in the knowledge of birds.*

ō′siered, (192), *covered with a water-willow called osier.*

out-rā′geoŭs (-jŭs), (161), *excessively injurious.*

ō-ver-whelm′, (44), *overspread; bear down.*

P

pall, (103), *a black cloth laid over the face of the dead.*

păl-li-ā′tion, (91), *favorable coloring.*

păl′lid, (44), *pale.*

păl′pi-tāt-ing, (160), *throbbing.*

pal′sied, (62), *persons affected with a disease of the nerves producing trembling.*

pal′try, (69), *worthless.*

pangs, (44), *pains.*

păr′al-lel, (106), *a like instance.*

păr′a-phrāse, (12), *write in another form.*

pärch′ment, (68), *a writing on leather prepared for the purpose.*

păr′ish, (58), *a district embraced within the bounds served by a priest.*

pär′lia-ment, (100), *the legislature of England.*

păr-ri-çīd′al, (163), *of one who would murder his own father.*

pa-shạ′, (186), *governor; commander.*

pass, (101), *a narrow passage through mountains.*

pass′ing, (139), *more than.*

pa-tẽr′nal, (112), *the writer likens the whole country to a father's house.*

pā′tri-ärch, (164), *name given to heads of families in the early history of the world.*

pēal′ing, (59), *sounding.*

pĕas′ants, (17), **n.**, *in Europe the poorest class of farm laborers;* pĕas′ant, **adj.**, *rural.*

peer′ing, (78), *peeping; just coming up.*

pĕlt′ing, (78), *beating; striking.*

pĕn-e-trā′tion, (58), *depth.*

pĕn′non, (16), *a flag; a streamer.*

pĕn′sĭve, (91), *thoughtful.*

pĕn′stŏck, (15), *a small tube inserted vertically into the spout of a pump, through which water may be squirted by closing the spout and pumping.*

pẽr′il, (4), *danger.*

pẽr′ju-ry, (173), *false swearing.*

pẽr-o-rā′tion, (112), *the conclusion of an oration.*

per-pĕt′ū-al-ly, (15), *forever.*

pẽr-pe-tū′i-ty, (82), *endless duration.*

per-plĕxed, (60), *puzzled.*

pẽr′se-cūt-ed, (6), *harassed; tormented.*

pẽr-se-vẽr-ançe, (79), *persistence.*

per-sĭst′ĕd, (114), *persevered in injustice.*

pẽr′son-ạge, (78), *a distinguished person.*

pe-rụsed′, (75), *read.*

pĕst, (49), *something mischievous and destructive.*

pĕs′ti-lençe, (79), *fatal, contagious disease.*

pĕt′ty, (176), *of small power.*

phăn′tom, (74), *fancied vision.*

Phăr′i-see, (125), *one who claims for himself superior goodness.* [The Pharisees were an ancient Jewish sect.]

phe-nŏm′e-nȧ, (136), *appearances, remarkable and otherwise.*

phĭl-o-mē′lȧ, (141), *nightingale.*

phĭ-lŏs′o-phy, (49), *love of wisdom.*

Phoē′nix, (148), *a bird of fable, said to rise again from its own ashes.*

pĭ′broch, (84), *a wild kind of music played on a bagpipe.* [Scotch.]

pict-ūr-ĕsque′, (41), *like a picture.*

piēç′eş, (13), *guns.*

piērç′ing, (11), *shrill; sharp; loud.*

pĭg′ ī-ron, (199), *iron in rough bars from the smelting furnace.*

pĭl′grim-ȧge, (108), *journey; life.*

pĭn′ion, (170), *wing.*

pith, (161), *importance.* [It differs from "moment" in that it contains the idea of being essential or necessary to a thing.]

pla-çēr′, (199), *surface deposits of gold.*

plăç′id-ly, (170), *calmly; quietly.*

plāint′iff, (58), *one who sues another at law.*

plăn′et-a-ry, (184), *consisting of planets.*

plăsh′y, (152), *watery; full of puddles.*

plȧu′şi-bly, (153), *with apparent, or seeming, reason.*

Plē′ia-dēş, (146), *a group of seven small stars.*

plight, (39), *condition; state.*

plŭcked, (139), *twitched; pulled with a slight jerk.*

Plu-tō′ni-an, (129), *of the infernal regions.*

plȳ, (147), *practice with diligence.*

Point′ers, (146), *two stars in the side of the dipper in the Great Bear, so called because they point nearly in a line with the north star.*

poişed, (6), *put in position for flight.*

pŏl′i-çy, (158), *course; line of conduct.*

pŏm′poŭs, (17), *splendid.*

pŏn′der-oŭs, (154), *very heavy.*

pōre, (147), *look with thoughtful attention.*

pōrt′ȧge, (197), *opening.*

po-tā′tionş, (82), *drinking.*

pō′ten-tates, (188), *monarchs.*

pow′erş, (104), *nations, or governments.*

prāi′ried, (70), *consisting of prairies or untimbered grassy land.*

pre-cā′ri-oŭs, (58), *uncertain.*

pre-çĕd′ençe, (104), *first place, or rank.*

prē′çepts, (75), *teachings.*

prē′çinets, (147), *boundaries; localities.*

pre-fēr′ment, (71), *being advanced.*

prĕg′nant, (147), *filled; teeming.*

prĕj′ū-dĭç-eş, (188), *prejudgments; prepossessions; leanings.*

pre-pōş′ter-oŭs, (110), *absurd; monstrous.*

pre-rōg′a-tīve, (166), *first right; special privilege.*

pre-tĕnd′ed, (47), *falsely claiming.*

prē-ter-năt′ū-ral, (73), *more than natural.*

pre-vāil′ing, (51), *conquering.*

prey, (56), *creatures seized for food by wild animals.*

preyed, (91), *seized fiercely.*

pro-elāimed′, (29), *made known.*

pro-fāned, (45), *soiled; tainted.*

pro-fĕs′sion, (71), *the occupation of the minister of the gospel.*

prŏf′fered, (108), *offered.*

pro-fŭn′di-ty, (71), *deep learning.*

pro-ġĕn′i-tors, (121), *ancestors.*

pro-jĕct′ed, (184), *shot out.*

pro-jĕct′ing, (65), *shooting out.*

pro-mŭl′gāt-ing, (82), *proclaiming.*

prōne, (75), *inclined.*

prŏp′a-gāte, (185), *spread; make to grow.*

prŏp′er-tieş, (125), *characteristics; powers.*

prŏs′e-lȳtes, (116), *converts.*

prŏs′peet, (80), *view.*

pro-tĕst′ed, (54), *solemnly declared.*
prŏv′inçe, (43), *a tract of country.*
pseū′do-nym, (53), *a name assumed by an author; a nom de plume.*
pŭb′li-cans, (31), *collectors of taxes among the Jews under Roman law in the time of Christ.*
pŭn, (54), *humorous use of a word to express two meanings.*
pŭne-til′ioŭs, (116), *very precise.*
pur-veys′, (199), *provides.*
py-răm′i-dal, (197), *pyramid shaped.*
pȳre, (197), *a pile to be burnt.*

Q

quăcks, (158), *persons pretending to knowledge they do not possess.*
quăffed, (187), *drank.*
quāil, (168), *shrink; cower.*
quāint, (129), *odd; curious.*
quar′ter, (100), *part; division.*
quĕll, (101), *subdue.*
quī-ē′tus, (161), *final rest from life.*
quōth, (40), *said; spoke.*

R

rā′di-ant, (57), *brightly shining.*
rāi′ment, (45), *dress.*
răm′bling, (58), *roving.*
răm-i-fi-cā′tions, (193), *branches.*
răm′pärt, (18), *wall surrounding the fort.*
rămped, (115), *sprung; leaped.*
răn′dom, (18), *fired without aim.*
răn′sŏmed, (74), *redeemed from future ill.*
ra-păç′i-ty, (110), *plundering disposition.*
răp′īne, (110), *violence.*
răpt′ūre, (1), *great joy.*
răv′aġe, (120), *havoc.*
ra-vīne′, (67), *a deep and narrow hollow dividing hills or mountains.*
rāy′less, (83), *without light.*
rĕalms, (77), *regions.*
rē-bound′, (65), *bounding back.*
re-çēd′ing, (102), *retiring; retreating.*
rĕck, (18), *care.*
rĕe′om-pĕnse, (53), *reward.*
re-eôv′er-ing, (6), *making good.*
ree-re-ā′tion, (66), *amusement; pleasure.*
ree′ti-tūde, (158), *integrity; uprightness.*
re-doubt′, (169), *a kind of fortification; an outwork.*
re-drĕss′, (110), *righting the wrong.*
re-dūçed, (47), *poor.*
re-flĕe′tion, (74), *likeness:* (156), *thought.*
rĕf′lu-ent, (101), *flowing back.*
rĕf′ūġe, (63), *shelter; place of retreat.*
rĕf-ū-ġees′, (190), *people fleeing to a foreign country for safety.*
re-fŭl′ġent, (184), *brilliant; shining.*
re-fūs′al, (39), *choice of taking or refusing.*
rĕf′ūse, (193), *waste matter.*
re-fūt′ed, (130), *disproved.*
re-ġärd′, (161), *as a reason;* ("with this regard," *on account of this*).
rĕġ′is-ters, (151), *records; catalogues.*
re-jū′ve-nā-ted, (132), *made young again.*
re-lĕnt′less, (75), *unpitying.*
rĕl′e-van-çy, (129), *relation to other things.*
re-lī′ançe, (75), *trust; confidence.*
rĕl′ie, (75), *something to keep as a memorial.*
re-liēf′, (159), *prominent characters; body projected to the front.*
re-līn′quished, (67), *let go.*
re-mīs′sion, (91), *slacking.*
re-mīt′, (91), *relax.*
re-mŏn′stran-çes, (37), *earnest advice.*
re-nown′, (124), *fame.*
re-pēat′ed-ly, (4), *more than once.*
re-pīn′er, (187), *peevish complainer.*
re-pōse′, (75), *place.*
re-priēve, (95), *delay.*
re-quītes′, (173), *rewards.*
re-sērved′, (13), *held back.*

re-ṣŏlved′, (164), *returned.*
re-ṣounḍṣ′, (99), *rings.*
rē-sōurç′eṣ, (104), *things producing wealth.*
re-spĕct′, (161), *consideration.*
re-splĕn′dent, (184), *very bright.*
re-ṣūmed, (54), *began again.*
re-tăl-i-ā′tion, (169), *returning of like treatment.*
re-tärd′ed, (13), *delayed.*
rĕt′i-nūe, (184), *train of attendants.*
re-tôrt′, (78), *a short, sharp reply.*
rĕt-ri-bū′tion, (140), *undeserved reward.*
rĕv′el-ry, (28), *riot of battle:* (105), *noisy festivity.*
re-veil′le (re-vāl′yā), (84), *the morning military call.*
re-vĕnġed′, (51), *inflicted punishment for an injury done to one.*
re-vēr′ber-ā-ted, (73), *echoed.*
rĕv′er-ençe, (68), *honor.*
rĕv′er-ent-ly, (75), *with most respectful regard.*
re-vērs′ing, (160), *changing to the opposite.*
re-vērts, (22), *turns back.*
re-vīle′, (31), *abuse in words; reproach.*
rhăp′so-dy, (160), *passionate song.*
rhўth′mic, (131), *in regular, measured intervals.*
rĭd′i-culed, (47), *laughed at.*
rĭg′ging, (11), *ropes which support the masts of a ship.*
rĭġ′id-ly, (162), *fixedly.*
rītes, (125), *ceremonies.*
rĭ′val-ry, (71), *contention; strife.*
rĭv′en, (28), *split; suddenly divided.*
rĭv′et, (100), *fasten securely.*
rĭv′ū-let, (40), *little stream.*
rōe, (101), *a small kind of deer; the roebuck.*
ro-măn̈çe′, (33), *fictitious notions, or ideas.*
rō′ṣe-ate, (48), *rosy.*
rō′tāte, (15), *revolve.*
rout, (40), *flight:* (101), *flying soldiers.*
rụ′bi-eund, (82), *inclining to redness.*
rụ′by, (57), *a precious stone of red color.*
rụe, (114), *regret.*
rŭf′fian (rŭf′yan *or* rŭf′fi-an), (176), *brutal fellow.*
rụ′mi-nant, (33), *a cud-chewing animal.*
Rụ′nie, (201), *pertaining to the ancient Scandinavians.*
rụ′ral, (142), *belonging to country life.*
rụth′less, (110), *pitiless.*
rūs′tic, (4), (147), *of the country:* (139), *countryman.*
rūs′tic-al, (32), *artless; home-like.*
rūs′tled (rus′ld), (112), *moved in the wind.*

S

săç-er-dō′tal, (125), *priestly.*
sā′chemṣ, (79), *chiefs.*
săck′elōth, (103), *a coarse cloth worn in mourning.*
sa-găç′i-ty, (79), *shrewdness.*
săġe′-brŭsh, (64), *a low shrub found on alkaline table-lands.*
săġ′eṣ, (87), *wise men.*
săl′lōw, (113), *pale sickly color tinged with dark yellow.*
sa-lo͞on′, (116), *reception hall.*
sa-lū′bri-ty, (190), *healthfulness.*
săl′ū-ta-ry, (124), *wholesome.*
sa-lūte′, (78), *address; speech.*
sa-lūt-ed, (21), *hailed.*
săn̈e′ti-ty, (110), *holiness.*
săn′dalṣ, (125), *coverings for the sole of the foot, bound on with strings.*
săn̈′guine, (102), *confident; hopeful.*
săp′lings, (197), *young trees.*
sāt′ed, (135), *surfeited.*
săt′ir-īz-ing, (30), *censuring with keenness and severity.*
sāve, (44), *except.*
seălp, (51), *to cut off a piece of the skin from the top of the head.*
seăn, (139), *to examine closely.*
seăthed, (197), *damaged.*

seąur, (109), *a precipitous bank or rock.*

seăv′en-ġer, (138), *cleaner; filth collector.*

seōreş, (145), *twenties* (great numbers).

seourş, (180), *passes swiftly over.*

serụ′ple, (91), *doubt as to its being right.*

serụ′pu-loŭs, (75), *conscientious.*

serụ′ti-ny, (162), *close search.*

seŭd′ding, (37), *flying along.*

sēal, (68), *stamp accompanying the signature.*

sēar′est, (189), *driest.*

sĕc′ond, (153), *one who acts as another's aid in a duel.*

se-dāte′, (153), *serious.*

sĕdġ′y, (84), *covered with a rush-like plant called sedge.*

se-dūçe′, (140), *lead estray.*

sēm′ĭ-tōneş, (160), *half tones.*

sen-sā′tionş, (7), *emotions.*

sēn-si-bĭl′i-ty, (142), *delicacy of feeling.*

sĕn′ti-ment, (144), *a maxim; a saying.*

sĕn′trĭeş, (97), (127), *soldiers on guard, or watch.*

se-quēs′tered, (73), *secluded; out of the way.*

sĕr′a-phĭm, (129), *angels of the highest order.*

se-rēne′, (37), *still and unclouded.*

se-rĕn′i-ty, (116), *mildness; calmness.*

sĕr′rĭed, (101), *crowded; compact.*

sĕv′er-al, (95), *separate.*

sĕv′er-ançe, (112), *division.*

shādeş, (63), *spirits.*

shăm′bleş, (110), *places where men are sold for the slaughter of war.*

sheen, (26), *splendor.*

shōalş, (183), *shallows; shallow places.*

shrew, (95), *scolding woman.*

shrīne, (70), *altar.*

shŭf′fled off, (161), *got rid of.*

sīgh, (40), *a long breath expressive of sorrow.*

sīġ′net-rĭng, (127), *a ring containing a private seal.*

sī-mul-tā′ne-oŭs-ly, (102), *all at one time.*

sĭn′ew-y, (12), *with strong cords, or sinews.*

sĭpped, (14), *extracted.*

skĭr′mish, (166), *a slight fight in war between small parties of troops.*

skŭr′ry-ing, (65), *rushing impetuously.*

slĕdġe, (12), *a large hammer swung with both hands:* (81), *a peculiar sleigh drawn by reindeer.*

slĭngş, (161), *strokes.*

sliṇk′ing, (64), *sneaking.*

smĕltş, (193), *melts for the purpose of separating the pure metal from substances with which it is mixed.*

smĭth′y, (88), *blacksmith's shop.*

so-brĭ′e-ty, (79), *coolness; calmness.*

sŏl′açe, (91), *allay; soothe.*

sō′lar sỹs′tem, (136), *the sun with its accompanying planets.*

sōle, (54), *only.*

so-lĭç′i-tūde, (91), *anxiety.*

sŏl′i-tūde, (64), *desert.*

sŏm′ber, (133), *gloomy.*

sŏph′ist-ry, (58), *reasoning which appears sound but is not so.*

sound′ed, (102), *measured the depths of.*

sŏv′er-ĕigns, (49), *rulers of nations.*

spā′cioŭs, (90), *vast in extent.*

spăṇ′gled, (97), *sprinkled; scattered.*

spănş, (193), *reaches across, as with a bridge.*

spär′ry, (99), *shining with the broken faces of a kind of lustrous mineral called spar.*

spärş, (102), *masts.*

spē′ciēş, (21), *kind.*

spĕe′ter, (95), *death in visible form.*

spĕc′tral, (117), *ghostly.*

spĕllş, (84), *charms; enchantments.*

sphēreş, (179), *heavenly bodies.*

spĭn′et, (187), *a musical instrument resembling the piano, and for which the piano has been substituted.*

spĭr′it, (59), *soul.*

spon-tā′ne-oŭs, (130), *proceeding without studied effort from natural impulse or feeling.*

spōrt′ed, (40), *played.*

spū′ri-oŭs, (158), *counterfeit.*

spûrned, (48), *rejected; scorned.*

squad′ron, (84), *a body of mounted soldiers.*

squal′id, (82), *foul; filthy.*

stăg′eş, (95), *periods of life.*

stăg′gĕrş, (54), *causes to waver or hesitate.*

stāke, (114), *to risk, or wager.*

stânch, (158), *steady; firm.*

stāte′li-ness, (60), *grandeur; majestic appearance.*

stā′tion, (95), *life (beyond the grave).*

stāy, (173), *stop; hold back.*

stĕad′fast-ly, (18), *in a fixed manner.*

stī′fled, (51), *choked.*

stĭg′mà, (110), *stamp of disgrace.*

stĭm′u-lāt-ed, (58), *animated; impelled; moved.*

stō′rĭed, (127), *celebrated in history.*

stôrmed ăt, (165), *fired furiously at.*

strănd, (74), *shore:* (185), *name of a street in London.*

strĕn′ū-oŭs, (130), *pushing; ardent.*

strĭck′en, (103), *struck by death.*

strĭk′ing, (2), *impressive.*

strĭp′ling, (189), *youthful.*

strōwn, (55), *scattered.*

strŭct′ūre, (136), *make; construction.*

stŭd, (102), *set thickly in.*

stŭdş, (36), *buds; knobs.*

stŭmp, (95), *walk clumsily and stiffly.*

sub-al′tern, (163), *in the army, an officer below the rank of Captain.*

sub-ju-gā′tion, (100), *the act of bringing under by force.*

sub-līme′, (159), *exalted.*

sub-sīde′, (148), *go down; decline.*

sub-sĭd′i-a-ry, (163), *serving to help; auxiliary.*

sŭb′tle-ty, (130), *nice discrimination.*

sŭb′tile, (20), *of fine threads.*

sŭc′eor, (128), *help; aid.*

sŭf-fo-cā′tiōn, (106), *the condition of being choked or stifled.*

sŭf′fraġe, (159), *choice.*

sŭl′len-ly, (9), *in a sulky manner.*

sŭl′phur-oŭs eăn′o-py, (28), *a canopy of powder smoke.*

sŭl′try, (37), *oppressively hot and moist.*

sŭn′der, (74), *tear.*

sŭn′dry, (82), *several.*

sū-per-stĭ′tioŭs, (197), *of unreasoning fear.*

su-pīne′ly, (100), *indolently.*

sur-çease′, (129), *cessation.*

sur-chärged, (199), *overloaded.*

sûrġ′ing, (94), *swelling; high.*

sur-tout′, (153), *a long, close-fitting overcoat.*

sur-veyed′, (60), *took a view of.*

sus-pĭ′cioŭs, (37), *calculated to excite suspicion.*

sŭs′te-nançe, (51), *food.*

swāin, (164), *a young man living in the country.*

swātheş, (101), *wraps.*

swāy, (139), *power.*

sweet′mēats, (11), *fruits preserved with sugar.*

swĭlled, (196), *washed, drenched.*

sỹm′bol, (63), *emblem; sign.*

sym-phō′ni-oŭs, (141), *in harmony with his voice.*

sỹn′o-nỹm, (175), *a word having precisely the meaning of another. "Atmosphere" is said to be the synonym of "heavens."*

T

tăct, (71), *skillful use of knowledge.*

tăl′ent, (71), *intellectual ability; power of understanding and of thought.*

tăl′iş-man, (32), *something powerful to accomplish effects; a charm.*

tăl′onş, (6), *claws.*

tăn, (12), *a yellowish brown color.*

tā′per, (91), *a small light.*

tärġe, (101), *shield; buckler.*

tăsked, (66), *charged it upon; required.*

tăx, (7), *charge; accuse.*

Te Dē′um, (102), *a hymn so called from the first words, "Te Deum Laudamus"—"We praise thee, O God."*

teem′ing, (77), *full of active people.*

tĕm′pled hĭlls, (1), *probably referring to cities built on hills, perhaps to Bryant's line, "The groves were God's first temples."*

tĕm′po-ral, (100), *pertaining to this world; worldly.*

te-nā′cious, (13), *holding close, or fast, to.*

te-năç′i-ty, (186), *perseverance.*

tĕnd′en-çy, (91), *direction.*

tĕn′or, (147), *general course or direction.*

tĕs′ta-ment, (68), *final will.*

tĕs′ti-fied, (7), *showed; gave evidence of.*

thătch, (42), *roof of straw and twigs.*

thē′o-rīes, (163), *schemes; plans.*

thrall, (118), *grasp; bondage.*

thrĕad′ing, (73), *passing along the narrow windings.*

tīde, (74), *current; flow.*

tīdes, (77), *floods.*

tiles, (113), *roof (made of thin pieces of slate or baked clay).*

tĭn′chell, (101), *a circle of sportsmen who surround game and drive it into a narrow space.*

tĭnk′lings, (147), *quick, sharp, weak sounds, as of a sheep bell.*

tĭn-tin-năb-ū-lā′tion, (201), *tinkling sounds.*

Ti-tān′ie, (199), *like the Titans, fabled giants of ancient times.*

tĭthe, (124), *the smallest part.*

tit-il-lā′tions, (82), *tickling sensations.*

tĭt′ū-lar, (163), *having a right to titles, in name only.*

tōast, (187), *drink to the health of.*

tō′ken, (103), *mark or word of affection.*

Tō′phet, (82), *hell.*

tŏt′tered, (9), *wavered.*

toŭched, (4), *moved by feeling.*

toûr′ney, (34), *a mock fight in which the prize is given to him most skilled in military combat.*

trā′çes, (7), *marks.*

trāç′ings, (200), *lines or letters.*

trăet′ate, (180), *tract; treatise.* [Obs.]

trăġ′e-dy, (7), *fatal event.*

trăġ′ie, (37), *sorrowful; relating to fatal results.*

trāil′ing, (191), *dragging.*

trāips′ing, (126), *tramping about carelessly.*

trāi′tors, (68), *those guilty of treason.*

trān′quil, (62), *calm.*

tran-sçĕnd′ent, (159), *surpassing all others.*

trans-fĕr′ring, (47), *paying over; giving possession of.*

trans-fig-ū-rā′tion, (146), *gradual change of form and appearance.*

trans-mūtes′, (193), *changes; turns.*

trans-pâr′ent, (86), *easily seen through.*

trăns′pōrt, (42), *delight; rapture.*

trăns-pōrt′ed, (102), *carried away.*

trăp′pings, (76), *decorated dress.*

trăv′erse, (194), *cross.*

trēa′ele, (182), *a kind of crude syrup or molasses.*

trĕach′er-oŭs, (60), *unreliable; not to be depended upon.*

trĕa′son, (68), *disloyalty or treachery to the government.*

trĕas′ūred, (14), *hoarded; accumulated.*

trē′mor, (51), *trembling.*

trĕnch, (131), *furrow; graven line.*

trĭb′ūne, (163), *republic.*

trĭb′ū-ta-ry, (190), *contributing; adding.*

trĭb′ūte, (147), *the paying of something due.*

trō′phĭes, (127), *things kept as mementos of conquest.*

trōw, (76), *believe; think.* [Obs.]
tū′mult, (101), *disorder; confusion.*
tu-mŭlt′ū-oŭs-ly, (42), *violently.*
tûr′bid, (131), *disturbed; restless.*
tûr′bu-len-çy, (201), *noisy violence.*
tûr′tle, (11), *a sea reptile incased above and below in a shell.*
twit, (111), *tease; taunt.*

U

un-a-dŭl′ter-a-ted, (82), *unmixed; pure.*
ū-na-nīm′i-ty, (159), *entire agreement.*
ŭn-a-vāil′ing, (6), *that could do no good.*
ŭn-a-wâreş′ (95), *unexpectedly.*
un-eŏn′scion-a-ble, (145), *unreasonable.*
un-eŏn′scioŭs, (16), *without knowledge; insensible.*
un-eo͝uth′, (147), *clumsy; awkward.*
un-dē′vi-ā-ting, (193), *not bearing to the right or left.*
ŭn′dress, (153), *dress worn by a military officer when off duty.*
ŭn′du-lā-ting, (37), *rising and falling like waves.*
ŭn-ex̆-ăm′pled, (104), *unequalled; having no pattern or example.*
un-fal′ter-ing, (164), *unshrinking.*
un-găin′ly, (129), *awkward; clumsy.*
ū-ni-vērs′al, (51), *affecting the whole.*
un-kĕn′neled, (181), *let loose.*
un-knĕlled, (120), *without the tolling of the funeral bell.*
un-meet′, (38), *unfit.*
un-pil′lared, (63), *not supported by pillars.*
un-răv′eled, (58), *disentangled; exposed.*
un-sŭl′lied, (45), *not soiled; pure.*
un-văl′ūed, (173), *having a value too great to be estimated.*
up-brād′ing, (92), *reproach; blame.*
ûrn, (141), *vessel containing the remains of the dead.*
ŭsh′er, (182), *assistant.*
u-şûrped′, (121), *seized; appropriated.*

V

vā′cant-ly, (60), *without understanding.*
vā′grant, (139), *wandering.*
vāgue, (154), *indistinct; not clear.*
văl′iant, (49), *courageous.*
văn′ish, (86), *disappear.*
văn′i-ty, (115), *fondness for display; unworthy pride.*
văn′quished, (68), *overcome; conquered.*
văn′ward, (101), *advance.*
vā′por-y, (17), *full of vapor.*
vā′ri-a-ble, (60), *changeable.*
vär′let, (142), *rascal.*
vās′sal-aġe, (116), *servitude; dependency.*
väunt′ing, (78), *boasting.*
vē′he-mençe, (51), *violence, applied in this case to speech.*
veil, (74), *curtain; screen. In this case our ignorance is the veil.*
vē′nal, (130), *mercenary; selfish.*
vērd′ūre, (14), *greenness of vegetation.*
vērġe, (60), *edge.*
vēr′i-fīeş, (193), *proves true.*
vēr′sa-tile, (134), *capable of various offices and applications.*
vēst′ūre, (45), *clothing; foliage.*
vēt′er-an, (140), *tried soldier.*
vi′a-duets, (193), *structures for roadways, usually for a railway.*
viçe′roy, (119), *one who rules in place of a king.*
vī-çīs′si-tūdeş, (156), *changes.*
vĭġ′ilş, (61), *watchings.*
vĭg′or, (60), *strength; energy.*
vĭn-di-cā′tion, (148), *proof of right when denied; defense.*
vin-dĭc′tive, (69), *revengeful.*
vī′o-lāte, (47), *desecrate; break.*
vīr-tu-ō′so, (185), *one skilled in hunting up curious things.*
vĭş-ion, (74), *sight.*
vī′tal, (160), *of life.*
vĭs′tâş, (197), *distant views through trees.*

vo-cā′tion, (66), *calling; occupation.*
void, (77), *empty space.*
vŏl′a-tile, (131), *lively; full of spirit.*
vŏl′leyed, (165), *discharged at once.*
vŏl′ūme, (160), *fullness and power.*
vo-lū′mi-noŭs, (180), *of many coils.*
vo-lū′min-oŭs-ly, (201), *in great volume.*
vo-lŭpt′ū-oŭs, (105), *delightful; pleasure giving.*
voy′aġe, (6), *journey.*

W

wāil, (55), *loud weeping.*
wāke, (87), *trace.*
wạn, (17), *sickly in look.*
wāne, (17), *decrease in length.* "Wane apace," *grow rapidly shorter.*
wạnt′on, (183), *sportive; frolicsome.*
wạrd′erṣ, (84), *keepers.*
wāste, (164), *desert.*
wạtch′-word, (188), *word by which one passes a guard or sentinel.*
wăxed, (55), *grew; became.*
wāy′laid, (37), *lie in wait for.*
wēal, (166), *prosperity.*
wĕath′er-cŏck, (71), *weather indicator.*
ween, (150), *imagine; fancy.*
wĕl′ter-ing, (7), *rolling; wallowing.*
wĕth′erṣ, (88), *male sheep.*
whĭm′ṣi-cal, (39), *notional; odd.*
whĭp, (185), *quickly; at full speed.*
whĭsk′ing, (65), *moving with a light rapid motion.*
whĭst, (146), *silent.*
wī′ly, (20), *artful; cunning.*
wĭn′nōwed, (138), *healthful parts separated from the injurious.*
wŏnt, (103), *accustomed.*
wōōed, (109), *courted; made love to.*
wŏŏd′bīne, (113), *a climbing vine with fragrant flowers.*
wrēath′ing, (16), *entwining.*
wrĭth′ing, (65), *twisting.*
wrôught, (187), *worked.*

Y

yạwned, (118), *opened wide, that is, became rough.*
yēarn′ing, (53), n., *eager longing:* (74), a., *eagerly longing.*
yeō′men, (196), *in England, common men of the class next to the gentry.*
yōre, (53), *old time; long ago.*

Z

zē′nith, (17), *the point of the heavens directly overhead.*
zĕph′yr, (45), *a mild, gentle breeze.*

Lessons 202-203.

DEFINITIONS.

ärch-ān′ġel, *one of the highest order of angels.*
ăs′pect, *position of planets with reference to each other.*
be-hĕsts, *commands.*
cōpe, *canopy.*
crĕst, *helmet worn by warriors.*
en-count′er-ing, *meeting in combat.*
in-ter-çĕpt′, *stop; cut off.*
in-tĕs′tīne, *domestic; not foreign.*
ma-lign′, *malicious; ill-disposed.*
quĕr′ụ-loŭs, *dissatisfied.*
rĭft′ed, *broken; parted.*
vạult′ed, *arched; covered.*

PHONIC MARKINGS.

VOWEL MARKINGS.

Breve (⏑)—bă̆g, bĕ̆g, bĭ̆g, bŏ̆g, bŭ̆g, hў̆mn, fo͝ŏt.

Macron (–)—plāy, mē, gre᷄y, bīte, ōld, cūre, mȳ, scho͞o͞l.

Circumflex (^)—hâir, thêre, fôr, cûrl.

Dot (•)—ȧsk, whạt, dȯne, wọlf, pụsh.

Dots (••)—fär, fạll, machïne, dọ, rụde.

Tilde (~)—hẽr, dĩrt.

What vowels may be marked with a macron? With a breve? A circumflex? A dot? Dots? A tilde? Write and mark an example of each in some word and pronounce the word.

EQUIVALENT VOWEL SOUNDS.

ạ=ô	ạught,	ôught.	ў=ĭ	hў̆mn,	hĭm.
ạ=ŏ	whạt,	wŏ̆t, hŏ̆t.	ĭ=ẽ	fĭr,	hẽr.
ê=â	hêir,	âir.	ọ=ụ=o͞o	dọ,	rụde, ro͞o͞d.
e᷄=ā	ve᷄in,	vāin.	ọ=ụ=o͝o	wọlf,	pụll, wo͝o͞l.
ĭ=ē	pĭque,	pēak.	ow=ou	fowl,	foul.
ȯ=ŭ	dȯne,	dŭn.	oy=oi	toy,	toil.
ȳ=ī	mȳ,	mīne.			

CONSONANT MARKINGS AND EQUIVALENTS.

ç=s	çede,	seed.	x=ks	rix,	ricks.
c=k	can,	kan.	x=gs	ex act,	begs.
ġ=j	ġelly,	jelly.	çh=sh	çhampoo,	shampoo.
n=ng	sink,	sing.	ch=k	chiloliter,	kiloliter.
qu=kw	quill.		th	this,	that.
ph=f	caliph,	calif.	ḡ	ḡet,	ḡave.
s=z	rase,	raze.			